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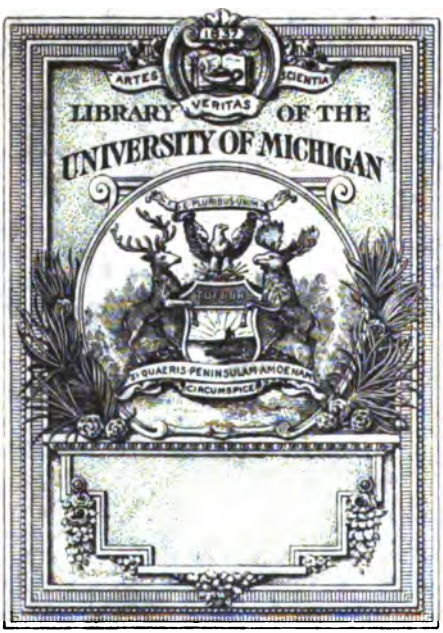
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The Cambridge Text

With historical and analytical Prefaces, Comments, Critical and Explanatory Notes, Glossaries, Life of Shakespeare, History of the early English Drama and a Complete Index

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Titus Andronicus Act 4 Sc. 1

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VOLUME XI

Titus Andronicus
Timon of Athens
Julius Cæsar
Pericles

THE SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS

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William Shakespeare

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NEW YORK CHICAGO

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THE TRAGEDY OF
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Preface.

Early Editions. In 1600 a quarto edition of *Titus Andronicus* was published, bearing the following title-page:—

"The most lamenta- | ble Romaine Tragedie of *Titus* | *Andronicus.* | As it hath sundry times been playde by the | Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke, the | Earl of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the | Lorde Chamberlaine theyr | Seruants. | At LONDON, | Printed by I. R. for Edward White | and are to bee solde at his shoppe, at the little | North doore of Paules, at the signe of | the Gun. 1600." This is the earliest known edition, and is referred to as Quarto 1.

Another quarto, printed from the former, was brought out in 1611:—

"The | most lamen- | table Tragedie | of *Titus Andronicus.* | *As it hath sundry* | *times beene plaide by the Kings* Maiesties Seruants. | LONDON, | Printed for Edward White, and are to be solde | at his shoppe, nere the little North dore of | Pauls, at the signe of the Gun. 1611."

In the 1st Folio *Titus Andronicus* comes between *Coriolanus* and *Romeo and Juliet*; the text was somewhat carelessly printed from a copy of the Second Quarto with MS. additions. The Second Scene of the Third Act, not found in the quartos, is peculiar to the Folio version.

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Date of Composition. According to Langbaine, in his *Account of the English Dramatic Poets,* a quarto edition of *Titus Andronicus* was printed in 1594; but no copy has been discovered. The earliest allusion to Shakespeare's connection with the subject is Meres' mention of the play, in 1598, as one of Shakespeare's well-known tragedies. There can be little doubt that Ravenscroft, who "about the time of the Popish Plot," revived and altered *Titus Andronicus,* preserved a trustworthy tradition with respect to its authorship. "I have been told by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally Shakespeare's, but brought by a private actor to be acted, and he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal characters." Internal evidence seems to corroborate the tradition, and Shakespeare's additions are now generally assigned to about 1589-90. The following passages suggest Shakespearian authorship;—I. i. 9; II. i. 82, 83; I. i. 70-76, 117-119, 141, 142; II. ii. 1-6; II. iii. 10-15; III. i. 82-86, 91-97; IV. iv. 81-86; V. ii. 21-27; V. iii. 160-168.*

The problem is complicated by the fact that there must have been at least three plays on the subject, according to the references in the Stationers' Registers, and Henslowe's *Diary.* Jonson probably referred to an older play when he wrote:—"He that will swear, Jeronimo or Andronicus are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years" (*Bartholomew Fair,* 1614). This would place the production in question between 1584 and 1589.

The German "tragedy of *Titus Andronicus,*" acted abroad about the year 1600 by the English players, may contain elements of the older original on which the pres-

*(*Cp.* H. B. Wheatley, *New Shakespeare Soc.,* 1874; a synopsis of critical opinion is to be found in Fleay's *Manual,* p. 44; Knight, in his Pictorial Shakespeare, defends Shakespeare's authorship.

The fullest recent study of the subject is that of Dr. M. M. Arnold Schröer, Marburg, 1891.)

ent play was founded: among its characters there is a "Vespasian," and it is noteworthy that there is a record in Henslowe's diary of a "*tittus and Vespasia*" acted "by Lord Strange's men" on the 11th of April, 1591. The play is marked "*ne*" (*i.e.* "new"). Similarly, a "*Titus and Andronicus*" is described as a new play by Henslowe under the date of January 22nd, 1593-4.

Under any circumstances, *Titus Andronicus* stands outside the regular early Shakespearian dramas,—the gentle "love-plays" of his first period; its value, however, in literary history, is this:—crude as it is, it certainly belongs to the same type of play, as the greater tragedy of *Hamlet*; the *machinery* in both plays is much the same; both are Kydian dramas of Revenge; Nemesis triumphs in the end, entangling in her meshes the innocent as well as the guilty, the perpetrators of crime as well as the agents of vengeance.

Source of the Plot. It is remarkable that popular as was the story of *Titus Andronicus* in the sixteenth century, no direct source of the play has yet been discovered, and nothing can be added to Theobald's comment. "The story," he observes, "we are to suppose merely fictitious. Andronicus is a surname of pure Greek derivation. Tamora is neither mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, nor anybody else that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors, any war with the Goths that I know of; not till after the translation of the Empire, I mean to Byzantium. And yet the scene is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the Capitol."

The ballad given in Percy's *Reliques* was evidently based on the present play, though formerly considered as its source.*

* *Cf. Roxburghe Ballads* (*Ballad* Society), Vol. I.; the version cannot, according to Chappell, be earlier than the reign of James I., and is more probably of that of Charles I. The title of the ballad is "*The lamentable and tragical history of Titus Andronicus.* With the fall of his Sons in the Wars with the Goths, with the manner of the Ravishment of his daughter Lavinia," *etc.*

The Time of the Play. The period covered by the play is four days represented on the stage; with, possibly, two intervals.

Day 1, Act I.; Act II. Sc. i. *Day* 2, Act II. Sc. ii.-iv.; Act III. Sc. i. *Interval. Day* 3, Act III. Sc. ii. *Interval. Day* 4, Acts IV. and V. (*v.* P. A. Daniel's *Time-Analysis*, p. 190).

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Titus Andronicus, a Roman general, returns home in triumph after a conquest of the Goths, and is hailed by a large part of the people as their next emperor. The inheritance of the crown is just then in controversy between the deceased ruler's two sons. Titus will not take advantage of the dispute and his own popularity, but magnanimously sides with the elder son, Saturninus, who is enabled by this influence to ascend the throne. The new emperor asks Titus's daughter Lavinia in marriage, which request is granted. But the project is thwarted by the emperor's younger brother, Bassianus, who carries off Lavinia—to whom he is betrothed—by force. Titus is so enraged at this and so earnest in his faith with Saturninus, that he kills one of his own sons who has aided Bassianus. Nevertheless, the emperor uses this as a pretext for slighting Titus, whose power he fears; and although he makes quick choice of another wife in the person of Tamora, queen of the Goths, brought captive by Titus, he seeks the downfall of the general. He finds a ready second in Tamora, who hates Titus because he has offered up her son as a sacrifice to the slain members of his family.

II. Though this deadly hatred exists on the part of the imperial couple, they yet veil it under a show of amity. The deluded Titus seeks to do them honour by giving a hunt, which ends as a chapter of horrors. The empress seizes the opportunity to meet her lover, a cruel and crafty Moor named Aaron. By a series of devilish plots he

incites the empress's two sons to ravish Lavinia, tear out her tongue, and cut off her hands, so that she cannot denounce them either in speech or writing. Bassianus is slain, and the Moor directs suspicion against two sons of Titus.

III. The two sons are sentenced and led to execution. Aaron gives Titus to understand that their lives will be spared if he will cut off his hand and send it to the emperor. Titus complies, but is mocked by the Moor, who returns the hand with the heads of the two sons. Henceforth Titus devotes his whole life to vengeance.

IV. Pretending madness he sends strange messages to the emperor, and also to Tamora's sons, whom he discovers to be the authors of Lavinia's shame.

Meantime another son of Titus, named Lucius, being banished from Rome, gathers together a powerful army of Goths, who menace the city. Tamora finds it necessary to hold a parley with him at his father's house.

V. To arrange the interview, she goes with her two sons, disguised, to Titus's house. He still feigns insanity and, after she departs, kills the sons and bakes their remains in a pie. The pie is shortly after offered to Tamora at a feast, when she and the emperor meet Lucius in parley. It is a fitting dish for a bloody banquet, since, at the general slaughter which ensues, Lavinia, Tamora, Titus, and Saturninus all are slain. Lucius tells the people the true story of the persecutions of his father's house, and is proclaimed emperor. The Moor is condemned to a lingering death, half-buried in the sand.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Tamora.

. . . She is the presiding genius of the piece: and in her we see, as we believe, the outbreak of that wonderful conception of the union of powerful intellect and moral

depravity which Shakspere was afterwards to make manifest with such consummate wisdom. Strong passions, ready wit, perfect self-possession, and a sort of oriental imagination, take Tamora out of the class of ordinary women. It is in her mouth that we find, for the most part, what readers of Malone's school would call the poetical language of the play. We will select specimens (II. iii.) :—

> "The birds chant melody on every bush;
> The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
> The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
> And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
> Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
> And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds
> Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
> As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
> Let us sit down."

Again, in the same scene:—

> "A barren detested vale, you see, it is:
> The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
> O'ercome with moss and baleful misseltoe.
> Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
> Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
> And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
> They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
> A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
> Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
> Would make such fearful and confused cries,
> As any mortal body, hearing it,
> Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly."

. . . The lines which we have quoted may not be amongst Shakspere's highest things; but they could not have been produced except under the excitement of the full swing of his dramatic power—bright touches dashed in at the very hour when the whole design was growing into shape upon the canvas, and the form of Tamora was becoming alive with colour and expression. To imagine

that the great passages of a drama are produced like "a copy of verses," under any other influence than the large and general inspiration which creates the whole drama, is, we believe, utterly to mistake the essential nature of dramatic poetry. It would be equally just to say that the nice but well-defined traits of character, which stand out from the physical horrors of this play, when it is carefully studied, were superadded by Shakspere to the coarser delineations of some other man.

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shakspere.*

III.

Aaron.

Aaron, the Moor, is a declared blackamoor, to whom a Hebrew name seems to have been given to facilitate the adhesion of hatefulness to his proceedings. I cannot consider his character in detached trait without an odd intermingling of reminiscences of Shylock and Othello. Aaron revels in cruelty and wickedness with a delight that reminds of Shylock gloating over his promised pound of flesh, but with more gratuitous viciousness, for he has not Shylock's provocation—unless, indeed, we detect such a feeling of general resentment against nature for his blackness, as Richard expresses for his deformity—akin both to Shylock's sense of being an object of antipathy to Venice at large, for no better reason than his Judaism. The avaricious Jew who could still think the best worth of a jewel lay in his having "had it of Leah when he was a bachelor," is the invention of a poet who may have owned to the idea of the cruel, coarse, reviling Aaron, still retaining affection for his base offspring. He not only protects his child by Tamora from her indignant sons, but, when he is the captive of Lucius, is prepared to undergo any sufferings rather than forego his chance of preserving his life, and that boon granted he gives loose to his tongue and, as if death under any tortures were indifferent to

him, declares and boasts of his atrocities in terms the most exciting and exasperating. Iago's dogged resolution "to speak no more" seems contrasted with this; but Iago, it will be recollected, made some avowals when he was first apprehended, that indicate pleasure in public scorn of his victims. Still there is a certain devilish glee in Aaron's crime that distinguishes it from that of all other villains of Shakespeare; he gloats over the enjoyment, and resorts to it with the propensity of an indulgence, not under the sting of fury or bitterness. "Inhuman dog" is a term assigned both to Iago and Aaron.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

IV.

The Element of Horror.

Shakspere is the tragedy of Terror; this is the tragedy of Horror. . . . It reeks blood, it smells of blood; we almost feel that we have handled blood—it is so gross. The mental stain is not whitened by Shakspere's sweet springs of pity; the horror is not hallowed by that appalling sublimity with which he invested his chosen ministers of death. It is tragedy only in the coarsest material relationships.

MASSEY: *Shakspere's Sonnets never before Interpreted.*

The play bears a close resemblance to the best specimens of dramatic production known on the English stage at the time we suppose it to have been written; and it resembles them in their best qualities. Marlowe, whose *Tamburlaine* was acted before 1587, had just unfettered the English drama from the shackles of rhyme, and touched its versification with the first beginnings of freedom and variety. As if to square the account for this advance upon the dramatic taste and culture of the time, he trained his verse to a stately and high-resounding

march, and often made it puff well-nigh to the cracking of its cheeks with rhetorical grandiloquence and smoke. The theatrical audiences then to be had would hardly bestow much applause on any tragedies but what gave them to "sup full of horrors"; and Marlowe was apt enough, without the stimulus of any such motives, to provide them banquets of that sort. To distinguish rightly between the broad and vulgar ways of the horrible, and the high and subtle courses of tragic terror, was a point of art which he did not live to reach, and probably could not have reached if he had lived. To discover these hidden courses required the far clearer and keener vision of Shakespeare; nor does it stand to reason that even he or any other man could have discovered them, without first practising in the ways already opened and approved. Of course, as experience gradually developed his native strengths, and at the same time taught him what they were sufficient for, he would naturally throw aside, one after another, the strengths of custom, of example, and public taste; since these would grow to be felt as incumbrances, as he grew able to do better without them.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

A good and noble character (like Titus) breaks through the most indispensable, the most sacred ties of nature, owing to a want of clearness of moral consciousness, of power, and self-control, and tramples upon all parental feelings. It is this deed, which is spun out into the fearful tissue of the following scenes of horror, that first awakens the fiend in Tamora's nature, and the brute in Aaron. When evil is challenged by the good itself, it not only annihilates itself, but the good as well, which, of course, is then no longer truly good. It is from this point of view that the whole drama is composed; it forms the organic centre in which all the separate rays converge. But the horrible, when so accumulated, and made such an ordinary, natural element of life, requires a deeper and

more accurate foundation. It is not sufficient simply to presuppose a general state of decay, because the horrible is not necessarily the *general* form of the tragic, even in such a state of things. However even this fault is one that could be tolerated, at least, it is not wholly wanting in motive. The principal and actual defect is, in reality, the total absence of the *conciliatory* element in the tragic pathos. Titus Andronicus dies without having even once come to the consciousness and conviction of his guilt, to the duty of submitting to the will of the gods, in short, without that which is good and beautiful in him having been purified and sublimated by the tragic pathos. It is the same with his younger sons; nay, even Lavinia, whose character is intended to be one of noble womanliness, can, with cold indifference, hold the basin which is to catch the blood of the two victims, and is herself killed by the dagger of her own father while assisting at the horrible repast. Aaron, Tamora, and Saturnine die as they have lived, and Lucius marks his elevation to the dignity of governor with the command for the inhuman and revolting execution of the Moor. Thus the drama ends in a shrill discord which is but little relieved by the abrupt and cold declaration of the new ruler:—

> "Then afterwards to order well the state
> That like events may ne'er it ruínate."

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

V.

Style and Authorship.

Precocity is the characteristic sign of genius, and, as is well known, almost every poet has made his first poetic flight while his physical nature was still in a state of development. This must have been the case with Shakespeare's contemporaries, Marlowe and Ben Jonson, for they both published works of importance before they came of age. Walter Scott at the age of between fourteen and

fifteen made his first venture in epic poems of considerable length, and Byron in his thirteenth year even attempted to write a drama. Chatterton, Keats, and Shelley are famous instances of early poetical precocity; and in the domain of painting and music are almost surpassed by Raphael, Handel, Mozart, and Mendelssohn. Is Shakespeare alone to be made an exception to the rule? The fact of his early marriage is almost sufficient to convince us of the contrary. Besides, all his outward circumstances and the influence of his home, as well as the poetical, sensuously gay, popular life amidst which he was brought up, must have encouraged the early development of his mind. What an important influence theatrical representations must have exercised upon him we may see in the case of young persons in our own day. Even children who possess a mere minimum of poetical fancy take delight in a puppet show for which they have themselves arranged a play. Looked at from this point of view, it would be unreasonable forthwith to reject as absurd the supposition that *Titus Andronicus* was written before Shakespeare had left Stratford.

ELZE: *William Shakespeare.*

As I re-read this play after coming straight from the study of Marlowe, I find again and again passages that, as it seems to me, no hand but his could have written. It is not easy in a question of this kind to set down in detail reasons for our belief. Marlowe's influence permeated so thoroughly the dramatic literature of his day, that it is hard sometimes to distinguish between master and pupil. When the master is writing at his best there is no difficulty, but when his work is hasty and ill-digested, or has been left incomplete and has received additions from other hands, then our perplexity is great. In our disgust at the brutal horrors that crowd the pages of *Titus Andronicus*, we must beware of blinding ourselves to the imaginative power that marks much of the writing.

BULLEN: *Works of Christopher Marlowe.*

It was no invention of Shakespeare's; it is not reconstructed upon Shakespeare's lines; but, as we see, characters were renamed, some of the matter was recast, crudities were struck out, here and there the writing was touched over, and some fresh lines were inserted. We find lines in which we feel young Shakespeare's touch, and while the whole construction of the play that Shakespeare worked upon is thoroughly unlike the inventions of Shakespeare himself, its crude horrors are, no doubt, felt the more intensely for his removal of absurdities in the first way of telling them, and for touches of his that gave more pomp of words and more force to the style, with now and then some small hint of a grace beyond the reach of the inventor and first writer of the play.

MORLEY: *English Writers.*

The young poet, born in an age and country having a cultivated poetic literature, good or bad, must, until he has formed his own ear by practice, and thus too by practice made his language take the impress and colour of his own mind, echo and repeat the tune of his instructors. This may be observed in Shakespeare's earlier comedies: and to my ear many lines and passages of *Andronicus*—such as the speech of Tamora in Act II. Scene iii., "The birds chant melody on every bush," etc., etc., and in this same Scene the lines in the mouth of the same personage, "A barren detested vale, you see it is," recall the rhythm and taste of much of the poetry of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* The matchless freedom of dramatic dialogue and emotion, and of lyrical movement—the grand organ swell of contemplative harmony, were all to be afterwards acquired by repeated trial and continued practice. The versification and melody of *Titus Andronicus* are nearer to those of Shakespeare's two or three earlier comedies than those are to the solemn harmony of Prospero's majestic morality. . . . Mr. Hallam has said of the undisputed Roman tragedies, that "it is manifest that in these

Roman character and still more Roman manners are not exhibited with the precision of the scholar"—a criticism from which few scholars will dissent as to the manners, though few will agree with it as to "Roman character." But if this be true in any extent of the historical dramas composed in the fulness of the poet's knowledge and talent we shall find the same sort of defects in *Titus Andronicus*, and carried to a greater excess. The story is put together without any historical basis, or any congruity with any period of Roman history. The Tribune of the people is represented as an efficient popular magistrate, while there is an elective yet despotic emperor. The personages are Pagans, appealing to "Apollo, Pallas, Juno, or Mercury," while at the beginning of the play we find a wedding according to the Catholic ritual, with "priest and holy water," and tapers "burning bright"; and at the end an allusion to a Christian funeral, with "burial and mournful weeds and mournful bell"; to say nothing of Aaron's sneer at "Popish ceremonies," or of the "ruined monastery" in the plain near Rome.

For all these reasons, I am so far from rejecting this play as spurious, that I regard it as a valuable and curious evidence of the history of its author's intellectual progress.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

To me, as to Hallam and many others, the play declares as plainly as play can speak, "I am not Shakspere's; my repulsive subject, my blood and horrors, are not and never were, his." I accept the tradition that Ravenscroft reports when he revived and altered the play in 1687, that it was brought to Shakspere to be touched up and prepared for the stage.

FURNIVALL: *The Leopold Shakspere.*

This is the period of Shakspere's tentative dramatic efforts. Among these, notwithstanding strong external

evidence—the testimony of Meres, and the fact that Heminge and Condell included the play in the first folio—it is difficult to admit *Titus Andronicus*. That tragedy belongs to the pre-Shaksperian school of bloody dramas. If any portions of it be from Shakspere's hand, it has at least this interest—it shows that there was a period of Shakspere's authorship when the Poet had not yet discovered himself, a period when he yielded to the popular influences of the day and hour; this much interest, and no more. That Shakspere himself entered with passion or energy into the literary movement which the *Spanish Tragedy* of Kyd may be taken to represent, his other early writings forbid us to believe. The supposed *Sturm und Drang* period of Shakspere's artistic career exists only in the imagination of his German critics. The early years of Shakspere's authorship were years of bright and tender play of fancy and of feeling. If an epoch of storm and stress at any time arrived, it was when Shakspere's genius had reached its full maturity, and *Lear* was the product of that epoch. But *then*, if the storm and stress were prolonged and urgent, Shakspere possessed sufficient power of endurance, and had obtained sufficient grasp of the strong sure roots of life, to save him from being borne away into the chaos or in any direction across the borders of the ordered realm of art. Upon the whole, *Titus Andronicus* may be disregarded. Even if it were a work of Shakspere, we should still call it un-Shaksperian.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SATURNINUS, *son to the late Emperor of Rome, afterwards emperor.*
BASSIANUS, *brother to Saturninus.*
TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman.*
MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *tribune of the people, and brother to Titus.*
LUCIUS,
QUINTUS,
MARTIUS,
MUTIUS, } *sons to Titus Andronicus.*
YOUNG LUCIUS, *a boy, son to Lucius.*
PUBLIUS, *son to Marcus Andronicus.*
ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*
ALARBUS,
DEMETRIUS,
CHIRON, } *sons to Tamora.*
AARON, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*
A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans and Goths.

TAMORA, *queen of the Goths.*
LAVINIA, *daughter to Titus Andronicus.*
A Nurse, and a black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Rome, and the country near it.*

The Tragedy of
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Rome. Before the Capitol. The Tomb of the Andronici appearing.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft. And then enter below, Saturninus and his Followers from one side, and Bassianus and his Followers from the other side, with drum and colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That ware the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right,
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus, aloft, with the crown.

Marc. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited home
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yoked a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field.
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat, by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you and abate your strength,
Dismiss your followers and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends,
And to my fortunes and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.
[*Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus.*

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all,
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person and the cause.
[*Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus.*
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.
[*Flourish. Saturninus and Bassianus go up into the Capitol.*

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way: the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Drums and trumpets sounded. Enter Martius and Mutius; after them, two Men bearing a coffin covered with black; then Lucius and Quintus. After them,

Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora Queen of Goths, with Alarbus, Demetrius, Chiron, Aaron, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following. The Bearers set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark that hath discharged her fraught
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!
These that survive let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.
[*They open the tomb.*
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons hast thou of mine in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more!

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs and on a pile
'Ad manes fratrum' sacrifice his flesh
Before this earthy prison of their bones,
That so the shadows be not unappeased,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me!
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead; and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;

And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let 's hew his limbs till they be clean consumed.
[*Exeunt the sons of Andronicus with Alarbus.*

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolved; but hope withal,
The self-same gods that arm'd the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
When Goths were Goths and Tamora was queen,
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter the sons of Andronicus, with their swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.
[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid in the tomb.*
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons:
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned drugs; here are no storms,

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud!

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Enter, below, Marcus Andronicus and Tribunes; re-enter Saturninus and Bassianus attended.

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspired to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,

This palliament of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
Be candidatus then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness:
What should I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right;
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,

But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say 'Long live our emperor!'

Marc. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
And say 'Long live our Emperor Saturnine!'
[*A long flourish till they come down.*

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. [*To Tamora*] Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou comest not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.
Lavinia, you are not displeased with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go:

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.
[*Flourish. Saturninus courts Tamora in dumb show.*
Bas. [*Seizing Lavinia*] Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
Tit. How, sir! are you in earnest then, my lord?
Bas. Ay, noble Titus, and resolved withal
To do myself this reason and this right.
Marc. 'Suum cuique' is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.
Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.
Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?
Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surprised!
Sat. Surprised! by whom?
Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exeunt Bassianus and Marcus with Lavinia.*
Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I 'll keep this door safe.
[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*
Tit. Follow, my lord, and I 'll soon bring her back.
Mut. My lord, you pass not here.
Tit. What, villain boy!
Barr'st me my way in Rome? [*Stabbing Mutius.*
Mut. Help, Lucius, help! [*Dies.*
[*During the fray Saturninus, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron and Aaron go out, and re-enter above.*

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;

My sons would never so dishonour me:
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promised love. [*Exit.*

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I 'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That saidst, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths,
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Doth overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.
Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,

Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espoused my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon. Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.
[*Exeunt all but Titus.*

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.

Marc. O Titus, see, O, see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb:
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you:

My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. } And shall, or him we will accompany.
Mart. }

Tit. And shall! what villain was it spake that word?

Quin. He that would vouch it in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Marc. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*Marcus and the sons of Titus kneel.*

Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak,—

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Marc. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman; be not barbarous:
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals:
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:
The dismall'st day is this that ere I saw,

To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*Mutius is put into the tomb.*

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

All. [*Kneeling*] No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Marc. My lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,
How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but I know it is,
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell:
Is she not then beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter, from one side, Saturninus attended, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, and Aaron; from the other, Bassianus, Lavinia, with others.

Sat. So Bassianus, you have play'd your prize:
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!

Bas. And you of yours, my lord! I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: you are very short with us;
But if we live, we 'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,

Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know:
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son.
In zeal to you and highly moved to wrath
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself in all his deeds
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'Tis thou and those that have dishonour'd me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have loved and honoured Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forfend
I should be author to dishonour you!
But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all;
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.
[*Aside to Sat.*] My lord, be ruled by me, be won at last;
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:

You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone:
I 'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.—
Come, come, sweet emperor; come, Andronicus;
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus.
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconciled your friends and you.
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia;
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
That what we did was mildly as we might,

Tendering our sister's honour and our own.
Marc. That, on mine honour, here I do protest.
Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.
Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied: sweet heart, look back.
Sat. Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults:
Stand up.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.
Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we 'll give your grace bonjour.
Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Rome. Before the palace.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanced above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,

And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora:
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.
Holloa! what storm is this?

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am graced,
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all,
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,

And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. [*Aside*] Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*

Aar. [*Coming forward*] Why, how now, lords!
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I, till I have sheathed
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breathed in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepared and full resolved.
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing darest perform.

Aar. Away, I say!
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.
Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,

Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware! an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her! how?

Dem. Why makest thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. [*Aside*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

Dem. Then why should he despair that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so

Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were served.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.
Would you had hit it too!
Then should not we be tired with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye! and are you such fools
To square for this? would it offend you, then,
That both should speed?

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar:
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are
Fitted by kind for rape and villany:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit
To villany and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,

But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes and ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns;
There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A forest near Rome. Horns and cry of hounds heard.

Enter Titus Andronicus, with Hunters, &c., Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspired.

A cry of hounds, and horns winded in a peal. Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Demetrius, Chiron, and their Attendants.

Many good morrows to your majesty;

Madam, to you as many and as good:
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have wrung it lustily, my lords;
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then; horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport. [*To Tamora*] Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.

Marc. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A lonely part of the forest.

Enter Aaron, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest
[*Hides the gold.*
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yellowing noise;
And, after conflict such as was supposed
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surprised,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
While hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs:
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.

Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus:
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day,
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.
Now question me no more; we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great empress; Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him, and I 'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of my private steps!
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's, and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted that your Moor and you

Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness. I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king my brother shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:
Good king, to be so mightily abused!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Demetrius and Chiron.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother!
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have ticed me hither to this place:
A barren detested vale, you see it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe:
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven:
And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,

They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body hearing it
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death:
And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect:
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.
[*Stabs Bassianus.*

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.
[*Also stabs Bassianus, who dies.*

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis, nay, barbarous Tamora,
For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me the poniard; you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her;
First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw;
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mightiness:
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her!

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory
To see her tears, but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee;
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:
[*To Chiron*] Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

Chi. What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now!—
The lion, moved with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws pared all away:
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means: away with her!

Lav. O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better loved of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place!
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I 'll stop your mouth. Bring thou her husband:
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus into the pit; then exeunt Demetrius and Chiron, dragging off Lavinia.*

Tam. Farewell, my sons; see that you make her sure.

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Aaron, with Quintus and Martius.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; were it not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.
[*Falls into the pit.*

Quin. What, art thou fall'n? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood
As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me.
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O brother, with the dismal'st object hurt
That ever eye with sight made heart lament!

Aar. [*Aside*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
That he thereby may have a likely guess
How these were they that made away his brother.
[*Exit.*

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,

Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me: I come to thee.

[*Falls in.*

Enter Saturninus with Aaron.

Sat. Along with me: I 'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead! I know thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left them there.

Mart. We know not where you left them all alive;
But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Re-enter Tamora, with Attendants; Titus Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my lord the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though grieved with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound:
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. [*Giving a letter*] Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [*Reads*] 'An if we miss to meet him handsomely—
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him:
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit

Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this and purchase us thy lasting friends.'
O Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

Sat. [*To Titus*] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life.
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:
There let them bide until we have devised
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be proved in them—

Sat. If it be proved! you see it is apparent.
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;
For, by my fathers' reverend tomb, I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word; the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:

Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.
Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the forest.

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.
Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.
Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrowl.
Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let 's leave her to her silent walks.
Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.
Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.
[*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.*

Horns winded within. Enter Marcus from hunting.

Mar. Who is this? my niece, that flies away so fast!
Cousin, a word; where is your husband?
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness

As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him, to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomel, why she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his life!
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go and make thy father blind;

For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Rome. A street.

Enter Judges, Senators, and Tribunes, with Martius and Quintus, bound, passing on to the place of execution; Titus going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
[*Lieth down; the Judges, &c. pass by him, and Exeunt.*
For these, tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears:
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My son's sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,

That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought I 'll drop upon thee still;
In winter with warm tears I 'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawn.

O reverend tribunes! O gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain:
The tribunes hear you not; no man is by;
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or if they did mark,
They would not pity me; yet plead I must,
And bootless unto them . . .
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent and offendeth not,

And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
[*Rises.*
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt the judges have pronounced
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished!
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ay me, this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.
Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea,
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou camest;
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.
Give me a sword, I 'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life;

In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have served me to effectless use:
Now all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands to do Rome service is but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Marc. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Marc. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath received some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my dear; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me: what shall I do,
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;

Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Marc. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her husband;
Perchance because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd, as meadows yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Marc. Patience, dear niece. Good Titus, dry thine eyes.
Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.
Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.
Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this,
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss!

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word, that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.
Tit. O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I 'll send the emperor
My hand:
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?
Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?
O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go!

Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marc. And, for our father's sake and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I 'll go fetch an axe.

Marc. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I 'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. [*Aside*] If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:
But I 'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you 'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*Cuts off Titus's hand.*

Re-enter Lucius and Marcus.

Tit. Now stay your strife: what shall be is dispatch'd.
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:

Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited; that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchased at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.
[*Aside*] Their heads, I mean. O, how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call! [*To Lav.*] What, would thou kneel with me?
Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers;
Or with our sighs we 'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc. O brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face?

And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here 's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back,
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.
[*Exit.*

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!
[*Lavinia kisses Titus.*

Marc. Alas, poor heart! that kiss is comfortless
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?
Marc. Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here,
Thy other banish'd son with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless, and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs:
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?
Tit. Ha, ha, ha!
Marc. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.
Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears:
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again
Even in their throats that have committed them,
Come, let me see what task I have to do.
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear.
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things:
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;

Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let 's kiss and part, for we have much to do.
[*Exeunt all but Lucius.*

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,
The wofull'st man that ever lived in Rome:
Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life:
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths and raise a power,
To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

A room in Titus's house. A banquet set out.

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young Lucius, a Boy.

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
Who, when my heart, all mad with misery,

Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.
[*To Lavinia*] Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and soaking in
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Marc. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none.
Fie, fie, how franticly I square my talk,
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!
Come, let 's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:
Here is no drink. Hark, Marcus, what she says;
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks:
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect

As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will wrest an alphabet,
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.
[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord,—a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus' brother: get thee gone;
I see thou art not for my company.

Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. 'But!' How, if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
Poor harmless fly,
That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry! and thou hast kill'd him.

Marc. Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.
There 's for thyself, and that 's for Tamora.
Ah, sirrah!
Yet, I think, we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Marc. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away. Lavinia, go with me:
I 'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.
Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begin to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Rome. Titus's garden.

Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and the boy flies from her, with his books under his arm. Then enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she mean:
See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

Marc. Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad for sorrow: that made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books and fly,
Causeless perhaps. But, pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will. [*Lavinia turns over with her stumps the books which Lucius has let fall.*

Tit. How now, Lavinia! Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see.
Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Marc. I think she means that there were more than one
Confederate in the fact; ay, more there was;
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.
Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?
Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoses:
My mother gave it me.
Marc. For love of her that 's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.
Tit. Soft! so busily she turns the leaves!
Help her:
What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.
Marc. See, brother, see; note how she quotes the leaves.
Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forced in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see!
Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,—
O, had we never, never hunted there!—
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.
Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?
Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?
Marc. Sit down, sweet niece: brother, sit down by me.
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!

My lord, look here: look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me. [*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with feet and mouth.*] I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.
Cursed be that heart that forced us to this shift!
Write thou, good niece; and here display at last
What God will have discovered for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!
[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*

Tit. O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?
'Stuprum. Chiron. Demetrius.'

Marc. What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Marc. O, calm thee, gentle lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me, as, with the woful fere
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,
That we will prosecute by good advice
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.

But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware
The dam will wake; and if she wind you once,
She 's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman, Marcus; let alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,
And where 's your lesson then? Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Marc. Ay, that 's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I 'll fit thee, and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou 'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I 'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come. Marcus, look to my house:
Lucius and I 'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we 'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and young Lucius.*

Marc. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart

Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield,
But yet so just that he will not revenge.
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The same. A room in the palace.

Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius at one door; and at another door, young Lucius, and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here 's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus.
[*Aside*] And pray the Roman gods confound you both!

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: what 's the news?

Boy. [*Aside*] That you are both decipher'd, that 's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape.—May it please you,
My grandsire, well advised, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bid me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both, [*Aside*] like bloody villains.
[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*

Dem. What 's here? A scroll, and written round about!
Let 's see:

[*Reads*] 'Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.'

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just; a verse in Horace; right, you have it.
[*Aside*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here 's no sound jest: the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
But were our witty empress well afoot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—
And now, young lords, was 't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. [*Aside*] Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over. [*Trumpets sound within.*

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.
Dem. Soft! who comes here?

Enter Nurse, with a blackamoor Child.

Nur. Good morrow, lords:
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?
Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?
Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame and stately Rome's disgrace!
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.
Aar. To whom?
Nur. I mean, she is brought a-bed.
Aar. Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent her?
Nur. A devil.
Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam;
A joyful issue.
Nur. A joyless, dismal, black and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime:
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.
Aar. 'Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.
Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?
Aar. That which thou canst not undo.
Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.
Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone her.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend!
Chi. It shall not live.
Aar. It shall not die.
Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.
Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.
Dem. I 'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.
Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-limed walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.
Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress, this myself,
The vigour and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I prefer;
This maugre all the world will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever shamed.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor in his rage will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there 's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here 's a young lad framed of another leer:
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say ' Old lad, I am thine own.'
He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And from that womb where you imprison'd were
He is enfranchised and come to light:
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety.
[*They sit.*

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords! when we join in league,
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,

The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.
But say, again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife and myself;
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:
Two may keep counsel when the third 's away:
Go to the empress, tell her this I said.
[*He kills the nurse.*
Weke, weke!
So cries a pig prepared to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst thou this?

Aar. O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
A long-tongued babbling gossip? no, lords, no:
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus, my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanced,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; you see I have given her physic,
[*Pointing to the Nurse.*
And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,

And send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.
Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.
Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.
[*Exeunt Dem. and Chi. bearing off the Nurse's body.*
Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I 'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I 'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up
To be a warrior and command a camp. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

The same. A public place.

Enter Titus, bearing arrows with letters at the ends of them; with him, Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen (Publius, Sempronius, and Caius), with bows.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come; kinsmen, this is the way.
Sir boy, let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.
Terras Astræa reliquit:
Be you remember'd, Marcus, she 's gone, she 's fled.
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happily you may catch her in the sea;

Yet there's as little justice as at land:
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,
And then it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.
Ah, Rome! Well, well; I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.
Go get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd:
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence;
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns
By day and night to attend him carefully,
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now! how now, my masters!
What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,

So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I 'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops' size,
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear:
And sith there 's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus;
[*He gives them the arrows.*
'Ad Jovem,' that 's for you: here, 'Ad Apollinem':
'Ad Martem,' that 's for myself:
Here, boy, to Pallas: here, to Mercury:
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine;
You were as good to shoot against the wind.
To it, boy! Marcus, loose when I bid.
Of my word, I have written to effect;
There 's not a god left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius!
Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha!
Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marc. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,

The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give his lordship joy!

Enter a Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons in it.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. O, the gibbet-maker! he says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven! alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold; meanwhile here 's money for thy charges.
Give me pen and ink.
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I 'll be at hand, sir: see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will. [*Exit.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The same. Before the palace.

Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Chiron, Demetrius, Lords, and others; Saturninus with the Arrows in his hand that Titus shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! was ever seen
An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egal justice used in such contempt?

My lords, you know, as know the mightful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd
But even with law against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here 's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What 's this but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if he sleep,
He 'll so awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierced him deep and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight
Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts. [*Aside*] Why, thus it shall become

High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor in the port.

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?

Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be emperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he. God and Saint Stephen give you godden: I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here. [*Saturninus reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

Clo. Hanged! by 'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same device proceeds;
May this be borne? As if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully!
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege:
For this proud mock I 'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter Æmilius.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause.

The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost or grass beat down with storms:
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he the common people love so much;
Myself hath often heard them say,
When I have walked like a private man,
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody:
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ears
With golden promises; that, were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
[*To Æmilius*] Go thou before, be our ambassador:
Say that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successantly, and plead to him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Plains near Rome.

Flourish. Enter Lucius and Goths, with drum and colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;

And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

First Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we 'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flowered fields,
And be avenged on cursed Tamora.

All the Goths. And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Lut. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading Aaron with his Child in his arms.

Sec. Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
'Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art;
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!'—even thus he rates the babe—
'For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.'

With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surprised him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;
This is the pearl that pleased your empress' eye;
And here 's the base fruit of his burning lust.
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? what, deaf? not a word?
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

[*A ladder brought, which Aaron is made to ascend.*

Aar. Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I 'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall.
I 'll speak no more but 'Vengeance rot you all!'

Luc. Say on: an if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee! why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villanies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:

And this shall all be buried in my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believest no god:
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I 'll urge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou adorest and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god I sware to thee I will.

Aar. First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, and luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd and cut and trimm'd, and 'twas
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:

That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen and her two sons:
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter:
I pried me through the crevice of a wall
When for his hand he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

First Goth. What, canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse—
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;

Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters
'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.'
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Third Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter Æmilius.

Welcome, Æmilius: what 's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,

He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

First Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Rome. Before Titus's house.

Enter Tamora, Demetrius, and Chiron, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*

Enter Titus, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceived: for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,

Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:
There 's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murder or detested rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands;
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;
And then I 'll come and be thy waggoner,

And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east
Until his very downfall in the sea:
And day by day I 'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers and come with me.

Tit. Are these thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are,
And you the empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit above.*

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I 'll make him send for Lucius his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I 'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or at the least make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter Titus, below.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house:
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For well I wot the empress never wags
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I 'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be revenged on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that 's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he 's a murderer.
Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he 's a ravisher.
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well mayst thou know her by thine own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee:
I pray thee, do on them some violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house;
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths:
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Marc. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I 'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*Aside to her sons*] What say you, boys? will you bide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor
How I have govern'd our determined jest?

Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again.

Tit. [*Aside*] I know them all, though they suppose me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices:
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam.

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.
[*Exit Tamora.*

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter Publius and others.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The empress' sons, I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceived;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius:
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them:
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry. [*Exit.*
[*Publius, &c. lay hold on Chiron and Demetrius.*

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter Titus, with Lavinia; he bearing a knife, and she a basin.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off and made a merry jest;
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forced.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace,
Hark, wretches! how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad:
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I 'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;

For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be revenged:
And now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,
[*He cuts their throats.*
Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So, now bring them in, for I 'll play the cook,
And see them ready against their mother comes.
[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*

Scene III.

Court of Titus's house. A banquet set out.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths, with Aaron, prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

First Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in,
[*Exeunt Goths, with Aaron. Flourish within.*
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter Saturninus and Tamora, with Æmilius, Tribunes, Senators, and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament moe suns than one?
Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?
Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.
Sat. Marcus, we will.
[*Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at table.*

Enter Titus, like a Cook, placing the meat on the table, and Lavinia with a veil over her face, young Lucius, and others.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus?
Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness and your empress.
Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.
Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, resolve me this:
Was it well done of rash Virginius

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforced, stain'd, and deflower'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong and effectual,
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!

[*Kills Lavinia.*

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage, and it now is done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Kills Tamora.*

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed!

[*Kills Titus.*

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?

There 's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed!
[*Kills Saturninus. A great tumult. Lucius, Marcus, and others go up into the balcony.*
Marc. You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproars sever'd, as a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body;
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
[*To Lucius*] Speak, Rome's dear friend: as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surprised King Priam's Troy;
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;

Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despised, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend.
I am the turned forth, be it known to you,
That have preserved her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But, soft! methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak. Behold the child:

[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*

Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes:
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
And as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge

These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiss, show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak, and if you say we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for well I know
The common voice do cry it shall be so.

All. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!

Marc. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,
[*To Attendants.*
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudged some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Lucius, Marcus, and the others descend.

All. Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,
For nature puts me to a heavy task;
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.

O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
[*Kissing Titus.*
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Marc. Tear for tear and loving kiss for kiss
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers: thy grandsire loved thee well:
Many a time he danced thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Re-enter Attendants with Aaron.

A Roman. You sad Andronici, have done with woes:
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,

For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

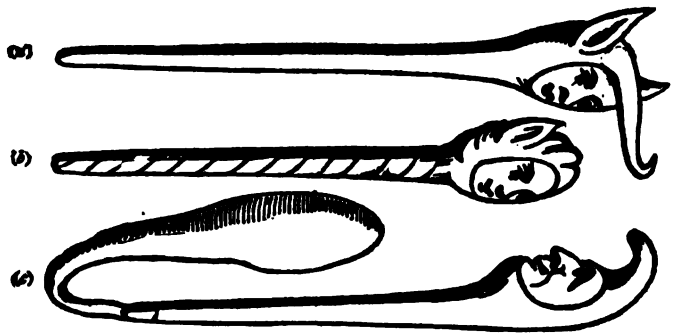
Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done:
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:
Her life was beastly and devoid of pity,
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Abused, deceived; II. iii. 87.
Accited, cited, summoned; I. i. 27.
Acheron, the river of the infernal regions (Quartos, Folio 1, *"Acaron"*); IV. iii. 44.
Achieve, obtain; II. i. 80.
Actæon, the Theban prince transformed by Diana into a stag; II. iii. 63.
Advice; "upon a.," on reflection, on consideration; I. i. 379.
——; "good a.," deliberate consideration (Collier conj. *"device"*); IV. i. 92.
Advised; "well a.," not mad, in his right senses; IV. ii. 10.
Advise thee, consider, deliberate; IV. ii. 129.
Affect, desire; II. i. 105.
Affected, loved; II. i. 28.
Affy, confide; I. i. 47.
Afoot; "well a.," in good health; IV. ii. 29.
After, afterwards; II. iii. 123.
Age, seniority; I. i. 8.
Aim; "give me a.," "give room and scope to my thoughts"; V. iii. 149.
Alcides, Hercules; IV. ii. 95.
Anchorage, anchor; I. i. 73.
Annoy, grief, suffering; IV. i. 49.
Appointed, furnished, equipped; IV. ii. 16.
Approve, prove; II. i. 35.
Approved, tried; V. i. 1.
As, so that; II. iii. 103.
Associate, join; V. iii. 169.
At, on; IV. iii. 9.
Author, cause; I. i. 435.

Baleful; "b. mistletoe," with reference to the supposed poisonous berries of the plant; II. iii. 95.
Bane, mischief; V. iii. 73.
Bauble; V. i. 79. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Bay; "at a b.," in my power (a term taken from hunting); IV. ii. 42.
——, barking; II. ii. 3.
Beholding, beholden; I. i. 396.
Belike, I suppose; IV. ii. 50.
Bewray, betray, reveal; II. iv. 3.
Blowse, "a ruddy fat-faced wench"; IV. ii. 72.
Bonjour, good morning; I. i. 494.
Boots, avails; V. iii. 18.
Brabble, quarrel; II. i. 62.
Bravely, finely, properly; IV. iii. 112.
Braves, defiance, threatenings; II. i. 30.
——, defies; II. iii. 126.



(*a*) From MS. 6829, National Library, Paris.
(*b*) and (*c*) From ivory carvings in the Maskell collection and in the Louvre.

Break the parle, open the parley; V. iii. 19.
Brethren (trisyllabic); i. i. 348.
Broach, spit; IV. ii. 85.
Buzz, whisper; IV. iv. 7.

Candidatus, candidate; I. i. 185.
Careful, full of care; IV. iii. 30.
Castle, (?) a close helmet (Theobald "*casque*"; Walker, "*crest*"); III. i. 170.
Challenged, accused; I. i. 340.
Chaps, wrinkles; V. iii. 77.
Charm, affect by magic power; II. i. 23.
Charming, having the power of fascination; II. i. 16.
Chase, hunting-ground; II. iii. 255.
Cheer, countenance; I. i. 264.
Chequer'd, variegated; II. iii. 15.
Children (trisyllabic); II. iii. 115.
Clean, entirely; I. i. 129.
Close, secret; IV. ii. 118.
Closing with, humouring; V. ii. 70.
Closure, end; V. iii. 134.
Clubs, Clubs; "in any public affray the cry was 'Clubs! Clubs!' by way of calling for persons with clubs to part the combatants" (Nares); II. i. 37.
Cocytus, the infernal river; II. iii, 236.
Codding, lustful; V. i. 99.
Coffin, the crust of a pie; V. ii. 189.
Coil, confusion, ado; III. i. 225.
Common, general; I. i. 21.
Compact, made of, composed; V. iii. 88.
Compassion, compassionate, pity; IV. i. 124.

Complot, plot; II. iii. 265.
Complots, plots; V. i. 65.
Conceit, device, invention; IV. ii. 30.
Conduct, guidance; IV. iv. 65.
Confederate, in league, allied; V. i. 108.
Consecrate, consecrated; I. i. 14; II. i. 121.
Continence, moderation (Collier MS., "*conscience*"); I. i. 15.
Controll'd, hindered; I. i. 420.
Convenient, proper, becoming; V. ii. 90.
Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi; IV. i. 12.
Couch, lie hidden; V. ii. 38.
Cousin, niece (used for any kinsman or kinswoman); II. iv. 12.
Cozen'd, cheated; V. iii. 101.
Cut, cut off; V. i. 93.
Cyclops, the giant servants of Vulcan; IV. iii. 46.

Dancing-rapier, a sword worn only for ornament at dancing; II. i. 39. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Days; "no longer d.," no more time; IV. ii. 165.
Deadly-standing, menacing death; II. iii. 32.
Dear, grievous (Hanmer, "*dire*"); III. i. 257.
——, dearly; IV. i. 23.
Decipher'd, detected; IV. ii. 8.
Decreed, decided, determined; II. iii. 274.
Decrees, resolutions; V. ii. 11.
Despite; "in my d.," in defiance of me; I. i. 361.
Detect, expose; II. iv. 27.
Dian, Diana; II. iii. 61.
Discover, reveal; V. i. 85.
Dispose, dispose of; IV. ii. 173.
Distract, distracted; IV. iii. 26.
Dominator, ruler; II. iii. 31.
Doubted, suspected; II. iii. 60.
Dreadful, full of dread; II. i. 128.
Drive upon, rush upon, attack; II. iii. 64.
Dumps, melancholy; I. i. 391.

From an ornament on a pistol of Shakespeare's time, in the Meyrick collection.

Ecstasies, madness; IV. iv. 21.
Ecstasy, excitement; IV. i. 125.
Egal, equal; IV. iv. 4.
Embracement, embrace; V. ii. 68.
Embrewed, bathed in blood; II. iii. 222.
Emperial's, a blunder for *emperor's*; IV. iii. 94.
Empery, empire, dominion; I. i. 19.

Empress (trisyllabic; Quarto 1, Folios 1, 2, "*Empresse*"; Quarto 2, "*Emperesse*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Emperess*"); I. i. 320.
Enacts, working; IV. ii. 118.
Enceladus, a giant of ancient fable; IV. ii. 93.
Enforced, forced; V. iii. 38.
Engine, instrument; III. i. 82.
Entreats, entreaties; I. i. 449.
Escape, escapade, transgression; IV. ii. 113.
Exclaims, outcries, lamentations (Keightley, "*exclaim*"; Anon. conj., "*extremes*"); IV. i. 86.
Extent, maintenance, application; IV. iv. 3.

Fact, evil deed; IV. i. 39.
Fat, fatten; III. i. 204.
Fear, fear for; II. iii. 305.
Feed, food; IV. iv. 93.
Fell, fallen; II. iv. 50.
Fere, spouse; IV. i. 89.
Fire (dissyllabic); I. i. 127.
Flood, sea; IV. ii. 103.
Fond, foolish; II. iii. 172.
For, as for; IV. iii. 39.
——, through; IV. i. 21.
Forfend, forbid; I. i. 434.
Forth, out of; III. i. 84.
Found, found out, discovered; IV. ii. 26.
Framed, formed, fashioned; IV. iii. 46.
Fraught, freight; I. i. 71.
Funeral, burial; IV. ii. 163.
Funerals, obsequies; I. i. 381.

Gad, sharp point; IV. i. 103.
Gear, business; IV. iii. 52.
Gentleness, kindness; I. i. 237.
Glad, gladden; I. i. 166.
Glistering, glittering; II. i. 7.
Gloze, make mere words; IV. iv. 35.
God-den, good evening; IV. iv. 43.
Good; "were as g.," might just as well; IV. iii. 57.
Gramercy, many thanks; I. i. 495.
Gratulate, make glad, gratify; I. i. 221.
Grey; "morn grey" = blue (Hanmer, "*gay*"); II. ii. 1.
Griefs, grievances; I. i. 443.

Hale, drag; V. ii. 51.
Hap, chance; V. ii. 101.
Happily, perchance, perhaps; IV. iii. 8.
Happy, opportune; II. iii. 23.
Head; "fought at head"; "an allusion to bulldogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front and seizing his nose" (Johnson); V. i. 102.
Heaviness, sadness, sorrow; III. ii. 49.
Heavy, sad; III. i. 277.
——, sad; IV. iii. 25.
Hecuba, the wife of Priam, King of Troy; IV. i. 20.
High-witted, sly, cunning; IV. iv. 35.
Himself; "not with h.," *i.e.* beside himself; I. i. 368.
His, its; III. i. 97.
Holp'st, didst help; IV. iv. 59.
Home, to the quick; II. i. 118.

Honesty, chastity; III. iii. 135.
Honey-stalks, i.e. "Clover flowers, which contain a sweet juice. It is common for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover, and die" (Johnson); IV. iv. 91.
Horse, horses; II. ii. 18.
Hyperion, the Sun god; V. ii. 56.

Ignomy, ignominy, shame; IV. ii. 115.
Imperious, imperial (Quarto 2, Folios, "*imperiall*"); I. i. 250; IV. iv. 81.
Incorporate, incorporated; I. i. 462.
Increase, produce; V. ii. 192.
Indifferently, impartially; I. i. 430.
Ingrateful, ungrateful; V. i. 12.
Inherit, possess; II. iii. 3.
Insult on, exult, triumph; III. ii. 71.
Intercepted, restrained; II. iii. 80.

Jet upon, i.e. "treat with insolence" (Quartos, "*iet*"; Folios, "*set*"; Malone, "*jut*"); II. i. 64.
Joy, enjoy; II. iii. 83.
Just, just so, exactly; IV. ii. 24.

Kind, nature; II. i. 116.

Laertes' son, Ulysses; I. i. 380.
Lamenting doings, lamentations [Anon. MS. conj. apud Theobald, "*dronings*" for "*doings*"]; III. ii. 62.
Lasting, everlasting; II. iii. 275.
Lave, wash, bathe; IV. ii. 103.
Learn, teach; II. iii. 143.
Leave, cease; I. i. 424.
Leer, complexion; IV. ii. 119.
Leisure; "by l.," in no hurry; I. i. 301.
Like, equal; V. iii. 200.
Limbo, the borders of hell, or hell itself; the *Limbus patrum*, as it was called, is a place that the schoolmen supposed to be in the neighbourhood of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and those good men who died before our Saviour's resurrection. Milton gives the name of *Limbo* to his "Paradise of Fools"; III. i. 149.
List, pleases; IV. i. 100.
Lively, living; III. i. 105.
Loaden, laden; V. ii. 53.
Loose, loosen my hold; II. iii. 243.
——, loosen your bow, let fly; IV. iii. 58.
Luxurious, lustful; V. i. 88.

Madded, maddened; III. i. 104.
Manes; "ad manes fratrum," *i.e.* "to the shades of my brothers" (Quartos, Folios 1, 2, "*manus*"); I. i. 98.
Maugre, in spite of; IV. ii. 110.
Mean, means; II. iv. 40.
Meed, recompense; V. iii. 66.
Mesh'd, mashed (a brewer's term); III. ii. 38.
Mightful, full of might; IV. iv. 5.

Minion, pert, saucy person; II. iii. 124.
Mistership, a blunder for "mistress-ship"; IV. iv. 40.
Mock, derision, scorn; IV. iv. 58.
Moe, more; V. iii. 17.

Napkin, handkerchief; III. i. 140.
Nilus, the Nile; III. i. 71.
Note, notice (Pope's emendation of Quartos, Folios, "*notice*"); II. iii. 85.

O'ercome, covered; II. iii. 95.
Of, by; II. iii. 167.
——, from; III. ii. 44.
——, on; IV. iii. 59.
Officious, ready, helpful; V. ii. 202.
On, in; II. iii. 223.
——; "set fire on," *i.e.* set fire to; V. i. 133.
Onset, beginning; I. i. 238.
Opinion, reputation; I. i. 416.
Over-ween; "dost o.," art presumptuous; II. i. 29.

Pack, plot; IV. ii. 155.
Painted hope (*v.* Note); II. iii. 126.
Palliament, robe; I. i. 182.
Parcel, part; II. iii. 49.
Part, depart; I. i. 488.
Passing, surpassingly; II. iii. 84.
Passion, violent sorrow; I. i. 106.
Passionate, express sorrowfully; III. ii. 6.
Patient; "p. yourself," *i.e.* be patient; I. i. 121.
Perforce, of necessity; II. i. 107.
Per Styga, per manes vehor, i.e. I am borne through the Styx, through the kingdom of the dead; II. i. 135.
Philomel, the daughter of Pandion, ravished by Tereus, who afterwards cut out her tongue to prevent her exposing him; II. iii. 43.
Phœbe, Diana (Quartos, Folio 1, "*Thebe*"); I. i. 316.
Piece, used contemptuously of a person; I. i. 309.
Pitch, used of the height to which a falcon soars; II. i. 14.
Piteously, in a manner exciting pity (Heath conj. "*pitilessly*"; Singer [ed. 2], "*piteousless*"; Collier MS., "*despiteously*"); V. i. 66.
Plots, spots of ground; II. i. 115.
Power, armed force; III. i. 300; IV. iv. 63.
Present, immediate, instant; II. iii. 173.
Presently, immediately; II. iii. 62; IV. ii. 166.
Prise; "played your p.," a technical term in the ancient fencing-school; I. i. 399.
Progne, wife of Tereus, to whom, in revenge for her sister Philomela, she slaughtered and served up his son Itys to eat; V. ii. 196.
Propose, be ready to meet; II. i. 80.
Put it up, put up with it; I. i. 433.

Put up, i.e. sheathe your swords; II. i. 53.

Quit, requite, revenge; I. i. 141.
Quotes, observes, examines; IV. i. 50.

Rapier, small sword; IV. ii. 85.
Rapine, rape; V. ii. 59.
Re-edified, restored; I. i. 351.
Remembered; "be you r.," remember; IV. iii. 5.
Reprehending, reproving, reprimanding; III. ii. 69.
Requite, revenge; III. i. 297.
Reserved, preserved, kept safe; I. i. 165.
Resolve, tell; V. iii. 35.
Rolled, coiled (Collier MS., "*coiled*"); II. iii. 13.
Rue, pity; I. i. 105.
Ruffle, be turbulent and disorderly; I. i. 313.

Sacred (used ironically, with perhaps a quibble on the Latin use = accursed); II. i. 120.
Sanguine, blood-coloured; IV. ii. 97.
Saturn, the planet of hate and gloom; II. iii. 31.
Scath, injury; V. i. 7.
Secure of, safe from; II. i. 3.
Self-blood, selfsame blood; IV. ii. 123.
Semiramis, the queen of Assyria, proverbial for her voluptuousness and cruelty; II. iii. 118.
Sensibly; "endowed with the same feelings as you"; IV. ii. 122.
Sequence; "in s.," one after the other; IV. i. 37.
Sequester'd, separated (Quartos, Folios, "*sequestred*"); II. iii. 75.
Servile, slavish (Quarto 2, Folios, "*idle*"); II. i. 18.
Shall, will; IV. iv. 107.
Shape, form; IV. iv. 57.
Shive, slice; II. i. 87.
Sibyl, one of the Roman prophetesses; IV. i. 105.
Single, isolate; "s. you," bring unattended; II. i. 117.
Sinon, the Greek who persuaded the Trojans to carry the wooden horse into Troy; V. iii. 85.
Sit fas aut nefas, be it right or wrong (a popular Latin phrase); II. i. 133.
Sith, since; I. i. 271; IV. iii. 49.
Slip, scion; V. i. 9.
Smooth, flatter; IV. iv. 96.
Solemn, ceremonious; II. i. 112.
Solon's happiness, alluding to Solon's saying that no man can be pronounced happy before his death; I. i. 177.
Some deal, somewhat; III. i. 245.
Somewhat, something; IV. i. 9.
Somewhither, somewhere, to some place or other; IV. i. 11.
Speak fair, humour; V. ii. 140.
Speed, succeed (Delius conj. "*speak*"); I. i. 372.
Spleenful, hot, eager; II. iii. 191.
Spurn, hurt, stroke; III. i. 101.

Square, quarrel; II. i. 100.
——, shape; III. ii. 31.
Stale, laughing-stock; I. i. 304.
Stand on, insist on; IV. iv. 105.
Starved, benumbed with cold; III. i. 252.
Stay'd, detained; II. iii. 181.
Still, always, continually; III. ii. 30.
——, constant; III. ii. 45.
Stint, stop, silence; IV. iv. 86.
Stood upon, set a high value upon; II. iii. 124.
Straight, straightway, immediately; I. i. 127.
Stuprum, violation; IV. i. 78.
Subscribe, submit; IV. ii. 130.
Succeed, succeeded; I. i. 40.
Successantly, (?) following after another, or, perhaps, successfully (Rowe, "*successfully*"; Capell, "*incessantly*"; Collier conj. "*thou instantly*"); Cartwright conj. "*you instantly*"); IV. iv. 113.
Successive; "my s. title," "my title to the succession"; I. i. 4.
Suppose, supposition; I. i. 440.
Surance, assurance; V. ii. 46.
Suum cuique, to every man his due; I. i. 280.
Swarth, swarthy, black (Quarto 1, "*swartie*"; Capell, "*swarty*"); II. iii. 72.
Sweet water, perfumed water; II. iv. 6.
Swelling, full to bursting; V. iii. 13.
Swounded, swooned, fainted; V. i. 119.
Take up, make up; IV. iii. 92.
Tedious, laborious; II. iv. 39.
Temper, shape, mould; IV. iv. 109.
——, mix; V. ii. 200.
Tendering, caring for; I. i. 476.
Tent, I. i. 138. (The annexed examples of Roman tents of the time of Julius Cæsar are from ancient bas-reliefs at Rome.)

That, that which; I. i. 408.
Threat, threaten; II. i. 40.
Threats, threatens; IV. iv. 67.
Ticed, enticed; II. iii. 92.
Timeless, untimely; II. iii. 265.
Titan, the sun-god; I. i. 226.
To, into; I. i. 421.
Tofore, before; II. i. 294.
Train'd, enticed; V. i. 104.
Tribunal plebs, a blunder for "tribunus plebis" = the tribune of the people; IV. iii. 92.
Trump, trumpet; I. i. 275.
Tully's Orator, i.e. Cicero's *De Oratore*; IV. i. 14.
Turn, return; V. ii. 141.
Typhon, i.e. Typhœus, one of the giants of ancient fables; IV. ii. 94.

Uncouple, loosen the hounds; II. ii. 3.
Uncouth, strange, perplexing; II. iii. 211.
Undertake, answer for, guarantee; I. i. 436.
Unfurnish'd, deprived; II. iii. 56.
Unjustice, injustice; IV. iv. 18.
Unkind, unnatural; V. iii. 48.
Unrecuring, past cure, incurable; III. i. 90.
Unroll, uncoil; III. iii. 35.
Up and down, exactly, at all points; V. ii. 107.
Uprise, rising; III. i. 159.
Urchins, hedgehogs; II. iii. 101.

Virgo, the constellation of that name (in the old myth it represents Astræa, after she left the Earth); IV. iii. 64.
Voice, vote; I. i. 21.
Vouch, make good; I. i. 360.

Wags, moves; V. ii. 87.
Wall-eyed, fierce-eyed; V. i. 44.
Ware, wore; I. i. 6.
Weeds, garments; I. i. 70.
Welkin, sky; III. i. 212.
Well said, well done; IV. iii. 63.
What, why; I. i. 189.
Whenas, when; IV. iv. 92.
White-limed, white-washed; IV. ii. 98.
Who, whom; II. iii. 55.
Wind, scent; IV. i. 97.
——; "have the w. of you," keep an eye upon you; IV. ii. 133.
Wit, mental power (Warburton, "*will*"); II. i. 10.
With, by; II. iii. 78.
Witty, possessed of wit; IV. ii. 29.
Wot, know; II. i. 48.
Wreak, vengeance; IV. iii. 33.
Wreaks, resentments; IV. iv. 11.
Wrongfully, wrongfully; IV. iv. 76.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 5-6. '*I am his first-born son, that was last That ware*'; so Quartos; Folios 1, 2, 3 read '*I was the first-born son, that was the last That wore*'; Folio 4, '*I was the first-born Son of him that last Wore*'; Pope, '*I am the first-born son of him that last Wore*'; Collier, '*I am his . . . That wore*'; Collier MS., '*I am the first borne Sonne, of him the last That wore.*'

I. i. 62. '*gates*'; Capell reads '*gates, tribunes*'; Collier MS., '*brazen gates.*'

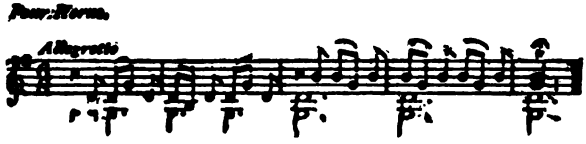
I. i. 138. '*his tent*'; Theobald reads '*her tent*' (alluding to Hecuba beguiling Polymnestor into the tent where she and the other Trojan captives were).

I. i. 154. '*drugs*'; Quarto 1, '*drugges*'; Quarto 2, '*grudgges*'; Folios, '*grudges.*'

I. i. 485. '*stand up*'; perhaps these words were, as Pope suggested, merely a stage-direction.

II. i. 82, 83; *cf.* 1 *Henry VI.*, V. iii. 77, 78; *Richard III.*, I. ii. 228, 229.

II. ii. 10. '*Horns winded in a peal.*' *Cp.* the subjoined old French hunting fanfare (here reproduced from Naylor's '*Shakespeare and Music*').



II. iii. 20. '*yellowing*'; so Quartos; Folios read '*yelping*'; Pope, '*yelling.*'

II. iii. 93. '*barren detested*'; Rowe reads '*barren and detested*'; Capell, '*bare, detested.*'

II. iii. 126. '*painted hope braves your mightiness*'; so Quartos,

Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'painted hope, she . . .'*; Warburton, *'painted cope she . . .'*; Capell, *'paint now braves your mightiness'*; Steevens conj. *'painted, braves your . . .'*; etc., etc.

II. iii. 132. *'outlive, us'*; Theobald's pointing; Quartos, Folios, *'outliue us'*; Dyce (ed. 2), *'outlive ye.'*

II. iii. 152. *'paws'*; Collier MS., *'claws.'*

II. iv. 5. *'scrowl'*; Quartos, *'scrowle'*; Folios 1, 2, *'scowle'*; Folios 3, 4, *'scowl'*; Delius, *'scrawl.'*

II. iv. 9. *'case'*; Pope's emendation of Quartos; Folios, *'cause.'*

II. iv. 49. *'Which that sweet tongue hath made'*; so Quartos, Folios; Hanmer, *'Which that sweet tongue of thine hath often made'*; Collier MS., *'Which that sweet tongue hath made in minstrelsy'*; etc.

III. i. 12. *'For these, tribunes'*; so Quartos, Folio 1; Folio 4, *'For these, these, Tribunes'*; Malone, *'For these, good tribunes'*; Jackson conj. *'For these two tribunes'*; Collier conj. *'For these, O tribunes.'*

III. i. 17. *'urns'*; Hanmer's emendation of Quartos; Folios 1, 2, 3, *'ruines'*; Folio 4, *'ruins.'*

III. i. 34-36. Quarto 2 reads *'or if they did marke, All bootlesse unto them'*; Folios, *'oh if they did heare They would not pitty me'*; Capell, *'or, if they did mark, All bootless unto them, they would not pity me,'* etc.

III. i. 67. *'sight'*; Theobald, *'spight.'*

III. i. 86. *'Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear'*; Collier MS. reads *'Rich varied notes, enchanting old and young'*; Folio 4, *'Sweet varions . . .'*; etc.

III. i. 125. *'as'*; the reading of Collier, from Collier MS. and Long MS.; Quartos, Folios, *'in'*; Rowe, *'like.'*

III. i. 210. *'would'*; so Quartos; Folios read *'wilt'*; Capell conj. *'wou't.'*

III. i. 226. *'blow'*; the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, Quartos, *'flow.'*

III. i. 282-3. *'employ'd in these things,'* etc.; so Folios; Quartos, *'imployde in these Armes'*; perhaps, as the Cambridge editors suggest, the original MS. had as follows:—

> *"And thou, Lavinia, shall be imployed,*
> *Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth,"*

the Quarto reading being due to a correction of *'teeth'* to *'armes'*; the latter being taken by the printer as belonging to the previous line.

III. i. 292. *'leaves'*; Rowe's emendation of Quartos; Folios, *'loues.'*

III. ii. The whole of this scene is omitted in Quartos.

III. ii. 13. *'with outrageous beating'*; Folio 1 reads *'without ragious beating.'*

IV. i. 9. *'Fear her not'*; so Quartos; Folios read *'Feare not'*; Rowe, *'Fear thou not.'*

IV. i. 45. *'Soft! so busily'*; Quartos; Folios read *'Soft, so busily'*; Rowe, *'Soft! see how busily'*; Capell, *'Soft, soft; how busily'*; Knight, *'Soft! how busily'*; Keightley, *'Soft, soft! so busily'*; Collier MS., *'Soft! see how busily.'*

IV. i. 81-82. *'Magni Dominator poli, Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?"*; *i.e.* Great ruler of the skies, dost thou so tardily hear and see crimes committed? (Seneca's *Hippolytus*, ii. 671); Theobald, *'Magne Dominator'*; Hanmer, *'Magne Regnator.'*

IV. i. 129. *'Revenge, ye heavens,'* Johnson conj.; *Reuenge the heauens,'* so Quartos, Folios.

IV. ii. 8, 76. Omitted in Folios.

IV. ii. 20-21. 'He who is pure in life, and free from sin, needs not the darts of the Moor, nor the bow' (Horace, *Odes*, I. 22).

IV. ii. 26. *'sound'*; Theobald conjectured *'Fond,' i.e.* foolish; but *'sound'* is probably to be taken ironically.

IV. ii. 165. *'take no longer days'*; Collier MS., *'make no longer delays.'*

IV. iii. 16. *'then,'* a misprint for *'that.'*

IV. iii. 2. *'let'*; so Quartos, Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'now let.'*

IV. iii. 4. *'Terras Astræ reliquit'*; *i.e.* Astræ (the goddess of Justice) left the earth (Ovid *Metam.* i. 150).

IV. iii. 56. *'To Saturn, Caius'*; Capell's emendation; Quartos, Folios read *'To Saturnine, to Caius'*; Rowe (ed. 1), *'To Cælus and to Saturn'*; (ed. 2), *'To Saturn and to Cælus.'*

IV. iv. 37. *'Thy life-blood out'*; Folio 2, *'out'*; Folio 3, *'on't'*; Walker suggested that a previous line had been lost, but the text seems correct = "and drawn thy life-blood out."

IV. iv. 103. Omitted in Quarto 2 and Folios; the reading of Quarto 1.

V. i. 17. *'All the Goths,'* should be *'The other Goths,'* as the 'First Goth' is kept distinct.

V. i. 42. An allusion to the old proverb, "A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye" (Malone).

V. i. 93. *'And cut her hands'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'And cut her hands off'*; Collier MS., *'Cut her hands off.'*

V. i. 122. A proverb found in *Ray's* collection.

V. i. 132. *'break their necks'*; Malone conj. *'break their necks and die'*; Jackson conj. *'stray and break their necks'*; Collier MS., *'ofttimes break their necks'*; etc.

V. ii. 80. *'ply'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'play.'*

V. ii. 162; iii. 52. Omitted in Folios.

V. iii. 73. *'Lest Rome'*; Capell's reading; Quartos, Folios, *'Let Rome'*; Malone, *'Lest Rome.'*

V. iii. 124. *'And as he is'*; so Quartos, Folios; Theobald reads *'Damn'd as he is.'*

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

8. *wrong mine age*:—Meaning his claims as his father's oldest son.

17. *Romans*:—As a matter of orthoepy, it is perhaps worthy of notice that throughout this play, and generally in English books printed before the middle of the seventeenth century, this word is spelled *Romaines* or *Romanes*. "Romaine" could hardly have been pronounced *roman*.

77. *defender of this Capitol*:—Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred.

101. It was supposed that the ghosts of the unburied dead appeared on earth, to haunt the living and solicit the rites of funeral.

168. *fame's eternal date*:—To outlive an eternal date is, though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame.

201. *obtain and ask*:—Perhaps intended as an instance of the hysteron-proteron—"the cart before the horse"—of classical rhetoric. But Staunton and others think that the line should read, "*Ask*, Titus, and thou shalt obtain the empery."

240. *empress*:—Here and elsewhere in this play this word is a trisyllable. Five lines above, *election* is a quadrisyllable, according to a common usage of Shakespeare's day.

271. "It was pity," remarks Steevens, "to part a couple who seem to have corresponded in disposition so exactly as Saturninus and Lavinia. Saturninus, who has just promised to espouse her, already wishes he were to choose anew; and she who was

engaged to Bassianus (whom she afterwards marries) expresses no reluctance when her father gives her to Saturninus. Her subsequent raillery to Tamora [II. iii. 66 *et seq.*] is of so coarse a nature that if her tongue had been all she was condemned to lose, perhaps the author (whoever he was) might have escaped censure on the score of poetic justice."

280. *Cuique* is here used as a trisyllable. "*Cui* and *huic*," says Walker, "were in the schools of Shakespeare's time pronounced as dissyllables, as they are still perhaps in some of the Scotch ones; and were supposed to be admissible in Latin verse composed after the Augustan models."

290. Titus, who sacrifices himself for his country, and his country to an unworthy first-born of a prince, completes the exhibition of spurious loyalty by supporting the new-elected Saturninus in depriving Bassianus of his betrothed Lavinia. There is no hint whatever that Titus is moved by ambition to have his daughter an empress, he is simply following his blind soldierlike maxim of obedience. He has no thought for the feelings she might be supposed to entertain, though in truth she does not betray them, and when his sons exclaim at the injustice, Titus disavows all right as opposed to sacred prerogative, and buries his sword in the bosom of his own child.

379. *The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax*:—The allusion, as Theobald remarked, is to a part of Sophocles' tragedy *Ajax*, in which Ulysses ("wise Laertes' son") and Teucer strenuously and successfully plead with Agamemnon for permission to bury the body of Ajax.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

79, 80. Chiron appears to mean that, had he a thousand lives, such was his love for Lavinia, he would venture them all to achieve her.

1 *Henry VI.*, V. iii. 78, 79:—

82, 83. These two lines occur, with very little variation, in

> "She 's *beautiful* and therefore *to* be woo'd;
> She is a woman, therefore *to* be won."

See also *Richard III.*, I. ii. 228, 229:—

> "Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
> Was ever woman in this humour won?"

85-87. *more water . . . shive*:—There is a proverb, "Mickle water goes by the miller when he sleeps"; and another, "It is safe taking a shive of a cut loaf." So in Warner's *Albion's England*: "A sheeve of bread as brown as nut." Both proverbs are found in *The Cobbler of Canterbury*, 1590: "Thus the Prior and the Smithes wife contented and enjoying their harts desire, the poore Smith loved her not a whit the worse, neither did he suspect anything, for the blind eates many a flie, and much water runnes by the mill that the miller wots not on. . . . By this the Prior perceived, that the scull had cut a shive on his loafe."

123. *file our engines with advice*:—That is, facilitate the workings of our machinations by her advice: with allusion to the use of the file for smoothing machinery to make it run free.

Scene II.

1 *et seq.* The internal evidence that has weighed against the authenticity of the play rests on the defects of its versification, which in large portions and in the first Scene especially, is tame, flat, monotonous; on the absence of dramatic spirit and poetic imagery, a charge which however is not universally applicable; and lastly, on the savage details of the story. The monotonous and tame versification is quite consistent with an early, perhaps the earliest, essay of Shakespeare, and, as some think, we may trace in the play the gradations by which this embarrassed style grew into the true Shakespearian vigour. In the second and third Scenes of this Act we have several speeches in which we may recognize the struggling attempt to that perfect harmonizing of imagery and verse of which *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* is the triumph. Compare these opening lines; also iii. 10 *et seq.*

9. *I have been troubled*, etc.:—Rolfe finds this "like Shakespeare's fondness for presentiments," and argues that "the passage is probably his."

Scene III.

72. *Cimmerian*:—The Moor is called *Cimmerian* from the affinity of blackness to darkness.

86. *noted long*:—Yet Saturninus and Tamora have been married but one night.

89. [*Enter Demetrius and Chiron.*] "The Greek names of Chiron and Demetrius," says Lloyd, "give a certain Byzantine colour to the story, which is helped by the tenour of the court intrigues and violences. Indeed, it is difficult not to think that the plot at large owes much to the suggestiveness of the history or story of Belisarius—the mighty general of an ungrateful country and emperor, in age and blindness begging for his bread. The Empress Theodosia was raised by Justinian, if not from the position of a captive, from one still lower, and had vice enough to furnish motive for the invention of Tamora; and even the eunuch Narses, the rival of Belisarius, is an appearance in the imperial court un-Roman enough to niche opposite to Aaron."

104. *Should straight fall mad*, etc.:—This is said in fabulous physiology of those that hear the groan of the mandrake when torn up. The same thought, and almost the same expression, occur in *Romeo and Juliet*, IV. iii. 45 *et seq.*

126. *painted hope*:—Johnson explains this as meaning "only specious hope, or ground of confidence more plausible than solid."

148. *a bastard*:—White remarks that "Lavinia says nothing about Chiron's father; but his reply would justify the belief that Tamora had played false with a true Milesian." "How," asks White, "was he to prove himself *a bastard*, by being unlike *his mother*?"

227. *A precious ring*, etc.:—Old naturalists assert that there is a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Boyle believed in the reality of its existence. It is often alluded to in ancient fable. Thus in the *Gesta Romanorum*: "He farther beheld and saw *a carbuncle that lighted all the house*." And Drayton, in *The Muses' Elysium*:—

> "That admired, mighty stone,
> The *carbuncle* that 's named;
> Which from it such a flaming light
> And radiancy ejecteth,
> That in the very darkest night
> The eye to it directeth."

Scene IV.

Upon the horrors set down at the beginning of this Scene Wilkes has this indignant observation: "Shakespeare may be acquitted of the barbarity of this device, but he cannot be excused

the error of adopting it; an author who takes advantage of the trust reposed in him by his audience, to wound their best feelings with unnecessary horrors, is nearly as bad as the characters who perpetrate them. A writer should teach his climax by tolerable steps, and he is not justified in exercising his art so as to cause us to love a beautiful ideal, merely that he may torture it in our presence, any more than a boy has a right to expect us to honour him for his dexterity in driving pins through flies."

5. *scrowl*:—"An unintelligible reading," says Schmidt. Some editors take *scrowl* for another form of *scroll*. Fabyan's *Chronicle* has, "the *scrowle* of resygnacyon"; and Burnet's *Records*, "accompts, books, *scroles*, instruments, or other writings."

26. *some Tereus hath deflowered thee*:—Tereus, King of Thrace, married Progne, to whose sister Philomela he was much attached, and of whom he at last became desperately enamoured. He ravished her, and, to free himself from her reproaches and her accusations, cut out her tongue. She finally made known her situation by means of her needle (sampler fashion): she was succoured by her sister Progne, who took revolting and unnatural vengeance upon Tereus. Progne was changed into a swallow, and Philomela into a nightingale. So goes the old story.

51. *Cereberus*, the three-headed dog fabled to guard the portals of the infernal regions, is alluded to in several of these plays. He is referred to here as being lulled to sleep by the music of Orpheus, *the Thracian poet*.

The events of this Scene are thus narrated in the old ballad in Percy's *Reliques*:—

But nowe, behold! what wounded most my mind,
The empresse's two sonnes of savage kind
My daughter ravished without remorse,
And took away her honour, quite perforce.

When they had tasted of soe sweet a flowre,
Fearing this sweete should shortly turn to sowre,
They cutt her tongue, whereby she could not tell
How that dishonoure unto her befell.

Then both her hands they basely cut off quite,
Whereby their wickednesse she could not write,
Nor with her needle on her sampler sowe
The bloudye workers of her direfull woe.

My brother Marcus found her in the wood,
Staining the grassie ground with purple bloud,
That trickled from her stumpes and bloudlesse armes;
Noe tongue at all she had to tell her harmes.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

[*Rome.*] The political condition represented in the drama has great peculiarities, and while inconsistent throughout with Roman history, is consistent with itself. We appear to be presented with a view of a free commonwealth, with mixed popular and patrician institutions—tribunes and senators, passing through the stage of a virtual but unrecognized monarchy to an Eastern despotism. Roman history furnished a certain parallel to most of the political circumstances, but never to the exact relative distribution of power, to say nothing of special detail.

10. Hudson, instead of *two and twenty*, adopts (Harvard ed.) Lettsom's reading, *one-and-twenty*.

72. *I'll chop*:—Rolfe states that "Steevens conjectured 'or chop,' because Titus, after chopping off one hand, would not be able to chop off the other!" Rolfe refers for comparison to lines 77, 78.

231. *For why*:—Much used formerly as meaning *because, inasmuch as*, and the like.

257. *with this dear sight*:—The word *dear* has here, as in many other passages in these plays, an intensifying, superlative sense which it is not easy to express or explain, but which, though it may be difficult of comprehension to some, is easy of apprehension by all. Its force is entirely of degree, not at all of kind; and it is applied indiscriminately to that which is good and that which is bad, that which is welcome and that which is unwelcome, that which is loved and that which is hated. We still say, "my dearest friend"; but in *Hamlet* (I. ii. 182) we find "my dearest foe."

Scene II.

9. *Who, when my heart*, etc.:—The *who* here certainly makes the passage entirely inconsequential. But Dyce asks, and, in White's opinion, with much reason, if this may not be due to the

author's ungrammatical use of the relative. Rowe and subsequent editors change *who* to *and*, regardless of utter dissimilarity of the words in form and sound.

12. *Map of woe* is *image* or *picture* of woe. So in *Richard II.*, V. i. 12: "Thou *map* of honour."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

77. [*She takes the staff*, etc.] Thus the old ballad:—

> But when I sawe her in that woefull case,
> With teares of bloud I wet mine aged face:
> For my Lavinia I lamented more
> Then for my two and twenty sonnes before.
>
> When as I sawe she could not write nor speake,
> With grief mine aged heart began to breake;
> We spred an heape of sand upon the ground,
> Whereby those bloudy tyrants out we found.
>
> For with a staffe, without the helpe of hand,
> She writt these wordes upon the plat of sand:—
> "The lustfull sonnes of the proud emperesse
> Are doers of this hateful wickednesse."

104. *Gad* is Anglo-Saxon for any pointed weapon, or the point of any weapon; and an ox gad or goad was originally a rod tipped with a point. The name has remained, although a lash has taken the place of the point.

Scene II.

44. *for to say amen*:—White says: "It is noteworthy that in this play (Act. IV. Sc. ii.) we find an instance of the idiom 'for to,' which Greene used so freely, and which Shakespeare and Marlowe so carefully avoided; and one of 'when-as' (Act IV. Sc. iv.) which occurs often in the works of both Greene and Marlowe, but never, I believe, in any undoubted play of Shakespeare's. It is also worthy of observation that the three or four instances of similarity of expression between this play and other

works bearing Shakespeare's name connect it only with *Venus and Adonis*, his earliest poem, and with the First Part of *Henry VI.* and *The Taming of the Shrew*—two plays in which Shakespeare has but a part interest; sharing again with Greene and Marlowe, almost without a doubt."

72. *blowse*:—If *blowsy* mean ruddy and fat-faced, the substantive would seem not correctly applied to a new-born black-amoor child. Perhaps it had passed into a familiar term of jocose endearment for a child. Richardson explains a *blowse* as "one who has been well blown upon, or exposed to blowing winds."

156. *pack*:—For other instances of the use of *pack* for plot, see *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV. ii. 118: "A *pack*, a conspiracy against me"; also *The Comedy of Errors*, V. i. 219, 220: "That goldsmith there, were he not *pack'd* with her, could witness it."

173-181. Lloyd here makes the following observation regarding the metrical workmanship: "Aaron's address to his child that concludes [this Scene] leaves little to be desired, and generally as the play advances there does seem to be an improved mastery of the instrument of language. It is remarkable withal that rhymes couplet and alternate are rare throughout the play; this would seem to indicate that with Shakespeare indulgence in rhyme was the result, in the first instance, of very luxuriance of versifying power that was not developed at first, but grew with the general growth of his facility—was allowed the rein in certain compositions which contain blank verse as fine as any he ever wrote, and then was controlled and subjected in the general progress of his powers towards perfect development and unity of balanced activity."

Scene III.

5. *Be you remember'd*:—Compare with this these lines (607, 608) in *The Rape of Lucrece*:—

> "O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing
> From vassal actors can be wiped away."

7. *Ocean* is here, as in other instances in this play, a trisyllable.

43, 44. *'I' ll dive,'* etc.:—Observe that *Acheron*, the river of the infernal regions, is here represented as a *burning lake*—one of the

Poet's frequent uses of license. Compare the imagery of the passage with 1 *Henry IV.*, I. iii. 203-205:—

"Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks."

Scene IV.

108 *et seq.* The following observations of Lloyd afford light alike on what is past and what is to follow: "After Lucius has betaken himself to the Goths, and Titus is giving way to half-crazy laments and insults to the Emperor, there is considerable melodramatic excitements produced by the uncertainty whether Tamora, who proposes to 'temper that old Andronicus with all the art she has, to pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths,' may not succeed in her plan. Even after Titus, whether in sane or madman method, has cut the throats of Chiron and Demetrius, we feel apprehension lest Lucius may be deceived, and even his precautions frustrated. The reader is relieved, and the catastrophe arrives when [V. iii.] Titus having killed Lavinia first, then stabs Tamora, whom he had caused to eat unwittingly of the flesh of her own sons. It is in harmony with the character of Titus as delineated all through the play, that to the last he does not appear to meditate violence against Saturninus. He falls himself by the hand of the Emperor, who finds an executioner in Lucius, exasperated at the sight of his father's death."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

121 *et seq.* "It has been said," remarks Knight, "that 'there is not a shade of difference between the two Moors, Eleazar and Aaron.' Eleazar is a character in *Lust's Dominion*, incorrectly attributed to Marlowe. Trace the cool, determined, sarcastic, remorseless villain, Aaron, through these blood-spilling scenes, and see if he speaks in 'King Cambyses' vein,' as Eleazar speaks in the following lines:—

'Now, Tragedy, thou minion of the night,
Rhamnusia's pew-fellow, to thee I 'll sing

Upon an harp made of dead Spanish bones—
The proudest instrument the world affords;
When thou in crimson jollity shall bathe
Thy limbs, as black as mine, in springs of blood
Still gushing from the conduit-head of Spain.
To thee that never blushest, though thy cheeks
Are full of blood, O Saint Revenge, to thee
I consecrate my murders, all my stabs,
My bloody labours, tortures, stratagems,
The volume of all wounds that wound from me;
Mine is the Stage, thine the Tragedy.'

It appears manifest that, although the author of *Titus Andronicus* did choose—in common with the best and the most popular of those who wrote for the early stage, but contrary to his after-practice—a subject which should present to his comparatively rude audiences the excitement of a succession of physical horrors, he was so far under the control of his higher judgement, that, avoiding their practice, he steadily abstained from making his 'verses jet on the stages in tragical buskins; every word filling the mouth like the faburden of Bow bell, daring God out of heaven with that atheist Tamburlaine, or blaspheming with the mad priest of the sun.'"

Scene II.

206. The old ballad thus carries the narrative to the end of this Scene:—

The Moore, delighting still in villainy
Did say, to sett my sonnes from prison free,
I should unto the king my right hand give,
And then my three imprisoned sonnes should live.

The Moore I caus'd to strike it off with speede,
Whereat I grieved not to see it bleed,
But for my sonnes would willingly impart,
And for their ransome send my bleeding heart.

But as my life did linger thus in paine,
They sent to me my bootless hand againe,
And therewithal the heades of my three sonnes,
Which filled my dying heart with fresher moanes.

Then past reliefe I upp and downe did goe,
And with my tears writ in the dust my woe:
I shot my arrowes towards heaven hie,
And for revenge to hell did often crye.

The empresse then, thinking that I was mad,
Like furies she and both her sonnes were clad
(She nam'd Revenge, and Rape and Murder they),
To undermine and heare what I would say.

I fed their foolish veines a certaine space,
Untill my friendes did find a secret place,
Where both her sonnes unto a post were bound,
And just revenge in cruell sort was found.

I cut their throates, my daughter held the pan
Betwixt her stumpes, wherein the bloud it ran:
And then I ground their bones to powder small,
And made a paste for pyes straight therewithall.

Scene III.

"The Poet," says a critic, "grinds his red colour with stintless liberality, and might seem to sit down to his task fresh from the bloody conflicts of the bear-garden, as he expected an audience whose tastes were trimmed to such a school. But even here it may be we recognize the hand of Shakespeare—the prentice hand. The horrors of the tragedy are scarcely greater than occur in his own masterpieces, or in those of mighty dramatists his predecessors, they are matched in *Hamlet*, in *Lear*, in *Œdipus Tyrannus*; but they are not relieved and counterbalanced by the other aids of tragic art in its highest form, that enable us to read the plays enumerated with equable satisfaction and delight. Shakespeare's early plays for the most part exhibit severally some single of his resources in excess, some one of his powers luxuriant to rankness at the expense of, as if unknown to, the others. In *Titus Andronicus* this predominance is allowed to the quality that even in tragedy least admits such license, barbarous execution and revolting cruelty."

60 *et seq.* The old ballad concludes:—

Then with their fleshe I made two mighty pyes,
And at a banquet, served in stately wise,

Before the empresse set this loathsome meat;
So of her sonnes own flesh she well did eat.

Myselfe bereav'd my daughter then of life,
The empresse then I slewe with bloudy knife,
And stabb'd the emperour immediatelie,
And then myself: even soe did Titus die.

Then this revenge against the Moore was found,
Alive they sett him halfe into the ground,
Whereas he stood untill such time he starv'd.
And soe God send all murderers may be serv'd.

64. [*Kills Titus.*] Ulrici makes this comment, which sums up the chief tragic features of the play: "That the hero is not undeservedly overpowered by his tragic fate, is evident if, on the one hand, we consider the cold-blooded indifference with which he causes Tamora's eldest son to be conducted as a victim to the sacrifice—an act of cruelty in which his own sons take part; on the other hand, the passionate heat in which he strikes down his own child for a pardonable opposition to his will, and finally the fearful inhuman revenge he takes upon the doubtless equally inhuman queen. Moreover, poetical justice is also satisfied by the common ruin which in the end overtakes all those that are guilty. Lastly, it must not be overlooked that the foundation of the whole is based upon those later days of the Roman empire, which, as is well known, were so full in horrible deeds of every description, and that the history of the time almost outstrips the boldest imagination. The character of the age forms so decidedly the background of the whole picture, that the piece thereby somewhat resembles the historical dramas, and, accordingly, ought to be viewed and examined by no other than the spirit of the age. When this is done it will be found that the tragic element, in this case, could not have been represented otherwise; and it may be asked, if horror does really exist in history, why should not the tragic element sometimes also assume this form?"

Questions on Titus Andronicus.

1. Give some account of early editions; of critical opinion as to date of composition.

2. What can you say regarding the source of the plot? Is the original story historical, or wholly fictitious?

3. Was Rome, at any time during the rule of the emperors seated there, at war with the Goths?

4. What time is covered by the play as represented on the stage?

ACT FIRST.

5. State the significance of the respective appeals of Saturninus and Bassianus in the opening speeches. What effect has the counsel of Marcus Andronicus upon the rival brothers?

6. What impression is here given of the character, services, and influence of Titus?

7. Does the mutual submission of the rivals to *the people's favour* bear the marks of sincerity and magnanimity?

8. Is the note of heroism strongly sounded in the first speech of Titus, *Hail, Rome,* etc.? In the closing lines do you feel pathos and tenderness? Are they dramatically effective? The first six lines are thought to be of Shakespearian quality: do you find them so?

9. Lucius demands *the proudest prisoner of the Goths* as a sacrifice to the shades of his brothers: does this illustrate Roman custom? Explain lines 100, 101.

10. Who is yielded by Titus for the sacrifice? Name the qualities shown in Tamora's remonstrance against the killing of her son. What is meant (line 130) by *irreligious piety*?

11. Does the speech of Demetrius, *Oppose not Scythia,* etc., exhibit a spirit much different from that of the proud Romans?

12. How does Lavinia's first speech commend her?

13. Does Titus show himself magnanimous in refusing *the empery,* or is he determined solely by the desire of *a staff of honour for* his *age, but not a sceptre to control the world*? Is

his self-denial—if that it be—mistaken in giving way to such a corrupt man as Saturninus? Might he not without blame have accepted the crown?

14. What is foreshadowed by the insolent behaviour of Saturninus in this scene with the tribunes?

15. How does Saturninus (238-240) offer to begin his advancement of the name and family of Titus?

16. Comment on the sort of loyalty which makes Titus completely surrender to Saturninus, even to supporting him in depriving Bassianus of his betrothed Lavinia. In this last action is Titus moved by ambition to have his daughter an empress, or is he, soldier-like, blindly obedient? Account for his want of moral vision in this matter, and for his ferocity in killing his rightly protesting son Mutius.

17. Failing to get Lavinia, whom does Saturninus quickly choose for his queen? What is Tamora's oath to him?

18. At this point how is the change of attitude on the part of Saturninus towards Titus foreshadowed?

19. How is the implacability of Titus shown at the burial of Mutius? Summarize the rest of the Scene.

20. Does Tamora yet begin to reveal her purpose of vengeance on the family of Titus? Is her hypocrisy transparent? In this procedure do you regard her or Saturninus as principal?

21. What political conditions does this Scene represent? Are they consistent with Roman history? Are they consistently presented here?

22. Do you observe such defects of versification—monotony, tameness, etc.—in the first Act as afford internal evidence against the authenticity of the play? See lines 117-119 and 141, 142, and say whether you attribute them to Shakespeare, and if so, why.

ACT SECOND.

23. Describe the self-revelation of Aaron upon his entrance. What is its foreshadowing of the plot?

24. What signifies the quarrel of Demetrius and Chiron and the intervention of Aaron?

25. In what other play are there passages similar to Sc. i., lines 82, 83? Mention two proverbs in lines closely following.

26. Is the cruel craftiness, the revolting villainy of Aaron in his suggestions to the brothers portrayed with Shakespeare's skill,

or must we here suppose another hand? Lines 1-6 of Sc. ii. are by some considered worthy of Shakespeare: do you recognize his manner here?

27. For what is this short Scene a dramatic preparation?

28. Lines 10-15 of Sc. iii. are much claimed for Shakespeare: what quality of his do you find in them?

29. Knight calls Tamora "the presiding genius of the piece": is her supremacy already felt? How is the plot advanced by this passage between her and Aaron?

30. What imports the dialogue following between Bassianus, Tamora, and Lavinia?

31. Do the wrongs of Tamora mitigate our detestation of her in the atrocities which she now assists to perpetrate?

32. What womanly traits come out most plainly here in Lavinia? Repeat some of her more striking words.

33. Measure the vindictiveness of Tamora by what she says in lines 187-189, and the diabolical ingenuity of Aaron by what directly follows. Which has the larger resources for compassing evil?

34. Titus has already shown weakness in his relations with Saturninus: comment on his display of it in kneeling to the emperor, who has wrongly accused his sons.

35. Is Titus capable of strength when away from his camp and involved in civil embroilments?

36. Is anything indicated as to the development of the plot by the long speech of Marcus in Sc. iv.?

ACT THIRD.

37. What contrast is presented at the opening of this Act between Titus and Lucius?

38. Does not Titus reach the extremity of weakness in continuing to plead with the tribunes, although he feels them to be *more hard than stones*?

39. Is the show of force on the part of Lucius any less futile at this point than the maunderings of his father?

40. Describe the emotional qualities exhibited after the entrance of Marcus and Lavinia.

41. Lines 82-86 and 91-97 of Sc. i. are pointed out as probably Shakespeare's: do you perceive anything which distinguishes them in manner or quality from their context?

42. Consider the dominant motive in Titus when he submits

to the loss of his hand: is it unmixed paternal solicitude? Who offer to make the sacrifice in his stead? Is the firmness of Titus at this moment heroic?

43. When does Titus first become fully aware of the injuries done to him by Chiron and Demetrius?

44. Does he show signs of being aroused to the real conditions after the emperor sends him the heads of his two sons along with the hand which he had cut off to ransom them?

45. What does Titus bid Lucius do in preparation for revenge, and what does Lucius say in response?

46. Compare this mood of Titus with the description given of him by his brother Marcus in the fourth Act (Sc. i., line 129): *But yet so just that he will not revenge.*

47. Does what we have seen of him warrant this estimate of Titus?

48. What is the purpose of Sc. ii. of the third Act? Does it contribute anything to the action?

49. Interpret the language and action of Titus and Marcus on the killing of a fly.

50. Why is the Boy introduced?

ACT FOURTH.

51. Explain the opening passage between Lavinia and the Boy.

52. What does Lavinia succeed in conveying by means of the book? By what device does she finally reveal the crime of Chiron and Demetrius against her?

53. If she was thus to make disclosure, what need for the author to have her hands chopped off and her tongue cut out? Is this a gratuitous heaping up of horror?

54. Titus appeals to the great ruler of the skies—*Magni Dominator poli*, etc.: from what Roman tragedy is this, with slight alteration, taken?

55. What is suggested by the dialogue just below, between Titus and the Boy?

56. Marcus had tried to calm Titus after his appeal to the ruler of the skies: what do you say of the appeal to the heavens wherewith Marcus himself closes Sc. i.?

57. What is foreshown of the approaching mental state of Titus by the works of Aaron in Sc. ii., line 3? What by the ironical astuteness of the Boy in his passage with Chiron and Demetrius?

58. Give the meaning of the celebrated lines (20, 21) from Horace, and the significance of their introduction here. How are they taken by Chiron, Aaron, and Demetrius? How does the brutal cynicism of these three affect us?

59. In this scene with the Nurse does not Aaron, the fiendish reveller in wickedness and cruelty, show something of human affection in protecting his offspring from the sons of Tamora? Is this a natural touch?

60. Does Aaron in this scene betray resentment against nature for his blackness, as Richard III. did for his deformity?

61. Does the metrical quality of Aaron's address to his child, at the end of Sc. ii., show the Shakespearian ear?

62. In Sc. iii. is the madness of Titus real or feigned? If real, is it partial or complete? What signify his laments and his insults to the emperor?

63. What does Sc. iv. show as to the effect of Titus's affronts? As to Tamora's influence with the emperor?

64. How could Titus treat the emperor so and not be put to death? Has news of the approach of Lucius with an army anything to do with this?

65. How does Tamora persuade Saturninus to temporize? What does she promise to undertake with Titus?

66. For what purpose does the Clown appear in Scs. iii. and iv.?

67. Lines 81-86 of the fourth Scene—do they seem to you, as to some critics they do, to be Shakespeare's? "There is not," says Swinburne, "a single passage in *Titus Andronicus* more Shakespearian than the magnificent quatrain [83-86] of Tamora upon the eagle and the little birds." Does your study confirm this?

ACT FIFTH.

68. According to Lucius, in the opening speech, how does the emperor stand with his people?

69. How does Lucius advise the great lords to take advantage of the situation?

70. How do the Goths acclaim and pledge themselves to Lucius?

71. Describe the taking of Aaron with the child.

72. What is meant in Sc. i., line 42?

73. Does Aaron show subtlety and address in making parley with Lucius, or does he simply present a compelling motive?

74. Characterize Aaron's cold-blooded recital of crimes. Do

you recall any parallel to his gloating over those atrocities, both on his own account and that of the empress? Must we not sympathize in the judgement of Lucius that hanging is too good for such a miscreant?

75. What is the errand of Æmilius? How does Lucius treat it?

76. Who come at the opening of Sc. ii. to visit Titus, and what is their mission? How does Titus receive them? His speech, lines 21-27, is among those regarded as Shakespearian in manner. Do you so regard it?

77. Do Tamora and her sons completely impose upon Titus in the parley, or does he see through their disguises? Is he hoodwinked into sending for Lucius? What means Tamora (line 139) by *our determined jest*? Is Titus self-poised when he says, *I know them all, though they suppose me mad*, etc.? Does he neatly trap Chiron and Demetrius at last?

78. When Titus cuts the throats of these two, is it in keeping with what has been seen of Lavinia that she should have nerve to hold *'tween her stumps* the basin to receive their blood?

79. Is the long speech of Titus which ends the Scene dramatically regular inasmuch as it recites what is already known to the spectator and announces deeds yet to be performed?

80. With what motive does Titus kill Lavinia?

81. Is Saturninus prepared to punish Chiron and Demetrius when (Sc. iii. 59) he asks to have them brought before him?

82. Does not Titus, by killing Tamora instantly upon telling her of the contents of the pie, balk his own dearest revenge? Why is Tamora not allowed to survive and suffer for a while from the horrible revelation?

83. This being the catastrophe, could anything have been fitly done other than to have Saturninus kill Titus, and Lucius in turn kill the emperor? Until this moment could it have been certain that the plot to frustrate Lucius might not succeed?

84. How do the political conditions at the end of the play accord with those shown at the beginning? Was there anything in the contemporary politics of states which might have influenced the writer or writers of the drama?

85. Is poetic justice, as well as political exigency, served in making Lucius emperor?

86. Do lines 160-168 of Sc. iii. appear to you, as to some commentators, to be in all probability Shakespeare's? What impression is here made by the reappearance of the Boy, the words spoken to him by Lucius, and the Boy's reply?

87. Is the character of Aaron rightly finished by causing him to persist stubbornly to the last in his malignancy?

88. Is anything gained in dramatic effect by reserving him for such a frightful death?

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89. Lloyd finds that the Greek names of Chiron and Demetrius, as well as other features, give a Byzantine colour to the play, and he thinks that the plot may owe much to the story of Belisarius. Do you see anything suggestive in this?

90. Does the character of Aaron lead in your thoughts to reminiscences of Othello or Shylock? Is Aaron a character of unmingled ferocity? Is there in his devilishness an element of glee which makes him more diabolical than Iago or any other villain of Shakespeare's?

91. Swinburne says that *Titus Andronicus* has a "quality of exceptional monstrosity, a delight in the parade of mutilation as well as of massacre." Is not such a drama too revolting for the stage? If this play is, as Dowden says, "pre-Shakespearian in tone," is it also throughout sub-Shakespearian in quality? Could it have been the product even of Shakespeare's first attempt?

92. Baynes declares that *Titus Andronicus* in many features reflects the form of Roman tragedy. But in the old Roman tragedies horrors were usually related, not represented. Which is the better way?

93. Say what you think of critics who hold not only that Shakespeare did not write *Titus Andronicus*, but also that he would not have written on such a disgusting subject. Are there kindred scenes of horror in any of the undisputed Shakespearian plays; if so, are there differences of treatment whereby their effects are modified?

94. Fleay calls this "a stilted, disagreeable play, with a few fair touches." White thought that it might be the joint work of Greene, Marlowe, and Shakespeare. Hudson would gladly be rid of this "extremely distasteful" play altogether. Give your opinions on these points.

95. Hudson speaks of the power of an author "to distinguish rightly between the broad and vulgar ways of the horrible, and the high and subtile courses of tragic terror." Consider this apt saying in connection with the present play and others with which it may be profitably compared.

THE
LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS.

Preface.

The First Edition. "*Timon of Athens*" was printed for the first time in the Folio of 1623; it occupies twenty-one pages, from 80 to 98 in the division of "Tragedies" (pages 81 and 82 being numbered twice over). "*The Actors' Names*" are given on the next page, a blank page follows, and then comes the play of *Julius Cæsar*, beginning a new sheet, marked *kk* instead of *ii*, and numbered 109. It is noteworthy that "*Troilus and Cressida*" would just have filled the space of pages 80-108, and judging from the fact that its second and third pages are numbered 79* and 80, one may perhaps safely assume that *Timon* took its place in the Folio (*vide* Preface to *Troilus and Cressida*). The text is one of the worst printed in the volume, and the famous crux "*Vllorxa*" (III. iv. 112) may be regarded as typical of the many errors, resulting from carelessness or other causes.

The Authorship of the Play. The doubtful authorship of a great part of the play accounts, in all probability, for the unsatisfactory state of the text; it is now generally agreed that "*Timon*" contains a good deal of non-Shakespearian alloy. The following pieces do not stand the test:—Act I. Sc. i. 189—end of the scene (? 249-265; 283-294); the whole of Sc. ii.; Act II. Sc. ii. 45-124;

* Be it observed that the first page of *Timon* is really 78, not 80; the mistake was due to the numbering of the last page of *Romeo and Juliet*, which was marked 79 instead of 77.

Act III., except Sc. vi. 92-109; Act. IV. Sc. ii. 30-50, (?) iii. 292-360, 402-415, 456-544; Act V. (?) Sc. i. 1-59; ii.; iii. Various attempts have been made to extract the ore from this "mineral of metals base," and, purged from grosser stuff, "Shakespeare's *Timon*" was issued by the *New Shakespeare Society* in the year 1874, embodying the labours of Mr. Fleay (*vide* also *Shakespeare Manual*, pp. 187-208).*

Various theories have been advanced as to the composition of *Timon*:—(i.) that Shakespeare worked over an older drama, the remains of which are still to be found in the inferior portions of the play;† (ii.) that Shakespeare and another author collaborated; (iii.) that the play left unfinished by Shakespeare was hastily and carelessly completed by some playwright either (*a*) for stage-purposes, or (*b*) for insertion in the First Folio; (iv.) that the editors of the Folio could only obtain the parts of the principal actors, and the deficiencies had to be supplied from an earlier *Timon*,‡ or by some second-rate

* "The play is, in its present state, unique among Shakespeare's for its languid, wearisome want of action. This renders it one of the least read of all his works. But this fault is entirely due to the passages which I assign to the second writer, not one of which adds anything to the development of the plot, for they are in every instance mere expansions of facts mentioned in the genuine parts of the play."

† The Cambridge Editors seem to hold the view:—"The original play, on which Shakespeare worked, must have been written, for the most part, either in prose or in very irregular verse." Farmer first suggested this explanation; Knight followed Farmer, maintaining that "*Timon* was a play originally produced by an artist very inferior to Shakespeare, which probably retained possession of the stage for some time in its first form; that it has come down to us not wholly rewritten, but so far remodelled that entire scenes of Shakespeare have been substituted for entire scenes of the elder play," etc.

‡ Elze, Delius, and others assign the earlier *Timon* to George Wilkins (*cp.* Preface to *Pericles*); Fleay believes "that Cyril Tourneur was the only person connected with the King's Com-

dramatist; (v.) that the combination of (i.) and (iii.) best satisfies all the difficulties.

The Fifth Act of the play gives, *me judice*, the best clue to the solution of the problem. It certainly produces the impression of having been left roughly sketched by Shakespeare, whose touch is manifest in the more important speeches, especially those belonging to the character of Timon; but while the Third Scene is clearly not Shakespeare's, the four-lined epitaph in the Fourth Scene, the Shakespearian portion, combines two inconsistent couplets, and the combination could not have been intended by Shakespeare, though both were naturally in the rough unfinished MS.; the poet had evidently not made up his mind which of the two epitaphs to use, whether Timon's own, or that which, "commonly rehearsed," was not his "but was made by the poet Callimachus." *

In all probability Shakespeare's unfinished MS., company at this time who could have written the other part" of the play. All this is mere supposition.

* In order that the reader should understand the weight of this piece of evidence, he should compare Act V. Sc. iv. ll. 70-73 with its original in North's *Plutarch* (*Life of Antonius*) :—"He (Timon) died in the city of Hales, and was buried upon the seaside. Now it chanced so that the sea getting in, it compassed his tomb round about, that no man could come to it; and upon the same was written this epitaph:—

"Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked wretches left!"

It is reported that Timon himself when he lived made this epitaph; for that which is commonly rehearsed was not his, but made by the poet Callimachus:—

"Here lie I, Timon, who alive all living men did hate:
Pass by and curse thy fill: but pass, and stay not here thy gait."

(The substitution of "*wicked caitiffs*" for "*wicked wretches*" suggests a comparison with Paynter's version of the epitaph, beginning "*My wretched caitif days*," *etc.*). It is not likely that lines 3, 4 in the previous Scene (V. iii.) are intended for Timon's epitaph, though at first sight the rhyming couplet gives that impres-

taining the main parts of the play already written out, with the general plan merely outlined, was worked up after Shakespeare's death into the play we possess; it cannot be finally determined whether this elaboration was undertaken for stage-representation, or for the purpose of fitting it for a place in the First Folio, when the Editors had resolved to change the position of *Troilus and Cressida.** Perhaps the printing of *Julius Cæsar* was commenced before that of *Timon* was finished.

There is no definite evidence of an older play on the subject that could have been the original of Shakespeare's,† nor are the inferior portions strikingly suggestive of the style of the old-fashioned productions superseded by Shakespeare's revisions or recasts. The MS. play entitled "*Timon*," written about the year 1600, edited for the *Shakespeare Society* by Dyce in 1842, was intended solely for the amusement of an academic audience, and there is not the least evidence that it was ever seen by Shakespeare.‡

sion (*vide* Note). The speech is weak enough as it is without adding to it the crowning absurdity of making the soldier first read the epitaph, and then proceed to take the character in wax, because he cannot read it.

* Dr. Nicholson (*Trans. of New Shak. Soc.* 1874) adduced what he considered "tolerably decisive proof that *Timon* as we now have it was an acted play":—"in old plays the entrance directions are sometimes in advance of the real entrances, having been thus placed in the theatre copy, that the performers or bringers-in of stage-properties might be warned to be in readiness to enter on their cue." He points out some of these directions in the present play as printed in the Folio; but his case, from this point of view, does not seem strong.

† There seems to be no foundation for Mr. Simpson's statement that "a *Timon* was, at the date of the *Satiromastix*, in the possession of Shakespeare's Company" (*New Shak. Soc.*, 1874, p. 252).

‡ Malone pointed out that there is a scene in it resembling Shakespeare's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead

Source of the Plot. A passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius* (in North's *Plutarch*) containing a short account of Timon may have attracted Shakespeare to the subject of the play. Shakespeare was also acquainted with Paynter's story of Timon, in "*the Palace of Pleasure.*" Other versions of the story are to be found in Elizabethan literature (*e.g.* the account of Timon in Richard Barckley's *Felicity of Man*). "Critic Timon" is already referred to by Shakespeare in his early play of *Love's Labour's Lost.*

An interesting comparison might be instituted between the present play and Lucian's *Dialogue on Timon*; it seems almost certain that directly or indirectly the Dialogue has exercised considerable influence on the conception of the drama, though we know of no English or French version of Lucian's work that Shakespeare could have used; perhaps the other author of the play possessed the Greek he lacked.

Date of Composition. Some of the problems connected with the composition of *Timon* have already been indicated. Internal evidence of style is alone available for fixing the date of Shakespeare's parts of the play. Æsthetic and metrical considerations would place it after *Hamlet*—(Coleridge describes it as an "after-vibration of Hamlet," but the vibration is rather too harsh and jarring)—and before the opening of Shakespeare's last period, *i.e.* about the same time as *Macbeth, Othello,* and *Lear*; Shakespeare's satirical drama must belong to the period when, "as the stern censurer of mankind," he reached his greatest tragic height; it makes one happy to think that the pity and terror of tragedy had more attractions for

of *warm water,* he sets before them *stones painted like artichokes,* and afterwards beats them out of the room. The likeness is easily accounted for by identity of source. The last line of the Third Act, with its mention of "*stones,*" is noteworthy, seeing that in the play Timon throws the water in the faces of the guests and nothing is said about his pelting them with stones. The stage-direction is not found in the Folios.

him than the stern severity of bitter satire; he probably found the theme uncongenial and cast it aside:—

> *"No.—I am that I am; and they that level*
> *At my abuses reckon up their own:*
> *I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;*
> *By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;*
> *Unless this general evil they maintain,—*
> *All men are bad and in their badness reign."*
>
> (Sonnet cxxi.)

Duration of Action. The time of the play may be taken as six days represented on the stage, with one long interval:—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i., ii. *Day* 2, Act II. Sc. i., ii.; Act III. Sc. i.-iii. *Day* 3, Act III. Sc. iv.-vi.; Act IV. Sc. i., ii. *Interval.* *Day* 4, Act IV. Sc. iii. *Day* 5, Act V. Sc. i., ii. *Day* 6, Act V. Sc. iii., iv.

"On his grave-stone this insculpture" (V. iv. 67).
From the Elgin Marbles.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. The lavish generosity of Timon, a great lord of Athens, draws to him a throng of sycophants and hangers-on who profit by his careless extravagance. With his frank, cordial nature he does not suspect their true mission, but esteems them all his friends. They flatter him assiduously, and he showers gifts upon them or does them various good services. He gives a costly banquet at which the favours are precious stones. The reckless waste is a matter of much concern to his steward, who foresees speedy impoverishment.

II. Presently Timon's creditors begin to suspect his true financial state and press him greatly with bills. The steward at last succeeds in acquainting his master with his bankrupt condition. Timon is thunderstruck, but consoles himself with the thought that he can draw upon all the men to whom he has been liberal in time past. He therefore despatches his servants to request from them loans.

III. The false friends desert him in his hour of need; nor will they advance him money. Instead they make specious excuses and even go so far as to importune him in turn for certain sums. Timon's eyes are opened to their ingratitude and unworthiness. To express his contempt he gives a final feast, at which nothing is set forth but warm water. While uttering the bitterest reproaches he dashes the water in their faces, and ends by throwing

the dishes at them and driving them out of the banqueting-room.

IV. Timon now abjures the society of all mankind, and seeks refuge in a cave in the woods outside the city, where he subsists upon the roots of the earth. In digging them he discovers a hidden treasure of gold, but takes no pleasure in it, for it brings him only heavy recollections of his folly. He bestows a portion of the gold upon Alcibiades, a former friend of his who honestly desires to aid him, and who is now marching against Athens to humiliate that city for its unjust banishment of him. Though Timon wishes Alcibiades success, it is not because he is reconciled with him, but because he desires the punishment of Athens. The only man whom the misanthrope will acknowledge to be honest is his faithful steward, who seeks him out and remains true to him in adversity. Upon him Timon bestows a liberal gift of the treasure, enjoining him never to come within his sight again.

V. The near approach of Alcibiades to Athens causes the senators to bethink themselves of the neglected Timon. They visit him in the forest to pray his aid, promising a restoration of fortune and honour. But Timon greets their advances with taunts and curses. They return bootless to the city, which they are shortly after forced to surrender to Alcibiades. While the conqueror is singling out his own and Timon's enemies for punishment, he receives word that Timon is dead within his forest cave.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Timon.

It marks an approach to hardness and formalism in Shakespeare's conception of character that his Timon is adequately summed up in the label he adopts: "I am

Misanthropos, and hate mankind." Lear is on the whole his nearest Shakespearean analogue. The sting of ingratitude is the common provocation of both; and in both its maddening effect is enhanced by naïve ignorance of men and equally naïve exaggeration of their own claims. Both are simple natures, finely gifted, but quite without subtlety and penetration; a single shock throws them off their balance. But Lear is testy, self-indulgent, arrogant and exacting from the first; while Timon is quixotically generous, and thinks his honour concerned to give more than is asked, and to repay tenfold what he receives. Lear's most imperious ethical instinct is that of the primitive Northern tribe—the duty of children to parent; Timon's is that of the philosophic schools and society of Athens—the duty of friend to friend. . . . In the Athens of Timon this noble communism is as dead as the duty of children in the heart of Regan. His disillusion, as terrible as Lear's, and far nearer, in kind, to common experience, is far less real, and is worked out with gravely diminished dramatic resource. His monologues, close packed, knotty with phrase, but unbroken in their sombre monotony, take the place of the wonderfully varied and modulated temper of Lear. His anger pursues its way like a torrent without pause or change. It is more penetrated than Lear's with the hunger for moral retribution, and the discovery of the gold puts the instrument of it in his grasp—the

> damned earth,
> Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
> Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
> Do thy right nature.

Of Timon's series of vindictive encounters before his cave, little but the idea is probably ultimately due to Lucian. The poet may be foreshadowed in Gnathonides, the envoys of repentant Athens in Demeas. But Flavius, the one honest man, is Shakespeare's characteristic creation, and in Apemantus and Alcibiades he adapted to the

scheme of Lucian the suggestive hints of Plutarch. In Plutarch both figure only as the companions of Timon's misanthropic days, the one his fellow cynic, the other his destined avenger upon Athens. Shakespeare introduced both into the picture of Timon's prodigal festivities. The misanthrope by nature was thus set in sharp contrast with the misanthrope by disillusion, and the ground was laid for their encounter in the second part (IV. iii. 198 *et seq.*) with its profoundly imagined discrimination between the set hatred grounded in habit and creed and that kindled by fresh conviction, the misanthropy which is a form of intellectual self-indulgence, and that which is goaded with poignant memories.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

III.

Timon and Shakespeare.

With few exceptions, those portions of the play in which Timon is the speaker can have come from no other hand than that of Shakspere. If such conjectures were allowed to possess any worth, one might venture to assert that by the time this play was written, Shakspere had mastered the impulses within himself to mere rage against the evil that is in the world. The impression which the play leaves is that of Shakspere's sanity. He could now so fully and fearlessly enter into Timon's mood, because he was now past all danger of Timon's malady. He had now learned to strive with evil and to subdue it; he had now learned to forgive. And therefore he could dare to utter that wrath against mankind to which he had assuredly been tempted, but to which he had never wholly yielded.

It would seem that about this period Shakspere's mind was much occupied with the questions, In what temper are we to receive the injuries inflicted upon us by our fellow men? How are we to bear ourselves towards

those that wrong us? How shall we secure our inward being from chaos amid the evils of the world? How shall we attain to the most just and noble attitude of soul in which life and the injuries of life may be confronted? Now, here in Timon we see one way in which a man may make his response to the injuries of life; he may turn upon the world with a fruitless and suicidal rage. Shakspere was interested in the history of Timon, not merely as a dramatic study, and not merely for the sake of moral edification, but because he recognized in the Athenian misanthrope one whom he had known, an intimate acquaintance, the Timon of Shakspere's own breast. Shall we hesitate to admit that there was such a Timon in the breast of Shakspere? We are accustomed to speak of Shakspere's gentleness and Shakspere's tolerance so foolishly that we find it easier to conceive of Shakspere as indulgent towards baseness and wickedness than as feeling measureless rage and indignation against them—rage and indignation which would sometimes flash beyond their bounds and strike at the whole wicked race of man. And it is certain that Shakspere's delight in human character, his quick and penetrating sympathy with almost every variety of man, saved him from any persistent injustice towards the world. But it can hardly be doubted that the creator of Hamlet, of Lear, of Timon, saw clearly, and felt deeply, that there is a darker side to the world and to the soul of man.

The Shakspere invariably bright, gentle, and genial is the Shakspere of a myth. The man actually discoverable behind the plays was a man tempted to passionate extremes, but of strenuous will, and whose highest self pronounced in favor of sanity. Therefore he resolved that he would set to rights his material life, and he did so. And, again, he resolved that he would bring into harmony with the highest facts and laws of the world his spiritual being, and that in his own high fashion he accomplished also. The plays impress us as a long study of self-control—of self-control at one with self-surrender to the

highest facts and laws of human life. Shakspere set about attaining self-mastery, not of the petty, pedantic kind, which can be dictated by a director or described in a manual, but large, powerful, luminous, and calm; and by sustained effort he succeeded in attaining this in the end. It is impossible to conceive that Shakspere should have traversed life, and felt its insufficiencies and injuries and griefs, without incurring Timon's temptation—the temptation to fierce and barren resentment.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

IV.

Alcibiades.

The whole conduct of Alcibiades forms a complete parallel to that of Coriolanus, and here again the connection between the two plays is obvious. Shakespeare found a brief account of the mutual relations of Timon and Alcibiades in North's translation of Plutarch's *Life of Antony*, together with a description of Timon's goodwill towards the general on account of the calamities that he foresaw he would bring upon the Athenians. The name of Alcibiades would not recall to Shakespeare, as it does to us, the most glorious period of Greek culture, and such names as Pericles, Aristophanes, and Plato—he generally gives Latin names to his Greeks, such as Lucius, Flavius, Servilius, etc.; nor did it represent to him the unrivalled subtlety, charm, instability, and reckless extravagance of the man. He would read Plutarch's comparison of Alcibiades and Coriolanus, in which the Greek and Roman generals are considered homogeneous, and for Shakespeare Alcibiades was merely the soldier and commander; on that account he let him occupy much the same relation to Timon that Fortinbras did to Hamlet.

Where Timon merely hates, Alcibiades seizes his weapons; and when Timon curses indiscriminately, Alcibiades punishes severely but deliberately. He does not

tear down the city walls and put every tenth citizen to the sword, as he is invited to do; he only seeks vengeance on his personal enemies and those whom he considers guilty.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

V.

Apemantus.

The character of Apemantus seems designed, in part, on purpose to illustrate the difference between the intense hearty misanthropy of Timon and the low vulgar cynicism of an outworn profligate or superannuated debauchee. For in Apemantus we have a specimen of the cynic proper, who finds his pastime in a sort of scowling buffoonery and malignant slang; at first setting himself to practise the arts of a snarling scorner of men, because this feeds his distempered conceit; and then by dint of such exercise gradually working himself up into a corresponding passion. For it is easy to see that the cynicism which now forms his character originated in sheer affectation. Timon justly despises the sincere cant of one who thus drives contempt of mankind as a trade; for he knows it to be the offspring of disappointed vanity, seeking to indemnify its own baseness by making reprisals on others. He sees that Apemantus never had in himself a single touch of the goodness, the alleged want of which he so much delights to bark at; and that his superiority to the common passions of men is all because he has not virtue enough left to vicious.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VI.

Flavius.

An exception to this general picture of selfish depravity is found in the old and honest steward Flavius, to whom Timon pays a full tribute of tenderness. Shakespear

was unwilling to draw a picture "*ugly all over with hypocrisy.*" He owed this character to the good-natured solicitations of his Muse. His mind might well have been said to be the "sphere of humanity."

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

Opposed to this friendship of semblance and falsehood, stands the true and warm affection of Timon's household, especially that of his steward Flavius, whom Timon declares the only honest man. In an over-civilized, morally corrupt state, where the senators are usurers, where the people abandon themselves to luxury and gluttony, and banish the more virtuous or leave them to perish from neglect, and where the army, accompanied by courtesans, takes up arms against its own country, the little of virtue and morality that is left takes refuge in the lowest orders.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

VII.

Blankness of Feature.

The want of individualisation of numerous persons in the play, named and unnamed, is a cause of apparent inferiority and infirmity; the forms of shabbiness are varied among the false friends, but not appropriated. Shabby tricks to save their money, and shabby means of obtaining it, do not suffice alone to mark out one mean man from another by absolute and necessary indication. Certainly it may be said that this blankness has some propriety in marking the herd as a herd; and accordingly, the omission of the names of individual friends at the last banquet of warm and steaming water, is quite consistent with the rest; but the play in which blankness of feature is so largely required or admissible, will lose in dignity, though it must be admitted that some of the scenes thus carried on between generic rather than indi-

vidual personations—for instance, the opening dialogue of the Poet and the Painter, have all the appearance of being, from the first word to the last, entirely Shakespeare's.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VIII.

The Non-Shakespearian Elements.

We must now, with a view to defining the non-Shakespearian elements of the play, devote some attention to its dual authorship. In the first act it is particularly the prose dialogues between Apemantus and others which seem unworthy of Shakespeare. The repartee is laconic but laboured—not always witty, though invariably bitter and disdainful. The style somewhat resembles that of the colloquies between Diogenes and Alexander in Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe.* The first of Apemantus's conversations might have been written by Shakespeare—it seems to have some sort of continuity with the utterances of Thersites in *Trolius and Cressida*—but the second has every appearance of being either an interpolation by a strange hand, or a scene which Shakespeare had forgotten to score out. Flavius's monologue (I. ii.) never came from Shakespeare's pen in this form. Its marked contrast to the rest shows that it might be the outcome of notes taken by some blundering shorthand writer among the audience.

The long conversation, in the second act, between Apemantus, the Fool, Caphis, and various servants, was, in all probability written by an alien hand. It contains nothing but idle chatter devised to amuse the gallery, and it introduces characters who seem about to take some standing in the play, but who vanish immediately, leaving no trace. A Page comes with messages and letters from the mistress of a brothel, to which the Fool appears to belong, but we are told nothing of the contents of these letters, whose addresses the bearer is unable to read.

In the third act there is much that is feeble and irrelevant, together with an aimless unrest which incessantly pervades the stage. It is not until the banqueting scene towards the end of the act that Shakespeare makes his presence felt in the storm which bursts from Timon's lips. The powerful fourth act displays Shakespeare at his best and strongest; there is very little here which could be attributed to alien sources. I cannot understand the decision with which English critics (including a poet like Tennyson) have condemned as spurious Flavius's monologue at the close of the second scene. Its drift is that of the speech in the following scene, in which he expresses the whole spirit of the play in one line: "What viler things upon the earth than friends!" Although there is evidently some confusion in the third scene (for example, the intimation of the Poet's and Painter's appearance long before they really arrive), I cannot agree with Fleay that Shakespeare had no share in the passage contained between the lines, "Where liest o' nights, Timon?" and "Thou art the cap of all the fools alive."

One speech in particular betrays the master-hand. It is that in which Timon expresses the wish that Apemantus's desire to become a beast among beasts may be fulfilled:—

"If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee: and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner."

There is as much knowledge of life here as in a concentrated essence of all Lafontaine's fables.

The last scenes of the fifth act were evidently never revised by Shakespeare. It is a comical incongruity that makes the soldier who, we are expressly told, is unable to read, capable of distinguishing Timon's tomb, and even

of having the forethought to take a wax impression of the words. There is also an amalgamation of the two contradictory inscriptions, of which the first tells us that the dead man wishes to remain nameless and unknown, while the last two lines begin with the declaration, "Here lie I, Timon." Notwithstanding the shocking condition of the text, the repeatedly occurring confusion of the action, and the evident marks of an alien hand, Shakespeare's leading idea and dominant purpose is never for a moment obscured. Much in *Timon* reminds us of *King Lear*, the injudiciously distributed benefits and the ingratitude of their recipients are the same, but in the former the bitterness and virulence are tenfold greater, and the genius incontestably less. Lear is supported in his misfortunes by the brave and manly Kent, the faithful Fool, that truest of all true hearts, Cordelia, her husband, the valiant King of France. There is but one who remains faithful to Timon, a servant, which in those days meant a slave, whose self-sacrificing devotion forces his master, sorely against his will, to except one man from his universal vituperation. In his own class he does not meet with a single honestly devoted heart, either man's or woman's; he has no daughter, as Lear; no mother, as Coriolanus; no friend, not one.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

IX.

Consensus of Critics.

Timon of Athens, of all the works of Shakspeare, possesses most the character of satire: a laughing satire in the picture of the parasites and flatterers, and Juvenalian in the bitterness of Timon's imprecations on the ingratitude of a false world. The story is very simply treated, and is definitely divided into large masses: in the first act, the joyous life of Timon, his noble and hospitable extravagance, and around him the throng of suitors of

every description; in the second and third acts, his embarrassment, and the trial which he is thereby reduced to make of his supposed friends, who all desert him in the hour of need; in the fourth and fifth acts, Timon's flight to the woods, his misanthropical melancholy, and his death. The only thing which may be called an episode is the banishment of Alcibiades, and his return by force of arms. However, they are both examples of ingratitude —the one of a state towards its defender, and the other of private friends to their benefactor. As the merits of the general towards his fellow citizens suppose more strength of character than those of the generous prodigal, their respective behaviours are not less different; Timon frets himself to death, Alcibiades regains his lost dignity by force. If the poet very properly sides with Timon against the common practice of the world, he is, on the other hand, by no means disposed to spare Timon. Timon was a fool in his generosity; in his discontent he is a madman: he is everywhere wanting in the wisdom which enables a man in all things to observe the due measure. Although the truth of his extravagant feelings is proved by his death, and though when he digs up a treasure he spurns the wealth which seems to tempt him, we yet see distinctly enough that the vanity of wishing to be singular, in both the parts that he plays, had some share in his liberal self-forgetfulness, as well as in his anchoritical seclusion.

SCHLEGEL: *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

Timon of Athens is one of Shakspeare's most remarkable pieces, and in many respects is a problem that has given editors, interpreters, and critics much to puzzle their brains with, which has nevertheless not, by any means, as yet been satisfactorily solved. In the first place the representation suffers from a striking want of equality; some portions have evidently been worked out with pleasure and care, others, on the contrary, have been so carelessly

thrown off, and connected in so loose and disjointed a manner, that they are not only wanting in strict coherence, but even contradictions have crept in. It is much the same as regards the delineation of the characters; several of the personages, especially Timon himself, are described minutely and thoroughly in Shakespeare's usual masterly style, others are mere sketches drawn with a few touches, and other again, mere representatives of whole classes of men. Lastly, similar contradictions pervade the diction: by the side of lines which, in structure, rhythm, and linguistic character entirely resemble the treatmnt of the blank verse of Shakspeare's later pieces, we find a loose and careless prose, unconnected, bounding transitions from the one form of language to the other, passages of which it cannot be determined whether they are intended to be verse or prose; we also find rhyming couplets in places where Shakspeare does not generally employ them.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

The play is one of the less celebrated and less attractive among Shakespeare's works. The theme itself is not the most enticing, and its treatment must be pronounced to be in many respects unsatisfactory. The inequality of the execution will be acknowledged by every careful reader. Some parts are wrought out with great skill and completeness; others are hastily and rudely sketched, while certain necessary links seem to be omitted altogether. The versification is often a mystery, and the prose frequently appears to be written with exceeding carelessness. But the main characteristic of the play is the dark colouring in which it portrays social life. Its speech is steeped in bitterness; it contains the most vindictive utterances against mankind to be found in Shakespeare. A noble, generous character is victimized to the last degree, and driven forward to suicide. Unselfishness apparently becomes tragic in a selfish world. Still, the other side is not neglected; this very unselfishness is

seen to be at bottom selfish. Timon is guilty, and has to take the consequence of his deed. He turns misanthrope, full of vehement sarcasm and red-hot imprecation. The latter part of the play, in particular, is a bath of gall.

SNIDER: *The Shakespearian Drama.*

The play of Timon is a domestic tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against that ostentatious liberality, which scatters bounty, but confers no benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendship. In this tragedy, are many passages perplexed, obscure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify, or explain, with due diligence; but, having only one copy, cannot promise myself that my endeavours shall be much applauded.

JOHNSON: *General Observations on Shakspeare's Plays.*

Timon of Athens always appeared to us to be written with as intense a feeling of his subject as any one play of Shakespear. It is one of the few in which he seems to be in earnest throughout, never to trifle nor go out of his way. He does not relax in his efforts, nor lose sight of the unity of his design. It is the only play of our author in which spleen is the predominant feeling of the mind. It is as much a satire as a play: and contains some of the finest pieces of invective possible to be conceived, both in the snarling, captious answers of the cynic Apemantus, and in the impassioned and more terrible imprecations of Timon.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

The Life of
Timon of Athens.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

TIMON, *a noble Athenian.*

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS,
SEMPRONIUS, } *flattering lords.*

VENTIDIUS, *one of Timon's false friends.*

ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian captain.*

APEMANTUS, *a churlish philosopher.*

FLAVIUS, *steward to Timon.*

Poet, Painter, Jeweller and Merchant.

An Old Athenian.

FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS,
SERVILIUS, } *servants to Timon.*

CAPHIS,
PHILOTUS,
TITUS,
HORTENSIUS,
And others, } *servants to Timon's creditors and to the Lords.*

A Page. A Fool. Three Strangers.

PHRYNIA,
TIMANDRA, } *mistresses to Alcibiades.*

Cupid and Amazons in the mask.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Banditti, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Athens, and the neighbouring woods.*

The Life of
TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Athens. A hall in Timon's house.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.
Pain. I am glad you 're well.
Poet. I have not seen you long: how goes the world?
Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.
Poet. Ay, that 's well known:
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjured to attend. I know the merchant.
Pain. I know them both; th' other 's a jeweller.
Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!
Jew. Nay, that 's most fix'd.
Mer. A most incomparable man, breathed, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness:
He passes.
Jew. I have a jewel here—
Mer. O, pray, let 's see 't: for the Lord Timon, sir?
Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but, for that—
Poet. [*Reciting to himself*] 'When we for recompense have praised the vile,

It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.'

Mer. [*Looking on the jewel*] 'Tis a good form.

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let 's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: how this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is 't good?

Poet. I will say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens: happy man!

Pain. Look, moe!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: my free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I will unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slippery creatures as
Of grave and austere quality, tender down
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be throned: the base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;

Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceived to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter Lord Timon, addressing himself courteously to every suitor; a Messenger from Ventidius talking with him; Lucilius and other servants following.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Mess. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well,
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help:
Which he shall have: I 'll pay the debt and free him.

Mess. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: and I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchised, bid him come to me:
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mess. All happiness to your honour! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: what of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no? Lucilius!

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well, what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,

On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity 's in youth.

Tim. [*To Lucilius*] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord; and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath served me long:
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I 'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. Mine hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you!

[*Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.*

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work,
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve ye!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;
We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters: believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here: will you be chid?

Enter Apemantus.

Jew. We 'll bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He 'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow; When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus?

Apem. Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That 's a deed thou 'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he 's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You 're a dog.

Apem. Thy mother 's of my generation: what 's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.
Tim. An thou shouldst, thou 'ldst anger ladies.
Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.
Tim. That 's a lascivious apprehension.
Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: take it for thy labour.
Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?
Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.
Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?
Apem. Not worth my thinking. How now, poet!
Poet. How now, philosopher!
Apem. Thou liest.
Poet. Art not one?
Apem. Yes.
Poet. Then I lie not.
Apem. Art not a poet?
Poet. Yes.
Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.
Poet. That 's not feigned; he is so.
Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!
Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?
Apem. E'en as Apemantus does now; hate a lord with my heart.
Tim. What, thyself?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. Wherefore?
Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord. Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.
Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!
Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.
Apem. Traffic 's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet 's that?
Mess. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.
Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*
You must needs dine with me: go not you hence
Till I have thank'd you: when dinner's done,
Show me this piece. I am joyful of your sights.

Enter Alcibiades, with the rest.

Most welcome, sir!
Apem. So, so, there!
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.
Alcib. Sir, you have saved my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.
Tim. Right welcome, sir!
Ere we depart, we 'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.
[*Exeunt all but Apemantus.*

Enter two Lords.

First Lord. What time o' day, is 't Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.
First Lord. That time serves still.
Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.
Sec. Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?
Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves and wine heat fools.
Sec. Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.
Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.
Sec. Lord. Why, Apemantus?
Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.
First Lord. Hang thyself!
Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.
Sec. Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I 'll spurn thee hence!
Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. [*Exit.*
First Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,
And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.
Sec. Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.
First Lord. The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man.
Sec. Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?
First Lord. I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A Banqueting-room in Timon's house.

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; Flavius and others attending; and then enter Lord Timon, Alcibiades, Lords, Senators, and Ventidius. Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus, discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleased the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I derived liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love:
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit!

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*

First Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus, you are welcome.

Apem. No;
You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou 'rt a churl; ye 've got a humour there
Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.
They say, my lords, 'ira furor brevis est'; but
yond man is ever angry. Go, let him have a
table by himself; for he does neither affect
company, nor is he fit for 't indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon:
I come to observe; I give thee warning on 't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou 'rt an Athenian,
therefore welcome: I myself would have no
power; prithee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I
should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods, what a
number of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not!
It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in
one man's blood; and all the madness is, he
cheers them up too.
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There 's much example for 't; the fellow that sits
next him now, parts bread with him, pledges the
breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest
man to kill him: 't has been proved. If I were
a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

Sec. Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon. Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This and my food are equals; there's no odds:
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apemantus's Grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond,
Or a harlot for her weeping,
Or a dog that seems a-sleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedom,
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to 't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart 's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there 's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies, then, that then thou mightst kill 'em and bid me to 'em!

First Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my

lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere 't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks; to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

Sec. Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

Third Lord. I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.

Apem. Much! [*Tucket, within.*

Tim. What means that trump?

Enter a Servant.

How now!

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon! and to all
That of his bounties taste! The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron, and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: th' ear,
Taste, touch, and smell, pleased from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They 're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:
Music, make their welcome! [*Exit Cupid.*

First Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you 're beloved.

Music. Re-enter Cupid, with a mask of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves,
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men
Upon whose age we void it up again
With poisonous spite and envy.
Who lives, that 's not depraved or depraves?

Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?
I should fear those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon; and to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto 't and lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device:
I am to thank you for 't.

First Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you:
Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.*

Tim. Flavius!

Flav. My lord?

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. [*Aside*] More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in 's humour;
Else I should tell him—well, i' faith, I should—
When all 's spent, he 'ld be cross'd then, an he could.
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. [*Exit.*

First Lord. Where be our men?
Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.
Sec. Lord. Our horses!

Re-enter Flavius, with the casket.

Tim. O my friends,
I have one word to say to you: look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much
As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.

First Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate newly alighted and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour, vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near! why, then, another time I 'll hear thee: I prithee, let 's be provided to show them entertainment.

Flav. [*Aside*] I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

Sec. Serv. May it please your honour, Lord Lucius
Out of his free love hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now! what news?

Third Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I 'll hunt with him; and let them be received, Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer:
Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good:
His promises fly so beyond his state
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word: he is so kind that he now
Pays interest for 't; his land 's put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forced out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits.
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

Sec. Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

Third Lord. O, he 's the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on. 'Tis yours, because you liked it.

Third Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man can justly praise, but what he does affect: I weigh my friend's affection with mine own: I 'll tell you true. I 'll call to you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give:
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

First Lord. We are so virtuously bound—

Tim. And so
Am I to you.

Sec. Lord. So infinitely endear'd—

Tim. All to you. Lights, more lights!

First Lord. The best of happiness,
Honour and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt all but Apemantus and Timon.*

Apem. What a coil 's here!
Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship 's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,

I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I 'll nothing: for if I should be bribed too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: what needs these feasts, pomps and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music. [*Exit.*

Apem. So: thou wilt not hear me now; thou shalt not then: I 'll lock thy heaven from thee.
O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A Senator's house.

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late five thousand: to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse and buy twenty moe
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
And able horses: no porter at his gate,

But rather one that smiles and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon;
Importune him for my moneys; be not ceased
With slight denial; nor then silenced, when—
'Commend me to your master'—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit: I love and honour him,
But must not break my back to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. 'I go, sir!' Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A hall in Timon's house.

Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? he will not hear till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting,
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter Caphis, with the servants of Isidore and Varro.

Caph. Good even, Varro: what, you come for money?
Var. Serv. Is 't not your business too?
Caph. It is: and yours too, Isidore?
Isid. Serv. It is so.
Caph. Would we were all discharged!
Var. Serv. I fear it.
Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lords, and others.

Tim. So soon as dinner 's done, we 'll forth again,
My Alcibiades. With me? what is your will?
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues! Whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awaked by great occasion
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you
That with your other noble parts you 'll suit
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I prithee but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Isidore; he humbly prays your speedy payment.

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks and past.

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord, and I
Am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath.
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
I 'll wait upon you instantly.
[*Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, &c.*
[*To Flav.*] Come hither: pray you,
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends. See them well entertain'd. [*Exit.*
Flav. Pray, draw near. [*Exit.*

Enter Apemantus and Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus: let 's ha' some sport with 'em.
Var. Serv. Hang him, he 'll abuse us.
Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!
Var. Serv. How dost, fool?
Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?
Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.
Apem. No, 'tis to thyself. [*To the Fool*] Come away.
Isid. Serv. There 's the fool hangs on your back already.
Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou 'rt not on him yet.
Caph. Where 's the fool now?
Apem. He last asked the question. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!
All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?
Apem. Asses.
All Serv. Why?
Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.
Fool. How do you, gentlemen?
All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: how does your mistress?
Fool. She 's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!
Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [*To the Fool*] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou 'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*

Apem. E'en so thou outrun'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily and go away sadly: the reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime 't appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones moe than 's artificial one: he is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime the philosopher.

[*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.*

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I 'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Tim. You make me marvel; wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expense
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I proposed.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When for some trifling present you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate
And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,
Though you hear now, too late!—yet now's a time—
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and gone,
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word:
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,

Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine, when every room
Hath blazed with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy,
I have retired me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prithee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these

Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.

Servants. My lord? my lord?

Tim. I will dispatch you severally: you to Lord Lucius: to Lord Lucullus you: I hunted with his honour to-day: you to Sempronius: commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. [*Aside*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum!

Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators—
Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserved this hearing—bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
For that I knew it the most general way,
To them to use your signet and your name,
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is 't true? can 't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity:—

And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them! 220
Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
[*To a Serv.*] Go to Ventidius. [*To Flav.*] Prithee, be not sad;
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee. [*To Serv.*] Ventidius lately
Buried his father, by whose death he 's stepp'd 230
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents. [*Exit Serv.*] [*To Flav.*] That had, give 't these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak or think
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would I could not think it: that thought is bounty's foe; 239
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A room in Lucullus's house.

Flaminius waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here 's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectively welcome, sir. Fill me some wine. [*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la! 'nothing doubting,' says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he

would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on 't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I ha' told him on 't, but I could ne'er get him from 't.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here 's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. [*To Serv.*] Get you gone, sirrah. [*Exit Serv.*] Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord 's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here 's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is 't possible that the world should so much differ,
And we alive that lived? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee!

[*Throwing back the money.*

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit.*

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! this slave,
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon 't!
And, when he 's sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

A public place.

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

First Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

Sec. Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents; nay, urged

extremely for 't, and showed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How!

Sec. Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on 't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder 's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour. My honoured lord!

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he 's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous,

I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do—the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done 't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I 'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.

[*Exit Servilius.*

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;
And he that 's once denied will hardly speed. [*Exit.*

First Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

Sec. Stran. Ay, too well.

First Stran. Why, this is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can tell him
His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,

And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate: nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet—O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!—
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

Third Stran. Religion groans at it.

First Stran. For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: but, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A room in Sempronius's house.

Enter Sempronius, and a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't,—hum!—'bove all others?
He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for
They have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? hum!
It shows but little love or judgement in him:
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over: must I take the cure upon me?
Has much disgraced me in 't; I 'm angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for 't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I 'll requite it last? No:
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.
I 'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I 'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin.
[*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship 's a goodly villain.
The devil knew not what he did when he made
man politic; he crossed himself by 't: and I
cannot think but in the end the villanies of man
will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives
to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be
wicked; like those that under hot ardent zeal
would set whole realms on fire:

Of such a nature is his politic love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods: now his friends are dead.
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.
[*Exit.*

Scene IV.

A hall in Timon's house.

Enter two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Lucius, meeting Titus, Hortensius, and other Servants of Timon's creditors, waiting his coming out.

First Var. Serv. Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius!
What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and I think
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luc. Serv. And Sir Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on 't; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him:
You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear
'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I 'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I 'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

First Var. Serv. Yes, mine 's three thousand crowns: what 's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

First Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.
Luc. Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word: pray, is my lord ready to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed he is not.
Tit. We attend his lordship: pray, signify so much.
Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent. [*Exit.*

Enter Flavius in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.
Tit. Do you hear, sir?
Sec. Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—
Flav. What do ye ask of me, my friend?
Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.
Flav. Ay,
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twas sure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the interest in their gluttonous maws.
You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:
Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.
Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.
Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
For you serve knaves. [*Exit.*
First Var. Serv. How! what does his cashiered worship mutter?

Sec. Var. Serv. No matter what; he 's poor, and that 's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. O, here 's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from 't; for, take 't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent: his comfortable temper has forsook him; he 's much out of health and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers are not sick:
And if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [*Within*] Servilius, help! My lord! my lord!

Enter Timon, in a rage; Flaminius following.

Tim. What, are my doors opposed against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here 's mine.

Hor. And mine, my lord.

Both Ver. Serv. And ours, my lord.
Phi. All our bills.
Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.
Luc. Serv. Alas, my lord,—
Tim. Cut my heart in sums.
Tit. Mine, fifty talents.
Tim. Tell out my blood.
Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.
Tim. Five thousand drops pays that. What's yours?—and yours?
First Ver. Serv. My lord,—
Sec. Ver. Serv. My lord,—
Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [*Exit.*
Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves. Creditors? devils!
Flav. My dear lord,—
Tim. What if it should be so?
Flav. My lord,—
Tim. I'll have it so. My steward!
Flav. Here, my lord.
Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius: all:
I'll once more feast the rascals.
Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out

A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care; go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I 'll provide.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The Senate-house.

The Senate sitting.

First Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault 's
Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.
Sec. Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Enter Alcibiades, attended.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!
First Sen. Now, captain?
Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into 't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice—
An honour in him which buys out his fault—
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:

And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but proved an argument.

First Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which indeed
Is valour misbegot and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born:
He 's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

Alcib. My lord,—

First Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear:
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And the ass more captain than the lion, the felon
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,

As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

Sec. Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain! His service done
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

First Sen. What's that?

Alcib. I say, my lords, has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

Sec. Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em;
He's a sworn rioter: he has a sin
That often drowns him and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He had been known to commit outrages
And cherish factions: 'tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

First Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war
My lords, if not for any parts in him—
Though his right arm might purchase his own time
And be in debt to none—yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his and join 'em both:
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all

My honours to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

First Sen. We are for law: he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

Sec. Sen. How!

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Third Sen. What!

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be I should prove so base
To sue and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.

First Sen. Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me!
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

First Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgement. And, not to swell
our spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough, that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I 'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money and let out
Their coin upon large interest, I myself
Rich only in large hurts. All those for this?

Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I 'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [*Exit.*

Scene VI.

A banqueting-room in Timon's house.

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, Senators and others, at several doors.

First Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

Sec. Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

First Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

Sec. Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

First Lord. I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

Sec. Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

First Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

Sec. Lord. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

First Lord. A thousand pieces.

Sec. Lord. A thousand pieces!

First Lord. What of you?

Sec. Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both: and how fare you?

First Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

Sec. Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men,—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to 't presently.

First Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

Sec. Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ay, my good friend, what cheer?

Sec. Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on 't, sir.

Sec. Lord. If you had sent but two hours before—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. [*The banquet brought in.*] Come, bring in all together,

Sec. Lord. All covered dishes!

First Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

Third Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

First Lord. How do you? What 's the news?

Third Lord. Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

First and Sec. Lords. Alcibiades banished!

Third Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

First Lord. How? how?

Sec. Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

Third Lord. I 'll tell you more anon. Here 's a noble feast toward.

Sec. Lord. This is the old man still.

Third Lord. Will 't hold? will 't hold?

Sec. Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

Third Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains:

if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are. The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full of warm water.*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-warm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany.

[*Throwing the water in their faces.*

Live loathed, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks! 101
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er! What, dost thou go?
Soft! take thy physic first—thou too—and thou:—
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon man and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Lords, Senators, &c.

First Lord. How now, my lords!
Sec. Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?
Third Lord. Push! did you see my cap?
Fourth Lord. I have lost my gown.
First Lord. He 's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat. Did you see my jewel?
Third Lord. Did you see my cap?
Sec. Lord. Here 'tis.
Fourth Lord. Here lies my gown.
First Lord. Let 's make no stay.
Sec. Lord. Lord Timon 's mad.
Third Lord. I feel 't upon my bones.
Fourth Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Without the walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! Slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,

And minister in their steads! To general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity!
Do 't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed!
Thy mistress is o' the brothel. Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live! Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath,
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I 'll bear from thee
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods, where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.

The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all!—
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
Amen. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Athens. Timon's house.

Enter Flavius, with two or three Servants.

First Serv. Hear you, master steward, where 's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

First Serv. Such a house broke!
So noble a master fall'n! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

Sec. Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

Third Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery;
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,

Serving alike in sorrow: leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I 'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake
Let 's yet be fellows; let 's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
'We have seen better days.' Let each take some.
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[*Servants embrace, and part several ways.*
O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp and all what state compounds
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord, blest to be most accursed,
Rich only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He 's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends; nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I 'll follow, and inquire him out:

I 'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I 'll be his steward still. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

Woods and cave, near the sea-shore.

Enter Timon, from the cave.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence and birth
Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar and deny 't that lord,
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say 'This man 's a flatterer?' if one be,
So are they all; for every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;
There 's nothing level in our cursed natures
But direct villany. Therefore be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!
[*Digging.*

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist: roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,
Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods?
Why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accursed;
Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
And give them title, knee and approbation
With senators on the bench: this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature. [*March afar off.*] Ha! a drum? Thou 'rt quick,
But yet I 'll bury thee: thou 'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*

Enter Alcibiades, with drum and fife, in warlike manner; Phrynia and Timandra.

Alcib. What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?
Tim. I am misanthropos, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.
Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.
Tim. I know thee too; and more than that I know thee
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.
Phry. Thy lips rot off!
Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.
Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.
Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.
Alcib. What is it, Timon?
Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man: if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!
Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.
Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.
Timan. Is this the Athenian minion whom the world
Voiced so regardfully?
Tim. Art thou Timandra?
Timan. Yes.
Tim. Be a whore still: they love thee not that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast and the diet.
Timan. Hang thee, monster!
Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and grieved,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them—
Tim. I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.
Alcib. I am thy friend and pity thee, dear Timon.
Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.
Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here is some gold for thee.
Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.
Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap—
Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?
Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.
Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That by killing of villains
Thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold: go on,—here 's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-viced city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;
He is an usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself 's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down horrible traitors: spare not the babe
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
Think it a bastard whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects;
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes,
Whose proof nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There 's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou givest me,
Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

Phr. and Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,

And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable;
Although, I know, you 'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you; spare your oaths,
I 'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats: yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

Thr. and Timan. Well, more gold: what then?
Believe 't that we 'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell

The source of all erection. There 's more gold:
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phr. and Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens! Farewell, Timon:
If I thrive well, I 'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I 'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spokest well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take
Thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him. Strike!

[*Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia, and Timandra.*

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou,
[*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable and infinite breast
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,

Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root! dear thanks!—
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter Apemantus.

More man? plague, plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then because thou dost not keep a dog,
Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseased perfumes and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which hath undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou 'lt observe
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus;
Thou gavest thine ears like tapsters that bade welcome
To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,

Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I 'ld throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself,
A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd trees,
That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements exposed,
Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee;
O, thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in 't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou 'ldst courtier be again,
Were thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:

The one is filling still, never complete,
The other at high wish: best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself
In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust, and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows: I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
To some she beggar and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone!

If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I 'ld give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.
[*Offering him a root.*

Tim. First mend my company; take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest;
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that 's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient and knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: when thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou know'st none, but art despised for the contrary. There 's a medlar for thee; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou

wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: when I know not what else to do, I 'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

Apem. A plague on thee! thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.
I 'll beat thee; but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler dost kill me that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall
lose a stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!
I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon 't.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
[*To the gold*] O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And makest them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!

Think thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. Would 'twere so!
But not till I am dead. I 'll say thou hast gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to!

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I prithee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die! [*Exit Apemantus.*] I am quit.
Moe things like men? Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Banditti.

First Ban. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: the mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

Sec. Ban. It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

Third Ban. Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not for 't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it?

Sec. Ban. True, for he bears it not about him; 'tis hid.

First Ban. Is not this he?

Banditti. Where?

Sec. Ban. 'Tis his description.

Third Ban. He; I know him.

Banditti. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

First Ban. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts and birds and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con
That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here 's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
Moe than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villany, do, since you protest to do 't,
Like workmen. I 'll example you with thievery:
The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon 's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth 's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stol'n
From general excrement: each thing 's a thief:
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away,

Rob one another. There 's more gold. Cut throats:
All that you meet are thieves: to Athens go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it: steal not less for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er!
Amen.

Third Ban. Has almost charmed me from my profession by persuading me to it.

First Ban. 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

Sec. Ban. I 'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

First Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no time so miserable but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt Banditti.*

Enter Flavius.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour
Has desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies!
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me than those that do!
Has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him, and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

Tim. Away! what are thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou 'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:
I never had honest man about me, I; all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep? come nearer; then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind, whose eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity 's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward.
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.
Let me behold thy face. Surely this man
Was born of woman.
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man—mistake me not—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he 's a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind!
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,

I fell with curses.
Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou mightst have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true—
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure—
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late:
You should have fear'd false times when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I 'ld exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so! Thou singly honest man,
Here, take: the gods, out of my misery,
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy:
But thus condition'd: thou shalt build from men,
Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deniest to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing: be men like blasted woods,

Timon, with Poet and Painter.

And may diseases lick up their false bloods! 540
And so farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hatest curses
Stay not: fly, whilst thou art blest and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

The woods. Before Timon's cave.

Enter Poet and Painter; Timon watching them from his cave.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What 's to be thought of him? does the rumour hold for true, that he 's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends. 10

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it

be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too, tell him of an intent that 's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgement that makes it.

[*Timon comes from his cave, behind.*

Tim. [*Aside*] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. [*Aside*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let 's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,

Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. [*Aside*] I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam,
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them. [*Coming forward.*

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master!

Tim. Have I once lived to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!—
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see 't the better.
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He and myself
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we 'll do, to do you service.

Tim. Ye 're honest men: ye 've heard that I have gold;
I am sure you have: speak truth; ye 're honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.

Tim. Good honest men! Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou 'rt indeed the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. E'en so, sir, as I say. And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth
That thou art even natural in thine art.
But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You 'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There 's never a one of you but trusts a knave
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assured
That he 's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I 'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I 'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let 's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company:
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
Come not near him. If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon.
Hence, pack! there 's gold; you came for gold, ye slaves:
[*To Painter*] You have work for me, there 's payment:
hence!
[*To Poet*] You are an alchemist, make gold of that:
Out, rascal dogs!
[*Beats them out, and then retires into his cave.*

Enter Flavius, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself
That nothing but himself which looks like man
Is friendly with him.

First Sen. Bring us to his cave:
It is our part and promise to the Athenians
To speak with Timon.

Sec. Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs
That framed him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,

And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: the Athenians
By two of their most reverend senate greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Timon comes from his cave.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! Speak, and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

First Sen. Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

First Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them, and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

First Sen. O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

Sec. Sen. They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of it own fail, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
And I 'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.

First Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority: so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

Sec. Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.

First Sen. Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus:
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, man-brain'd war;
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,
And let him take 't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There 's not a whittle in the unruly camp,

But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not; all 's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

First Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

First Sen. That 's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

First Sen. These words become your lips as they pass thorough them.

Sec. Sen. And enter in our ears like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them:
I 'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

First Sen. I like this well; he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,

Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself: I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further; thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.
Lips, let sour words go by and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.
[*Retires to his cave.*

First Sen. His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

Sec. Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us,
In our dear peril.

First Sen. It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Before the walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators and a Messenger.

First Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises

Present approach.

Sec. Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Whom, though in general part we were opposed,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends: this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake moved.

First Sen. Here come our brothers.

Enter Senators from Timon.

Third Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: in, and prepare:
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The woods. Timon's cave, and a rude tomb seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.
Who 's here? speak, ho! No answer! What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast read this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave. What 's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I 'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An aged interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he 's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Before the walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his powers.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*

Enter Senators upon the walls.

Till now you have gone on and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now myself and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our traversed arms and breathed
Our sufferance vainly; now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
Cries of itself 'No more': now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

First Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

Sec. Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love
By humble message and by promised means:
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

First Sen. These walls of ours

Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have received your griefs: nor are they such
That these great towers, trophies and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

Sec. Sen. Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation and a tithed death—
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loathes—take thou the destined tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

First Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd
Approach the fold and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

Sec. Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

First Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampired gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou 'lt enter friendly.

Sec. Sen. Throw thy glove,

Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there 's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports:
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and, to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be render'd to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*

Enter Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea;
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [*Reads*]

'Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by and curse thy fill; but pass and stay not here thy gait.'

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon: of whose memory
Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword,
Make war breed peace, make peace stint war, make each
Prescribe to other as each other's leech.
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Abhor himself, make himself abhorred (Hanmer, "*make himself abhorr'd*"); I. i. 60.
Aches (dissyllabic); I. i. 247.
Advance, promote, raise to honour; I. ii. 171.
Affect, like, desire; I. ii. 219.
Allow'd, trusted, invested by public authority (Warburton, "*Hallow'd*"); V. i. 165.
All to you, "all good wishes to you"; I. ii. 235.
Alteration; "a. of honour," *i.e.* change to dishonour; IV. iii. 469.
Ample, amply; I. ii. 130.
Apperil, peril; I. ii. 32.
Argument, contents; II. ii. 185. ——, subject, theme; III. iii. 20; III. v. 23.
Arms; "travers'd arms," (?) folded arms; according to others, with arms reversed; V. iv. 7.
Artificial, belonging to art, artistic; "a. strife," the strife of art to outdo nature; I. i. 37.
Atone, set at peace, put in accord; V. iv. 58.
Attend, await; III. v. 102.
Attends, awaits; I. ii. 154.

Banquet, dessert; I. ii. 154.
Bans, curses; IV. i. 34.
Beagles, a small sort of dog; used of servile followers; IV. iii. 175.
Bear, bear off; I. i. 131.
Becks, nods; I. ii. 239.
Beggar's dog; II. i. 5. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a XVIIth century black-letter ballad.

Behave, govern; III. v. 22.
Beneath, lower, below; I. i. 44.
Best, that which can be most depended upon (S. Walker conj. "*last*"); III. iii. 36.
Blains, botches; IV. i. 28.
Blood, temper (Johnson conj. "*mood*"); IV. ii. 38.
Bound, bank, boundary; I. i. 25.
Brain's flow, tears (Hanmer, "*brine's flow*"); V. iv. 76.
Breath, voice; IV. iii. 249.
Breathe, utter; III. v. 32.
Breathed, trained ("inured to constant practice; so trained as not to be wearied; To *breathe* a horse is to exercise him for the course"; I. i. 10.

Bring, conduct; V. i. 122.
Bruise, crush, destroy; III. v. 4.
Bruit, rumour; V. i. 196.
By, according to; I. i. 171.
By mercy, (?) by your leave; III. v. 55.

Candied, congealed; IV. iii. 226.
Cap, top, principal; IV. iii. 361.
Carper, censurer; IV. iii. 209.
Caudle, serve as a caudle, refresh; IV. iii. 226.
Ceased, stopped, silenced; II. i. 16.
Character, writing; V. iii. 6.
Charge, commission; III. iv. 25.
Charitable; "ch. title," *i.e.* title of endearment; I. ii. 90.
Cheerly, cheerfully; II. ii. 221.
Clear, pure; IV. iii. 27.
Close, (?) closely; IV. iii. 391.
Cock; "wasteful c." (*v.* Note); II. ii. 169.
Cog, deceive; V. i. 98.
Coil, ado, confusion; I. ii. 238.
Cold-moving, distant; II. ii. 219.
Comes off well, *i.e.* is well done; I. i. 29.
Comfortable, comforting; IV. iii. 499.
Composture, compost; IV. iii. 446.
Compt; "in c.," *i.e.* for the computation of the interest due (Folios, "*in. Come*"; Hanmer, "*in count*"; Keightley conj. "*in mind*"); II. i. 34.
Conceptious, fruitful; IV. iii. 187.
Condition, (?) art (perhaps "*would be well express'd in our c.*" = "would find a striking parallel in our state," Schmidt); I. i. 77.
Conditions, inclinations (perhaps = "vocations"); IV. iii. 139.
Confectionary, store for sweets; IV. iii. 260.
Confound, destroy IV. iii. 338.
Confounding, causing ruin; IV. i. 20.
——, ruinous; IV. iii. 395.
Confusion, destruction; IV. iii. 324.
——, ruin; V. iv. 52.
Con thanks, be thankful; IV. iii. 430.
Continuate, continual; I. i. 11.
Contraries, contrarieties; IV. i. 20.
Convert, turn; IV. i. 7.
Corinth, a cant name for a brothel; II. ii. 73.
Couch'd; "are c.," lie low, have disappeared; II. ii. 179.
Counterfeit, portrait, likeness; V. i. 83.
Courage, disposition; III. iii. 24.
Crown'd, glorified; II. ii. 188.
Cunning, profession; IV. iii. 209.
Curiosity, scrupulousness, fastidiousness; IV. iii. 303.

Date-broke, date-broken (Folios, "*debt, broken*"; Malone, "*date-broken*"); II. ii. 38.
Dear, used intensively; IV. iii. 385.

Dear, extreme, desperate; V. i. 231.
Dearest, utmost; I. i. 124.
Dedicated; "a d. beggar to the air," *i.e.* a beggar dedicated to the air; IV. ii. 13.
Deed of saying, doing what one promises (Pope reads "*deed*"); V. i. 28.
Defiled, used with a play upon "*pitch'd*" (suggestive of "pitch that doth defile," *cp.* 1 *Henry IV.*, II. iv. 415); I. ii. 231.
Depart, part; I. i. 253.
Depraved, slandered; I. ii. 139.
Depraves, slanders; I. ii. 139.
Deserts; "all d.," *i.e.* all kinds of men; I. i. 65.
Dich, a corruption of "*do it*," due to the phrase "*d' it ye*" (the *y* palatalising the *t*); I. ii. 72.
Discharged, paid; II. ii. 12.
Discovery, disclosing; V. i. 37.
Disfurnish, deprive of means; III. ii. 49.
Dispraise, disparagement; I. i. 165.
Dividant, divided, IV. iii. 5.
Doit, the smallest coin; a trifle; I. i. 210.
Doubt, fear; I. ii. 153.
Doubtfully, ambiguously; IV. iii. 121.
Draught, sink; V. i. 105.

Earnest, earnest money, a part paid beforehand as a pledge; IV. iii. 47.
Embossed, tumid, swollen; V. i. 220.
Entertain, use, employ; IV. iii. 497.
Ever, always (Rowe's emendation of Folios, "*very*"); I. ii. 29.
Exceptless, making no exception; IV. iii. 503.

Fail, offence (Capell's reading; Folios, "*fall*"; Hanmer, "*fault*"); V. i. 151.
Fall; "at f.," at a low ebb; II. ii. 212.
Falling-from, falling off (Pope, "*falling off*"); IV. iii. 405.
Fang, seize with teeth; IV. iii. 23.
Fate, evil destiny (Warburton conj. "*fault*"); III. v. 14.
Feeders, parasites; II. ii. 166.
Fees, property (Warburton conj. "*foes*"; Singer, "*lees*"); III. vi. 82.
Fellows, companions; IV. ii. 18.
Fierce, excessive; IV. ii. 30.
Files, ranks of soldiers; V. ii. 1.
Flamen, priest; IV. iii. 155.
Flood, sea, ocean; V. i. 219.
Flush, in its full vigour; V. iv. 8.
Fond, foolish; I. ii. 64.
For, because; III. v. 80.
——, of; V. i. 11.
Forth on, onward; I. i. 49.
Fracted, broken; II. i. 22.
Fractions, broken sentences; II. ii. 218.
Frame, plan; IV. iii. 262.
Framed, moulded, shaped; V. i. 126.
Frankly, as frankly, as freely; II. ii. 186.

Free, liberal; II. ii. 240.
From, from among; I. ii. 90.
——, away from; IV. iii. 534.

German, akin; IV. iii. 342.
Girdlest in, dost surround (Folios, "*girdles*"); IV. i. 2.
Give out, profess to be; I. i. 160.
Glass-faced, reflecting, like a mirror, the looks of his patron; I. i. 58.
Good, real; II. ii. 234.
Good even, the common form of salutation after noon; II. ii. 9.
Gorge; "cast the g. at," vomit; IV. iii. 40.
Gramercies, many thanks; II. ii. 69.
Grave, bury; IV. iii. 166.
Griefs, grievances; V. iv. 14.
Grise, step; IV. iii. 16.
Grows, grows older (Theobald, "*goes*"); I. i. 3.
Gules, the heraldic term for red; IV. iii. 59.
Gull, properly, an unfledged nestling, here used with play upon this and secondary sense:—*dupe*; II. i. 31.
Gust, taste, relish; III. v. 54.

Habit, exterior; IV. iii. 113.
Half-caps, caps half taken off, slight salutations; II. ii. 219.
Hap, chance, luck; III. ii. 27.
Hard in, hardened to; IV. iii. 269.
Harness, armour; I. ii. 52.
Having, possessions; II. ii. 151.
Heart; "in h.," heartily; *i.e.* I drink to you with all my heart, heartily; (Gould conj. "*your health*"); I. ii. 53.
Heaven, salvation (here = good advice; according to others, "the pleasure of being flattered"); I. ii. 256.
Hew to, shape by cutting (Daniel conj. "*hew out*"); V. iv. 46.
Hinge, bend; IV. iii. 211.
His, its; I. i. 31.
Hoar, make rotten; IV. iii. 155.
Hold, continue; II. i. 12.
Hold taking, bear handling; I. ii. 153.
Honesty, liberality, bounty; III. i. 30.
Horrid, dreadful; V. iv. 13.
Hoy-day, hey-day; I. ii. 131.
Humour, caprice (Folios 1, 2, "*humors*"); III. vi. 115.
Hungerly, hungrily; I. i. 252.
Husbandry, good management, economy; II. ii. 162.
Hyperion, the God of the Sun; IV. iii. 184.

Idle, trifling; I. ii. 154.
——, foolish; IV. iii. 27.
Importunacy, importunity; II. ii. 42.
Incertain, uncertain; IV. iii. 243.
Incontinent, inconstant, unchaste; IV. i. 3.
Infected, diseased (Rowe, "*affected*"); IV. iii. 202.
Infer'd, alleged; III. v. 73.
Infinite, (?) numberless (Grant White conj. "*infectious*"); III. vi. 102.

Influence (used in the astrological sense); V. i. 66.
Ingeniously, ingenuously, frankly; II. ii. 228.
Ingrateful, ungrateful; IV. ii. 45.
Innocence (?) want of spirit (perhaps used ironically); I. i. 195.
Intending, pretending; II. ii. 217.
Ira furor brevis est, anger is a brief madness; I. ii. 28.
It, its; V. i. 151.

Keep his house, remain within the house; III. iii. 42.

Lag, lowest class (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*legge*"; Anon. *ap.* Rann conj. "*tag*"); III. vi. 84.
Late, lately; II. i. 1.
Lay for, venture for, strive to win; III. v. 115.
Leak'd, leaky; IV. ii. 19.
Leech, physician; V. iv. 8
Legs, used with play upon (i.) limbs, (ii.) bowing; I. ii. 240.
Length; "at l.," at last; II. ii. 156.
Levell'd, aimed; I. i. 47.
Liberty, licentiousness; IV. i. 25.
Limited, circumscribed, confined within bounds; IV. iii. 433.
Lined, stuffed; IV. i. 14.
Lively, to the life; V. i. 85.
Loaden, loaded, laden; III. v. 50.

Made-up, complete, perfect; V. i. 101.
Make, do; III. v. 46.
Many, many of; III. vi. 10.
Marrow, vigour; V. iv. 9.
Mean; "mean eyes," *i.e.* eyes of inferiors (Theobald conj. "*men's*"); I. i. 93.
Means, power, wealth; V. iv. 20.
Meddler, used with quibble upon "*medlar*"; IV. iii. 309.
Medlar, a kind of fruit; IV. iii. 305.
Meed, merit; I. i. 276.
Men, human beings; IV. iii. 534.
Merely, absolutely; IV. i. 32.
Mind, magnanimity; I. ii. 164.
Minion, favourite, darling; IV. iii. 80.
Minute-jacks, time-servers (with perhaps an allusion to "Jacks-of-the-Clock," figures that struck the bell in old clocks); III. vi. 101.
Misanthropos, hater of mankind (Folio 1, "*misantropos*"); IV. iii. 53.
Moe, more; I. i. 41.
Monstrous, unnatural; V. i. 91.
Moss'd, overgrown with moss (Folios 1, 2, "*moyst*"; Folios 3, 4, "*moist*"); IV. iii. 223.
Motives, authors; V. iv. 27.
Multiplying, increasing; IV. i. 34.
Mysteries, trades, professions; IV. i. 18.

Natural, used probably in double sense (i.) genuine, (ii.) a fool; V. i. 88.
Nature, necessities of nature; IV. iii. 231.

Jack o' the clock.
From the specimen formerly at St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, E.C.

Near, nearly; I. ii. 179.
Neighbour, neighbouring; IV. iii. 94.

Objects, things presented to the sight, everything that comes in the way; IV. iii. 122.
Occasion, necessity; III. ii. 26.
Occasions, engagements; III. vi. 10.
Offices, apartments where food was prepared; II. ii. 165.
On, at; I. i. 141.
——, in; IV. iii. 101.
Ope, open; V. iv. 47.
Operant, active; IV. iii. 25.
Opulency, opulence, riches; V. i. 38.
Ort, remnant; IV. iii. 400.
Out, without, outside; IV. i. 38.
Outgoes, exceeds; I. i. 273.
Owed; "o. to you," held at your service; I. i. 151.

Pack, be off; V. i. 115.
Page, follow like a page; IV. iii. 224.
Painfully; "thou hast p. discovered"; *i.e.* thou hast to our distress discovered; V. ii. 1.
Paper, bonds, deeds (Warburton, "*proper*"; Hanmer, "*perpetuum*"; Kinnear conj. "*person*"; Becket conj. "*pauper*"); I. ii. 250.
Part, particular business (S. Walker conj. "*pact*"); V. i. 123.
——, side, part; "in general p.," in the public cause; V. ii. 7.
——, depart; IV. ii. 21.
Particular, personal advantage; IV. iii. 159.
Particularly; "halts not p.," does not stop at particular persons; I. i. 46.
Parts, endowments, qualities; II. ii. 23.
——, virtues; III. v. 76.
Passes, surpasses (Jackson conj. "*surpasses*"); I. i. 12.
Passion, violent emotion; III. i. 59.
Patchery; "botchery intended to hide faults; gross and bungling hypocrisy"; V. i. 99.

Pawn, pledge; I. i. 147.
Perfect; "for ever p.," arrived at the perfection of happiness; I. ii. 86.
Perfection, highest excellence; (? "perfect image"); III. vi. 94.
Perfumes; "diseased p." = "diseased perfumed mistresses"; IV. iii. 207.
Periods, puts an end to; I. i. 99.
Personating, representing; V. i. 35.
Pill, pillage, plunder; IV. i. 12.
Plain-dealing, an allusion to the proverb, "Plain-dealing is a jewel, but they that use it die beggars"; I. i. 209.
Ports, gates; V. iv. 55.
Prefer, show, lay before; III. v. 34.
Prefer'd, showed, presented; III. iv. 49.
Present; "p. slaves," *i.e.* immediate slaves (S. Walker conj. "*peasant slaves*"); I. i. 71.
Presentment; "upon the heels of my p., "as soon as my book has been presented to its patron"; I. i. 27.
Proof, test; II. ii. 164.
——, resisting power; IV. iii. 124.
Properties, makes the property of; I. i. 57.
Prosperous, favourable; V. i. 186.
Protest, vow; IV. iii. 439.
Purposes, plans, intentions; V. i. 17.
Pursy, "fat and short-winded"; V. iv. 12.
Push, pshaw! (Theobald, "*Psha*"; Hanmer, "*Pish*"); III. vi. 112.

Quick, living; IV. iii. 44.
Quillets, nice, subtle distinctions; IV. iii. 155.
Quit, rid of you; IV. iii. 400.
Quittance, requital; I. i. 279.

Rag, shabby, beggarly person; IV. iii. 271.
Rampired, barricaded; V. iv. 47.
Rank'd, crowded; I. i. 65.
Rapt, beside myself; V. i. 67.
Rarely, admirably, excellently; IV. iii. 473.
Recoverable, possible to be brought back to a better condition; III. iv. 13.
Regardfully, respectfully; IV. iii. 81.
Remembrance; "better r.," *i.e.* remembrance of better things; III. vi. 46.
Remorse, pity; IV. iii. 122.
Remotion, non-appearance, absence (Grant White conj. "*motion*"); IV. iii. 344.
Render, statement, confession; V. i. 152.
Render back, give back; IV. i. 9.
Render'd, surrendered, given up; V. iv. 62.
Repugnancy, resistance; III. v. 45.
Requite, repay; IV. iii. 529.
Resort; "her r.," to visit her; I. i. 127.

Respect; "in r. of his," in proportion to what he possesses; III. ii. 81.
Respectively, regardfully; III. i. 7.
Restraining, withholding; V. i. 151.
Resumes, assumes; II. ii. 4.
Retentive, restraining; III. iv. 82.
Rother's, ox's (Singer's reading, adopted by Collier; Folios, "*Brothers*"; Rowe, "*beggar's*"; Warburton, "*weather's*"; Farmer conj. "*broader*"; etc.) IV. iii. 12.
Rotten, corrupted; IV. iii. 2.
Round, plain, straight-forward; II. ii. 8.

Sacrificial, full of devotion as to a God; I. i. 81.
Salt, wanton; IV. iii. 85.
Sans, without; IV. iii. 122.
Scope; "conceived to s.," *i.e.* "imagined, appositely, to the purpose"; (Folios, "*conceyu'd, to scope*"; Theobald, "*conceiv'd to th' scope*"); I. i. 72.
Secure thy heart, be reassured; II. ii. 183.
Seen; "is my lord s. yet," *i.e.* to be seen; III. iv. 9.
Semblable, like; IV. iii. 22.
Sequence, succession; "s. of degree"; according to their rank; V. i. 211.
Set; "s. so only to himself," *i.e.* "wrapt up in self-contemplation"; V. i. 120.
Set him clear, make him appear innocent; III. iii. 31.
Set me on, put me to; II. ii. 164.
Shall's, shall us = shall we; IV. iii. 410.
Signet; II. ii. 208. (*Cp.* the subjoined facsimiles of antique specimens.)

Sinner, a cause of sin; I. ii. 58.
Smooth'd, flattered; IV. iii. 17.
So, if only; V. iv. 48.
Solidares, small pieces of money; III. i. 46.
Something, somewhat; IV. iii. 55.
Sour, bitter (Rowe's emendation; Folios, "*four*"; S. Walker conj. "*your*"); V. i. 223.
Spilth, spilling; II. ii. 167.
Spirit, anger, wrath; III. v. 102.
Spital-house, hospital; IV. iii. 39.
Spotted die; V. iv. 34. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Square, suitable; V. iv. 36.
Starve, paralyse (Folio 1, 2, "*sterue*"); I. i. 247.
States, estates; I. i. 67.

(*a*)

(*b*)

From specimens found (*a*) in the neighbourhood of Marseilles and (*b*) at Herculaneum respectively.

Still, always, continually; II. i. 11; IV. iii. 522.
Stint, stop; V. iv. 83.
Stout, strong; IV. iii. 32.
Strain, race; I. i. 249.
——, quality; IV. iii. 213.
Strait, strict; I. i. 96.
Strange, unacquainted; IV. iii. 56.
Strife, emulation; I. i. 37.
Sufferance, suffering, misery; IV. iii. 268.
Suspect, suspicion; IV. iii. 520.
Swath; "first s.," earliest infancy, swaddling clothes; IV. iii. 252.

Take, make; V. i. 213.
Tendance, persons attending, waiting his pleasure; I. i. 80.
That, would that; IV. iii. 281.
Time's flies, "flies of a season"; III. vi. 100.
Tiring, busy; III. vi. 4.
To; "call to you," *i.e.* call on you; I. ii. 221.
Told, counted; III. v. 107.
Touch, touchstone; IV. iii. 393.
Touch; "t. the estimate," pay the price at which it is estimated; I. i. 14.
Touch'd, tested with the touchstone; III. iii. 6.
Toward, at hand; III. vi. 60.
Towardly, docile; III. i. 36.
Tract, track; trace; I. i. 50.
Traversed, crossed, folded, (?) reversed; V. iv. 7.
True, honest; IV. iii. 464.
Trump, trumpet; I. ii. 119.
Try, trial; V. i. 10.

Unagreeable, unsuitable; II. ii. 41.
Unbolt, reveal, explain; I. i. 51.
Uncharged, unassailed; V. iv. 55.
Unclew, undo, ruin; I. i. 168.
Unctuous, oily; IV. iii. 195.
Under; "u. praise," by being praised so much (not "*underpraise*" as the jeweller understands it); I. i. 165.
Under, under pretence of; III. iii. 33.
Undergo, undertake; III. v. 24.
Unmatched, matchless; IV. iii. 524.
Unnoted, (?) imperceptible (perhaps = undemonstrative); III. v. 21.
Unpeaceable, quarrelsome (Collier MS., "*unappeasable*"); I. i. 269.
Unremoveably, fixedly; V. i. 227.
Untirable, untiring, indefatigable; I. i. 11.
Use, customary; I. i. 279.
Uses, necessities; II. i. 20.

Window-bars.
From the "Herodiade" print by Israel Van Mechlin (c. 1500).

Vantages, opportunities; II. ii. 136.
Virtuous, "caused by his virtue"; (?) strong, forcible; III. ii. 45.
Visitations, visits; I. ii. 223.
Voiced, proclaimed; IV. iii. 81.
Void, emit; I. ii. 137.
Votarist, votary; IV. iii. 27.

Wafts, beckons; I. i. 70.
Wappen'd, beaten, worn out, stale; IV. iii. 38.
Wards, bars, bolts; III. iii. 38.
Warm, heated to a moderate degree; IV. iii. 223.
Whittle, small clasp-knife; V. i. 183.
Willing, willingly; III. vi. 32.
Window-bars, cross-bar lacing of the bodice; IV. iii. 116. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Witch, bewitch; V. i. 158.
Without, outside; V. iv. 39.
Wreakful, revengeful; IV. iii. 229.

Yet, still; IV. ii. 17.
Yield, grant; I. ii. 196.

Enter Apemantus and Fool (Stage Directions, II. ii.).
From a small bronze statuette of Roman workmanship. The arms, when whole, probably displayed some comic gesture.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 21. *'gum, which ooses'*; Johnson's reading; Folios read *'gown, which uses'*; Pope, *'gum which issues.'*

I. i. 24-25. *'flies Each bound it chafes'*; Folios, *'chases'*; Becket conj. *'flies. Eche (bound) it chafes'*; Schmidt, *'chafes with.'*

I. i. 30-31. *'grace Speaks his own standing'*; Johnson conj. *'standing . . . graces* or *grace Speaks understanding'*; Mason conj. *'Grace speaks its own standing'*; Jackson conj. *'grace Speaks! 'tis on standing'*; Orger conj. *'grace . . . seeming.'*

I. i. 40. *'happy man'*; Theobald's emendation of Folios, *'happy men.'*

I. i. 47. *'sea of wax'*; Bailey conj. *'sweep of taxing'*; Collier MS., *'sea of verse,'* etc.; but there is evidently a reference to writing-tablets covered with wax.

I. i. 87. *'slip'*; Folios, *'sit'*; Delius conj. *'sink.'*

I. i. 129. The line is supposed by some to be corrupt, and many emendations have been proposed, but Coleridge's interpretation commends itself:—"The meaning of the first line the poet himself explains, or rather unfolds, in the second. 'The man is honest!' —True; and for that very cause, and with no additional or extrinsic motive, he will be so. No man can be justly called honest, who is not so for honesty's sake, itself including its reward."

I. i. 233. *'That I had no angry wit to be a lord'*; Blackstone conj. *'Angry that I had no wit,—to be a lord'*; Malone conj. *'That I had no angry wit.—To be a lord!'*; Anon. conj., *'That I had no ampler wit than be a lord'*; Warburton, *'That I had so hungry a wit to be a lord'*; Heath conj. *'That . . . so wrong'd my wit to be a lord,'* etc., etc.

I. ii. 45. Alluding to the then custom of each guest bringing his own knife to a feast.

I. ii. 71. *'sin'*; Farmer conj. *'sing'*; Singer conj. *'dine'*; Kinnear conj. *'surfeit.'*

I. ii. 122-127. The arrangement of these lines was first suggested by Rann, and followed by Steevens in his edition of 1793.

I. ii. 129. *'Music, make their welcome'*; Pope reads *'Let musick make their welcome'*; Capell, *'Musick, make known their welcome.'*

I. ii. Direc. *'A mask of ladies as Amazons.'* (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a plate illustrating the Imperial Festivities at Venice, 1560.

II. i. 10. *'And able horses'*; so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *'An able horse'*; Theobald, *'ten able horse'*; Jackson conj. *'Ay, able horses'*; Collier MS., *'a stable o' horses'*; Singer conj. *'Two able horses.'*

II. i. 13. *'found his state in safety'*; Hanmer's reading; Folios, *'sound . . .'*; Capell, *'found . . . on safety'*; Capell conj. *'find . . . in safety.'*

II. ii. 6. *'Was to be'*; Heath conj. *'Was made to be'*; Long MS., *'Was'*; Mason conj. *'Was formed'*; Singer MS., *'Was truly'*; Collier MS., *'Was surely.'*

II. ii. 75. *'mistress'* (so line 107).

II. ii. 149. *'loved lord'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'dear lov'd lord'*; S. Walker conj. *'belov'd.'*

II. ii. 150. Folios read *'Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time, The'*; Hanmer, *'Though . . . yet now's too late a time'*; Collier MS., *'Though . . . yet now's a time too late.*

II. ii. 169. *'wasteful cock'*; Pope reads *'lonely room'*; Collier MS., *'wasteful nook'*; Jackson conj. *'wakeful cock'*; Jervis conj. *'wakeful couch'*; Keightley, *'wasteful cock-loft'*; Daniel conj. *'wakeful cot'*; Jackson's conjecture seems best, *'wakeful cock,' i.e.* 'cock-loft,' unless *'cock'* = wine-tap.

III. i. 50. *'And we alive that lived'*; *i.e.* in so short a time.

III. i. 55. *'Let molten coin be thy damnation'*; *cp.* the old ballad, *"The Dead Man's Song"*:—

"And ladles full of melted gold
Were poured down their throats."

III. i. 59-60. *'slave, Unto his honour,'* Steevens' reading; Folios, *'Slave unto his honour'*; Pope, *'slave Unto this hour'*; Collier MS., *'slave unto his humour'*; Staunton, *'slave Unto dishonour'*; but the words are probably spoken ironically.

III. ii. 13. *'so many'*; changed by Theobald to *'fifty'*; so, too, in line 41; but the figures are very doubtful, and *'fifty-five hundred talents,'* in line 43, is obviously a mere exaggeration.

III. ii. 25. *'mistook him,'* etc., *i.e.* 'made the mistake and applied to me'; Hanmer, *'o'erlooked'*; Warburton, *'mislook'd'*; Johnson conj. *'not mistook.'*

III. ii. 50. *'for a little part'*; Theobald, *'for a little dirt'*; Hanmer, *'a little dirt'*; Heath conj. *'for a little profit'*; Johnson conj. *'for a little park'*; Mason conj. *'for a little port'*; Jackson conj. *'for a little part'*; Bailey conj. *'for a little sport'*; Kinnear conj. *'for a little pomp.'* Steevens explains the passage thus:—"By purchasing what brought me little honour, I have lost the more honourable opportunity of supplying the wants of my friend."

III. ii. 70. *'spirit,'* Theobald's correction of Folios, *'sport'*; Collier MS., *'port.'*

III. ii. 79. *'in respect of his'*; Staunton conj. *'this.'*

III. iii. 12. *'Thrive, give him over'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'That thriv'd, give him over'*; Pope, *'Three give him over!'*; Hanmer, *'Tried give him over'*; Theobald, *'Thriv'd, give him over!'*; Tyrwhitt conj. *'Shriv'd give him over:'*; Johnson conj. *'Thrice give him over,'* etc.

III. iii. 14. *'sense'*; Collier conj. *''scuse.'*

III. iv. 112. *'Sempronius: all:'*, so Folios 3, 4; Folio 1, *'Sempronius Vllorxa: All'*; Folio 2, *'Semprovius: All'*; Malone, *'Sempronius: Ullorxa, all'*; Grant White suggested that *'Vllorxa'* was a misprint for *'Ventidius.'*

III. v. 22. *'behave his anger, ere 'twas spent'*; Folios, *'behooue*

his . . .'; Johnson conj. '*behold his adversary shent*'; Steevens conj. '*behave, ere was his anger spent*'; Becket conj. '*behave; his anger was, 'ere spent*'; Hanmer, '*behave in's . . .*'; Malone conj. '*behave his . . .*'; Collier MS., '*reprove his . . .*,' etc.

III. v. 63. '*I say, my lords, has*'; Pope reads '*I say my lords h'as*'; Folio 1, '*Why say my Lords ha's*'; Folios 2, 3, '*Why I say my lords ha's*'; Folio 4, '*Why, I say my Lords h'as*'; Capell, '*Why, I say, my lords, he has*'; Dyce, '*Why, I say, my lords, has*'; Globe edd., '*I say, my lords, he has.*'

III. v. 102. '*And, not to swell our spirit,*' *i.e.* 'not to swell our spirit with anger, not to become exasperated'; Theobald, '*And note, to swell your spirit*'; Capell, '*And, not to swell your spirit*'; Singer, '*quell*'; Kinnear, '*quail.*'

III. v. 105. '*Only in bone,*' *i.e.* 'as a mere skeleton'; Staunton conj. '*Only at home,*' or '*Only in doors*'; Ingleby conj. '*only in bed*'; Hudson conj. '*only alone.*'

III. v. 116. '*most lands*'; Warburton, '*most hands*'; Malone conj. '*most lords*'; Mason conj. '*my stains*'; Becket conj. '*most brands*'; Jackson conj. '*most bands.*'

III. vi. 37. '*harshly o' the trumpet's*'; Rowe, '*harshly as o' the Trumpets*'; Steevens (1793), '*harshly on the trumpet's*; Grant White conj. '*harshly. O, the trumpets,*' etc.

III. vi. 95. '*you with flatteries*'; so Folios; Warburton, '*with your flatteries*'; Keightley, '*by you with flatteries*'; Folio 2 reads '*flatreries*'; S. Walker conj. '*flattery.*'

III. vi. 115, 116. '*He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat.*' The annexed example of a hat with a jewel fashioned like a bird holding in its claws a pearl, is copied from the rare portrait of Thomas Lant, 1587.

IV. i. 21. '*let,*' Hanmer's emendation of Folios, '*yet.*'

IV. ii. 35. '*what state compounds*'; S. Walker conj. '*state comprehends*'; Grant White conj. '*that state compounds*'; Watkiss Lloyd conj. '*whate'er state comprehends.*'

IV. iii. 9. '*deny't*'; Warburton, '*denude*'; Hanmer, '*degrade*'; Heath conj. '*deprive*'; Steevens conj. '*devest*'; Collier MS., '*decline*'; etc.; the indefinite '*it*' refers to the implied noun in '*raise,*' *i.e.* 'give elevation to.'

IV. iii. 12. *'pasture lards the rother's sides'*; *'rother,'* Singer's emendations for Folios *'brothers.'* Folio 1, *'Pastour'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'pastor'*; Farmer and Steevens conj. *'pasterer'*: *'lards'*; Rowe's reading, Folio 1, *'Lards'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Lords.'*

IV. iii. 18. *'all is oblique'*; Pope's emendation; Folio 1, *'All's obliquie'*; Folios 2, 3, *'Alls obliquy'*; Folio 4, *'All's obliquy'*; Rowe, *'all's obloquy'*; Lettsom conj. *'all, all's oblique.'*

IV. iii. 38. *'wappen'd'*; so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *'wapen'd'*; Warburton, *'waped'*; Johnson conj. *'wained'*; Malone conj. *'wapper'd'*; Anon. conj. *'Wapping'*; Steevens conj. *'weeping'*; Seymour conj. *'vapid'*; Staunton conj. *'woe-pin'd'*; Fleay, *'wop-eyed'*; *i.e.* having waterish eyes (*vide* Glossary).

IV. iii. 106. *'conquer my country'*; Kinnear conj. *'confound my countrymen'*; Hanmer, *'make conquest of my country'*; Capell, *'conquer thy own country'*; S. Walker conj. *'scourge thy country'*; Hudson, *'scourge my country.'*

IV. iii. 116. *'window-bars'*; Johnson conj.; Folios, *'window Barn'*; Pope, *'window-barn'*; Warburton, *'window-lawn'*; Tyrwhitt conj. *'widows's barb.'*

IV. iii. 153. *'spurring'*; Hanmer, *'sparring'*; Long MS., *'spurning'*; Seymour conj. *'springing'*; there is no need to emend the text.

IV. iii. 215. *'bade'*; Folio 1, *'bad'*; Folios, 2, 3, 4, *'bid.'*

IV. iii. 225. *'when'*; S. Walker conj. *'where.'*

IV. iii. 243. *'Outlives incertain'*; Rowe's emendation; Folio 1 reads *'Out-lives: incertaine'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Out-lives: in certaine'*; Hanmer, *'Out-strips incertain'*; Capell, *'Out-vies uncertain.'*

IV. iii. 254. *'drugs'*; Folios 1, 2, *'drugges'*; Mason conj. *'drudges'*; Collier MS., *'dugs'*; Capell conj. MS. *'dregs'*; *'drugs'* = *'drudges.'*

IV. iii. 283. *'my'*; Rowe's correction of Folios, *'thy.'*

IV. iii. 312. *'after his means,' i.e. 'after his means were gone.'*

IV. iii. 421. *'meat'*; Theobald, *'meet'* (*i.e.* 'what you ought to be'); Hanmer, *'men'*; Steevens conj. *'me,'* etc.

IV. iii. 422-426. *'Behold, the earth hath roots,'* etc.; *cp.* Hall's *Satires, III.* 1 (pub. 1598):—

> *"Time was that, whiles the autumn full did last,*
> *Our hungry sires gap'd for the falling mast,"* etc.

IV. iii. 439. *'villany'*; Rowe's correction of Folios 1, 2, *'villaine.'*

IV. iii. 445. '*moon*'; Theobald, '*mounds*'; Capell, '*earth*'; Tollet conj. '*main.*'

IV. iii. 500. '*dangerous nature mild*'; Thirlby conj.; Folios, '*wild*'; Becket conj. '*nature dangerous-wild*'; Jackson conj. '*dolorous nature wild.*'

V. i. 47. '*black-corner'd,*' *i.e.* 'hiding things in dark corners'; Hanmer, '*black-corneted*'; Warburton conj. '*black-cornette*'; Farmer conj. MS. '*black-coroned*'; Mason conj. '*black-crowned*'; Jackson conj. '*dark-horned*'; Singer conj. '*black-curtain'd,*' etc.

V. i. 116. '*You have work*'; so Folios; Hanmer, '*You have work'd*'; Malone, '*You have done work*'; Steevens conj. '*You've work'd.*'

V. i. 136. '*as a cauterising*'; Rowe's emendation; Folio 1, '*as a Cantherising*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*as a Catherising*'; Pope, '*cauterizing*'; Capell, '*cancerising.*'

V. i. 147. '*general, gross:*'; Pope's emendation of Folios, '*generall grosse:*'; S. Walker conj., adopted by Dyce, '*general-gross.*'

V. i. 213. '*haste*'; Pope, '*taste*'; Warburton conj. MS. '*tatch*'; Collier MS. '*halter.*'

V. ii. 7. '*whom,*' instead of '*who,*' owing to confusion of constructions; Pope, '*Who*'; Hanmer, '*And*'; Singer, '*When,*' etc.

V. ii. 8. '*made a particular force*'; Hanmer reads '*had . . . force*'; Staunton conj. '*took . . . truce*'; Bailey conj. '*had . . . force with,*' etc.

V. iii. 3-4. These words are in all probability the reflection of the soldier; this view is certainly more acceptable than to believe them to be an inscription placed by Timon somewhere near the tomb. Nor is it necessary, with Warburton, to change '*read*' into '*rear'd.*' The soldier, seeing the tomb, infers that Timon is dead, but he cannot read the inscription; 'some beast read this! there does not live a man able to do so' (*v. Preface*).

V. iv. 28. '*Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess*'; Theobald's emendation ('extreme shame for their folly in banishing you hath broke their hearts'); Folio 1 reads '(*Shame that they wanted, cunning in excesse*)'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Shame (that they wanted cunning in excesse*)'; Johnson conj. '*Shame that they wanted, coming in excess.*'

V. iv. 62. '*render'd to your*'; the conj. of Chedworth, adopted by Dyce; Folio 1 reads '*remedied to your*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*remedied by your*'; Pope, '*remedied by*'; Johnson, '*remedied*

to'; Malone, *'remedy'd, to your'*; Singer (ed. 2), *'remitted to your.'*

V. iv. 79. *'On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead'*; the reading of Folios; Theobald reads *'On thy low grave.—On: faults forgiven.—Dead'*; Hanmer, *'On thy low grave our faults—forgiv'n, since dead.'*

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

1 *et seq.* In *Timon*, as in *Coriolanus*, Shakespeare put his own thoughts and feelings into the mouths of the various characters of the play. Falseness and ingratitude are the subjects of the most frequent allusion. They were uppermost in Shakespeare's mind at the time, and the changes are rung upon these vices by the Epicurean and the Cynic, by servants and strangers, before and after the climax. Even the fickle Poet serves as spokesman for the all-prevailing idea; and the Painter is every whit as worthless.

30, 31. This picture, it would seem, is a full-length portrait of Timon, in which the gracefulness of the attitude expresses the habitual standing or carriage of the original.

37. *artificial strife*:—The excellence of an artist was often set forth by representing him as the tutor or the competitor of nature. "The execution of the pencil emulating Nature," says Heath, "displays a life in those touches which is livelier than even life itself." So in the Poet's *Venus and Adonis*:—

> "Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
> In limning out a well proportion'd steed,
> His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
> As if the dead the living should exceed."

47-50. *no levell'd malice*, etc.:—Johnson explains the passage thus: "My poem is not a satire written with any particular view, or *levell'd* at any single person: I fly, like an eagle, into a general expanse of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage."

59. *To Apemantus*:—Ritson thinks that the Poet, seeing that Apemantus paid frequent visits to Timon, naturally concluded that he was as much of a courtier as the other guests.

171. *prized by their masters*:—Johnson explains: "Are rated according to the esteem in which their possessor is held." For the use of *by*, compare *Coriolanus*, III. ii. 52-54:—

> "Because that now it lies you on to speak
> To the people; not by your own instruction,
> Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you," etc.

180. *When thou art Timon's dog*, etc.:—"That is," explains Rolfe, "till you become a dog, and these knaves become honest—a far-off *morrow* to wait for." Hanmer read "When I am Timon's dog"; and Johnson interpreted the passage thus: "When thou hast gotten a better character, and instead of being Timon as thou art, shalt be changed to Timon's dog, and become more worthy kindness and salutation."

185. Here, according to the judgement of most of the latest commentators, begins the anonymous workmanship. Hudson (Harvard ed.) indicates what he regards as the anonymous portions of the play by asterisks placed before the lines. From this indication it appears that Hudson assigns about three-fifths of the play to Shakespeare, including nearly the whole of Act. I. i., all of Act II. i., most of Act II. ii., almost the whole of Act III. vi., all but about thirty lines of Act IV., and all except a dozen lines of Act V. White's interesting opinion may be summarized as follows: Act I. Sc. i., Shakespeare's until the entrance of Apemantus; Sc. ii., not Shakespeare's; Act. II. Sc. i., Shakespeare's; Sc. ii., Shakespeare's, except where the Fool appears; Act III. Sc. i., not Shakespeare's, except, perhaps, the last speech; Sc. ii., probably not Shakespeare's; Sc. iii., not Shakespeare's; Sc. iv., not Shakespeare's; Sc. v., not Shakespeare's; Sc. vi., mostly not Shakespeare's; Act IV. Sc. i., Shakespeare's; Sc. ii., mostly Shakespeare's; Sc. iii., Shakespeare's, "and in his largest style"; Act. V. Sc. i., partly Shakespeare's; Scs. ii. and iii., not Shakespeare's; Sc. iv., Shakespeare's beyond question.

195. *for the innocence*:—Rolfe says that "it may be a question

whether this is to be taken literally or ironically." Crosby surmises that "the cynic means that the picture has *no spirit, no expression*; and dog-like he prefers it on that account."

233. *That I had no angry wit to be a lord*:—In Clarke's opinion, this bears "the interpretation, 'That, being a lord, I should have no angry wit,' no faculty for acrimonious satire—such as Apemantus prides himself upon possessing. The sentence also includes the effect of 'that I had given up (Apemantus's) angry wit in order to be a lord.'" "This," adds Rolfe, "is perhaps the best of the attempts to explain the text, but it seems rather forced. If we simply strike out *angry*, we doubtless get the real meaning of the passage. The adjective is almost certainly wrong, but it is difficult to replace it satisfactorily."

Scene II.

12, 13. *If our betters*, etc.:—That is, the faults of rich persons, as the world goes, are thought fair; still they are faults.

22. *confess'd it! hang'd it*:—Perhaps an allusion to a proverbial saying of Shakespeare's time, "Confess and be hanged."

35, 36. *I myself would have no power*:—Tyrwhitt explains thus: "I myself would have no power to make thee silent, but I wish thou wouldst let my meat make thee silent. Timon, like a polite landlord, disclaims *all power* over the meanest or most troublesome of his guests."

37, 38. *'twould choke me, for*, etc.:—"I could not swallow thy meat, for *I* could not pay for it with flattery." So Johnson interprets.

51. *my windpipe's dangerous notes*:—"The *notes* of the windpipe seem to be only the indications which show where the windpipe is." Thus Johnson. Of course the *windpipe's notes* are "the sounds or motions made by the throat in drinking." There appears to be, as Steevens observes, a quibble on *windpipe* and *notes*.

109. *Thou weep'st*, etc.:—On this rather obscure passage, Johnson remarks: "The covert sense of Apemantus is, 'what thou losest, they get.'" Heath's explanation is: "The words *Thou weep'st* do not only refer to the tears then actually shed, but to those future ones for which Timon was laying the foundation; . . . implying a prediction that the excess of drinking to which he was now encouraging his false friends would prove the source of tears to him flowing from real regret." Rolfe finds

neither of these interpretations satisfactory, and observes that "perhaps the expression is nothing more than a cynical sneer at the incongruity of making his tears an occasion for their drinking."

111. *like a babe*:—"That is, a weeping babe," says Johnson. Compare Heywood, *Love's Mistress*: "Joyed in his looks, look'd babies in his eyes"; also *The Christian Turned Turk*, 1612: "She makes him sing songs to her, looks fortunes in his fists, and babies in his eyes."

114. *Much* was a not uncommon ironical expression of denial, contempt, etc.

132. The writer probably borrowed this idea from the Puritanical writers of his time. Thus Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583: "*Dauncers thought to be madmen.*" Again: "And as in all feasts and pastimes dauncing is the last, so it is the extream of all other vice." Once more: "There were (saith Ludovicus Vives) from far countries certain men brought into our parts of the world, who, when they saw men daunce, ran away, marvellously affraid, crying out and thinking them mad."

133, 134. *Like madness*, etc.:—The glory of this life is *just such* madness, in the eye of reason, as this pomp appears when compared with the frugal repast of a man feeding on oil and roots.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

10. *no porter at his gate*:—Johnson believed that a line after this descriptive of a surly porter has been lost. Staunton conjectured *grim porter*, and so reads Hudson (Harvard ed.).

32. *Which flashes now a phœnix*:—*Which* (for *who*) refers to Timon; according to the common practice of Shakespeare's day.

Scene II.

17. *we 'll forth again*:—That is, to hunting; it was then the custom to hunt after dinner as well as before. Thus in *Tancred and Gismunda*, 1592: "He means this evening in the park to hunt." Queen Elizabeth, during her stay at Kenilworth Castle, hunted in the afternoon.

73, 74. *She's e'en*, etc.:—Alluding to the *scalding* of chickens,

to get the feathers off. And with this is joined a reference to a certain disease and to the *sweating-tub* used for the curing of it; which tub, according to Randle Holme, persons "were put into, not to boyl up to an heighth, but to *parboyl*."

94. *to Lord Timon's*:—They are already in Timon's house. Here is some blunder hard to explain. In Clarke's opinion the presence-chamber or banqueting-room of Timon is meant.

117, 118. *artificial one*:—Meaning the great object of all alchemical research, the philosopher's stone, in the author's time much talked of.

138. *that unaptness made*, etc.:—The construction is, and you made that unaptness your minister—you made my indisposition serve you.

194-202. *you to Lord Lucius . . . hum!*—Hudson (Harvard ed.) agrees with Fleay in regarding this as non-Shakespearian, and in giving the next speech to a servant. Furnivall, on the contrary, argues that "the Steward, in answer to this request, says that he has already asked the senators; and he gives Timon their answer, that they will not lend the money. Timon, however, does not get angry about their refusal; he merely explains it and excuses it:—

> 'These old fellows
> Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
> Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows.'

Thus the refusal of these old curmudgeons does not affect Timon, does not anger him at all. It is his own personal friends that he relies on, and whose refusal he thinks impossible. Again, if Shakespeare only sent to the senators and Ventidius, he would have left, as the cause of the entire and terrible change in Timon's nature, nothing but the refusal of one false friend, Ventidius; and this, when the refusal is not given in the play, except by reference. I cannot believe that Shakespeare would make the ingratitude of one man the sole cause of Timon's entire change of character. This would not be motive enough; we *must* have refusal and ingratitude from more friends than one; and I therefore believe that Shakespeare wrote these few prose words ordering the servants to go to Lucius and Lucullus (and possibly to Sempronius), as well as the Steward to go, first to the senators, and then—that having been already tried—to Ventidius. It is quite possible that the expander of the play put in the sentence, 'You to Sempronius' (the third friend), for Shakespeare

has not introduced a third servant by name. But this is not certain, as the direction of the Folio is '*Enter three Servants*,' and a fourth false friend, and a fourth refusal, help to strengthen the motive for Timon's change of character."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

47. *solidares*:—"I believe," says Steevens, "this coin is from the mint of the Poet." Florio describes an Italian coin called a *solido* as being of the value of a shilling, which may have been the origin of the dramatist's coinage.

67. *His* for *its*, as in I. i. 31.

Scene II.

24-26. *had he mistook him*, etc.:—Lucius means that though it would have been a mistake in Timon to apply to him, who had received but few favours from him in comparison to those bestowed on Lucullus, yet he could not have denied him.

88. *I would have put my wealth into donation*:—The meaning evidently is, "Though he has never given me anything, I would have regarded my wealth as a gift from him, and returned him the best part of it."

Scene III.

7. *How! have they denied him?*—This speech is given with the verse-like arrangement of lines with which it is printed in the Folio; "but, if it were ever constructed in verse," says White, "only the irreparable wreck remains." Hudson, both in earlier and later editions, prints it, all but the closing couplet, as prose.

31. *set him clear*:—The commentators have had much to say on this passage. According to Warburton it means to "baffle the devil, outdo him at his own weapons." *Him*, of course, refers to *man*. *Crossed*, as Johnson and others have thought, means exempted from evil; and in their view it is the devil who is to be *set clear* of the guilt of tempting man. "Servilius," says Mason, "means to say that the devil did not foresee the advantage that

would arise to himself from thence, when he made man politic: he redeemed himself by it, for men will, in the end, become so much more villainous than he is, that they will set him clear; he will appear innocent when compared with them." Steevens gives "the notes of all the commentators," and then declares himself to be "in the state of Dr. Warburton's devil—puzzled, instead of being *set clear* by them." Hudson explains it thus: "In making man *crafty*, or *full of cunning shifts*, the devil overreached or *thwarted* himself; for man is likely to outdo him so far in wickedness as to pluck his laurels from him, and make him seem but a poor devil after all."

Scene IV.

16. *one may reach deep enough*, etc.:—Steevens expounds this as follows: "Still, perhaps, alluding to the effects of winter, during which some animals are obliged to seek their scanty provision through a depth of snow."

91. *Knock me down with 'em*:—There is here an implied play upon words: *bills* formerly meant, in one use, a weapon. The name was given especially to certain weapons carried by foresters, watchmen, etc.

Scene V.

55. *by mercy*:—Johnson explains the passage thus: "I call Mercy herself to witness that defensive violence is just." Malone's interpretation is: "Homicide in our own defence, by a merciful and lenient interpretation of the laws, is considered as justifiable."

116. *'Tis honour*, etc.:—"That is," explains Heath, "governments are in general so ill administered that there are very few whom it is not an honour to oppose." Clarke's opinion is that the general means merely to say, "the more war the more glory." But Heath's explanation seems to suit the context better.

Scene VI.

102, 103. *Of man and beast the infinite malady*, etc.:—"I suspect," says White, "that there is corruption here. Why should the *infinite* malady *crust*? Did not Shakespeare write 'the *infectious* malady'? See *Coriolanus*, Act I. Sc. 4:

'—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one *infect* another
Against the wind a mile!'"

123. As Timon has in fact thrown nothing at his guests but warm water and dishes; it is not altogether clear why *stones* should be thus mentioned in this place. The things thrown may, it is true, have had much the same effect as stones, and thus led the speaker to mistake them for such missiles. On the other hand, the common use of stones in such a way may have caused other missiles to be designated by that term. Or the need of something to rhyme with *bones* may have suggested the word. But the most probable explanation is found in an old play on the subject, in which Timon invites his false friends to a feast, but, instead of warm water, sets before them stones painted to look like artichokes, which he afterwards throws at them, and drives them out. The date of this play is not fully ascertained, but the play is supposed to have been written before Shakespeare's.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Timon is unable to accept his sorrow, and hold his nature strenuously under command until it can adjust itself to the altered state of things. He flings himself from an airy, unreal philanthropy into passionate hatred of men. He is a revolter from humanity. He foams at the mouth with imprecation. He shakes off the dust of Athens from his feet, and strives to maintain himself in isolation, the one protester in the world against the cruelty and selfishness and baseness of the race.

Scene II.

8-11. *As we do turn . . . away*:—Mason, very speciously, as White thinks, suggested that we should transpose *from* and *to* in this sentence, and read—

"As we do turn our backs
To our companion, thrown into his grave,
So his familiars *from* his buried fortunes
Slink all away."

"Undoubtedly," says White, "when we leave the graves of our friends, we turn our backs *to* or on them, and Timon's parasites did slink away *from* his fallen fortunes. But this sentence is written in a freer style than perhaps would be permissible nowadays. Here *turn our backs* is used as the equivalent of *go away*; and the conduct of Timon's familiars is spoken of in *its relation to* his buried fortunes." Hudson adopts Mason's transposition.

Scene III.

3-8. *Twinn'd brothers . . . nature*:—Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will scorn brother. Not even beings besieged with misery can bear good fortune without contemning their fellow creatures, above whom accident has elevated them.

30, 31. Aristophanes, in his *Plutus*, makes the priest of Jupiter desert his service to live with Plutus.

32. This alludes to a practice ascribed to some nurses of brutally drawing away the pillow from under the heads of the dying to hasten their departure.

63, 64. *the rot returns*, etc.:—This alludes to the old erroneous prevalent opinion, that infection communicated to another left the infector free. "I will not," says Timon, "take the rot from thy lips by kissing thee." In this scene we trace the dramatist's reading to Plutarch's *Alcibiades*, North's translation; there being no mention made of the courtesans in either of the sources whence the other materials of the play were drawn. Thus in Plutarch: "Now was Alcibiades in a certaine village of Phrygia with a concubine of his called Timandra. So he dreamed one night that he had put on his concubines apparell, and how she had dressed his head, frizeled his haire, and painted his face, as he had bene a woman; and the voice goeth, this vision was but a litle before his death. Those that were sent to kill him durst not enter the house where he was, but set it on fire round about. Alcibiades, spying the fire, got such apparell and hangings as he had, and threw it on the fire, thinking to put it out; and so, casting his cloke about his left arme, tooke his naked sword in his other hand, and ranne out of the house, himselfe not once touched with the fire, saving his clothes were a litle singed. These murtherers, so soone as they spied him, drew backe, and stood asunder, and durst not one of them come neere him, to stand and fight with him; but afarre off they bestowed so many arrowes and darts on

him, that they killed him there. Now, when they had left him, Timandra went and tooke his body, which she wrapped up in the best linen she had and buried him as honourably as she could."

133. Brandes says: "Compare this scene with the latter part of Plutarch's *Alcibiades*, to which Shakespeare had referred, and see what the Poet's acrimony has made of Timandra, the faithful mistress who follows Alcibiades to Phrygia. They are together when his murderess sets fire to the house, and it is Timandra who enshrouds his body in the most costly material she possesses, and gives him as splendid a funeral as her isolated position can secure."

133, 134. *Enough to make . . . bawd*:—That is, "enough to make whores leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores."

144, 145. *thatch your poor thin roofs*, etc.:—The fashion of periwigs for women, which Stowe informs us "were brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris," seems to have been a fertile source of satire. Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, says that it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off. In *A Mad World My Masters*, 1608, the custom is decried as unnatural: "To wear periwigs made of *another's hair*, is not this against kind?" So Drayton, in his *Mooncalf*:—

> "And with large sums they stick not to procure
> *Hair from the dead*, yea, and the most unclean;
> To help their pride they nothing will disdain."

151 *et seq.* Brandes says: "They shout to him for more gold; they will 'do anything for gold.' Timon answers them in words which Shakespeare, for all the pathos of his youth, has never surpassed, words whose frenzied scathing has never been equalled."

177-179. *Common mother*, etc.:—This image would almost make one imagine that Shakespeare was acquainted with some personifications of nature similar to the ancient statues of Diana Ephesia Multimammia.

183. *crisp*:—This epithet probably has about the same meaning here as that conveyed by *the curl'd clouds* in *The Tempest*, I. ii. 192. In Milton's *Comus*, 984, we find "the *crisped* shades and bowers," apparently referring to the curling tendrils or leaves of vines.

252 *et seq.* "There is in this speech," says Johnson, "a sullen

haughtiness and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach is natural and graceful. There is in a letter, written by the Earl of Essex, just before his execution, to another nobleman, a passage somewhat resembling this, with which, I believe, every reader will be pleased, though it is so serious and solemn that it can scarcely be inserted without irreverence: 'God grant your lordship may quickly feel the comfort I now enjoy in my unfeigned conversion, but that you may never feel the torments I have suffered for my long delaying it. I had none but divines to call upon me, to whom I said, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow breasts, they would not have been so humble; or if my delights had been once tasted by them, they would not have been so precise. But your lordship hath one to call upon you that knoweth what it is you now enjoy, and what the greatest fruit and end is of all contentment that this world can afford. Think, therefore, dear earl, that I have staked and buoyed all the ways of pleasure unto you, and left them as seamarks for you to keep the channel of religious virtue. For shut your eyes never so long, they must be open at the last, and then you must say with me, *there is no peace to the ungodly.*'"

263-266. *as leaves*, etc.:—Somewhat of the same imagery is found in the LXXIII. *Sonnet* of Shakespeare:—

> "That time of year thou mayst in me behold
> When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
> Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
> Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."

275, 276. *If thou hadst not . . . flatterer*:—Johnson says: "Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to show how well he could have written satires. Shakespeare has here given a specimen of the same power, by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns. I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtlety of discrimination with which Shakespeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom, to vulgar eyes, he would seem to resemble."

531. *Thou singly honest man*:—Wilkes finds in Timon's praise of Flavius "the second instance, only, out of twenty-nine plays, in which a man of less rank than a noble, or a knight, is spoken of with approbation and respect. The first instance is that of

old Adam in *As You Like It.* It is worthy of observation, however, that one of the characters, at the opening of the next Act, reports that Timon had given to his steward *a mighty sum.* And here it should be remarked that the stewards of great lords and millionaires, like Timon, were often of exceedingly good families, as we see by the steward of Goneril in *King Lear,* who is almost a cabinet minister."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

[*Enter Poet and Painter.*] The Poet and Painter were within view when Apemantus parted from Timon; they must therefore be supposed to have been wandering about the woods in search of Timon's cave, and to have heard in the interim the particulars of Timon's bounty to the thieves and the steward. But Shakespeare was not attentive to these minute particulars, and if he and the audience knew these circumstances, he would not scruple to attribute the knowledge to persons who perhaps had not yet an opportunity of acquiring it.

208 *et seq.* This was suggested by a passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius,* where it is said Timon addressed the people of Athens in similar terms from the public tribune in the marketplace.

Scene III.

3. *Timon is dead*:—The scholiast of Aristophanes has the story that Timon died from the mortification of a limb, broken by an accident in the country, and lacking the contemned attendance of a surgeon.

Scene IV.

[*Alcibiades.*] Although possessed of none of the potential nobleness of Timon, Alcibiades has one faculty—that of perceiving such things as lie within the range of his limited observation. He does not see the whole world, but he sees the positive limited half of it rightly in the main. He is less than Timon, and yet greater; for Timon miserably fails through want of the one gift which Alcibiades has. In like manner, Hamlet failed for want

of the gift which Fortinbras possessed; and yet Hamlet's was beyond all measure a larger and rarer soul than that of the Prince of Norway. Alcibiades has, at least, not been living in a dream; he lays hold of the positive and coarser pleasures of life, and endures its positive, limited pains, definite misfortunes which lie within appreciable bounds. No absolute, ideal anguish like that of Timon can overwhelm him.

70-73. *Here lies*, etc.:—What is here given as one epitaph is really a combination of two, as may be seen by consulting North's *Plutarch*. The reader will of course observe the inconsistency between the two couplets, the first saying, "Seek not my name"; the second, "Here lie I, Timon." How the two got thus thrown together, it were vain to speculate: possibly the dramatist was in doubt which to choose, and so copied them both, and then neglected to erase the one which he meant to reject. In *The Palace of Pleasure* the epitaph is given thus:—

> "My wretched catife dayes expired now and past,
> My carren corps intered here is fast in grounde,
> In waltering waves of swelling sea by surges cast:
> My name if thou desire, the gods thee doe confounde."

Questions on Timon of Athens.

1. To what period of the Poet's career is *Timon of Athens* assigned? With what other plays is it associated in the time scheme?

2. What has been said by critics about the doubtful authorship of parts? What parts are assigned to Shakespeare? Who have been suggested as co-authors?

3. From what sources were the materials of the play probably derived?

4. Is it recorded that *Timon of Athens* was ever played upon the stage in Shakespeare's era? Do you see any reason that makes it unsuitable for a stage-play?

ACT FIRST.

5. Interpret the meaning of the expression concerning the world, in line 3, *It wears, sir, as it grows.*

6. What does the opening Scene convey of the atmosphere in which the life of Timon is passed?

7. Give some estimate of the character of the Poet as indicated by his account of his art beginning line 20.

8. What standard of excellence is assumed for the judging of the art of printing in the conversation of the Poet and the Painter?

9. How does the Poet describe the people who surround Timon? What does he say of Apemantus? What is foreshadowed by the allegory that he draws for the Painter? How is the Painter himself affected by the recital?

10. Show what the Ventidius episode contributes to the plot. Comment on the naturalism of the subsequent colloquy with the Old Athenian concerning the marriage of his daughter.

11. Show the dramatic purpose in introducing Apemantus at this stage of the play. What is there in this colloquy from line 184 onward that has led to its condemnation as the work of Shakespeare? From previous hints is it not likely that Shakespeare designed the character?

12. In Sc. ii. what does Timon say about the return of gifts?

13. How does Apemantus reveal himself in the grace he offers to the gods?

14. Does Timon's speech upon *friendship* show him to be a bad observer of men?

15. Does the generosity of Timon strike you as fulsome? Is this impression conveyed aside from the fact that the speech of Flavius soon apprises us of his approaching bankruptcy?

16. What has Act I. established as the underlying idea of the plot? What are the positive elements of Timon's character? Do they win admiration? Does the Act fail to present certain elements concerning him that might aid in a higher appreciation?

ACT SECOND.

17. Show the turn in the tide indicated by the Senator's speeches in Sc. i. How is prudence here weighed against friendship, marking a sharp contrast with parts of the first Act?

18. For what does Flavius's speech at the opening of Sc. ii. prepare? How does Flavius prove himself a resourceful servant? What dramatic expedient is served by his manner of disposing of the servants of Timon's creditors?

19. Why are lines 45-126 judged non-Shakespearian?

20. What is Timon's proposal when he hears that his treasury is exhausted? How does he extenuate his past conduct? Upon what does he place reliance?

21. To what does Timon refer in line 204 when he speaks of the Senators, *of whom, even to the state's best health*, he has deserved a hearing?

22. What is the state of Ventidius's fortune when Timon applies to him for aid?

ACT THIRD.

23. How does Flaminius, Timon's servant, fare at the house of Lucullus? How does he reflect upon the ingratitude of Lucullus?

24. What type of man is portrayed in Lucius in Sc. ii.?

25. Is there any ironic intention in the words of the First Stranger; or do you interpret his words as a sincere utterance like those of Flaminius at the close of the first Scene?

26. What is the excuse made by Sempronius?

27. How is Timon affected in body and in mind by the treatment of his false friends? What does he finally determine upon?

28. Does the episode which is brought out in Sc. v. seem to invalidate the unity of the play? Would the case be improved by naming *the friend* for whom Alcibiades pleads?

29. Is there not a subtle harmony between the case of Timon in his present distress and that of the man under condemnation by the Senate? Is the unity which at first sight seemed destroyed in respect of this episode partially, at least, restored?

30. What does the Senate visit upon Alcibiades for his persistent pleading? How is this later inwrought into the texture of the story?

31. Sc. vi. is said to be of undoubted Shakespearian authorship. What qualities differentiate it from the rest of the Act?

32. Who were present at Timon's last banquet? Would a lesser dramatist have brought Lucullus, Lucius, Sempronius, and Ventidius again upon the stage? Why did not Shakespeare?

33. How does he address them when they sit at the table?

34. Compare the breaking up of assembly with the similar device in the play scene of *Hamlet.*

35. With what final words does Timon quit the scene?

ACT FOURTH.

36. Mention some elements of the picture of human society that Timon draws in his imprecations upon Athens. Are these the words of a sane man? Is a man sane who is possessed by so powerful a passion?

37. How does he compare mankind and the beasts? What does he implore of the gods?

38. What is the purpose of Sc. ii.? Mention some un-Shakespearian qualities of Flavius's speech beginning with line 30.

39. What things are the object of Timon's curse in the opening of Sc. iii.? Does he include himself in his general disdain of humanity? Upon what does he subsist?

40. What does he find in digging in the earth? How does he describe the power of money?

41. How is Alcibiades accompanied upon his entrance? Does Timon recognize him? Why does Timon say, *I do wish thou wert a dog, that I might love thee something?*

42. What does Timon name himself? What does he now say

or imply concerning friendship? When, in his opinion, did he suffer miseries?

43. Against Athens, how has Alcibiades arrayed himself? What injunctions concerning Athens does Timon lay upon him? Notice how at the mention of pity by Alcibiades, Timon turns his invective mainly against pity as a possible accompaniment of war.

44. What attitude to Alcibiades personally does Timon persist in? What is his attitude towards the women who accompany Alcibiades?

45. Indicate the attitude of the dramatist towards women by the way these two curry profit out of Timon's misanthropy?

46. How in line 176 does Timon define his malady?

47. Is Nature included in the curses Timon heaps upon mankind, and if so to what extent is she exonerated?

48. Show the dramatic purpose in bringing Timon and Apemantus together. How do you contrast their respective views of human society?

49. With what arguments does Apemantus try to persuade Timon of the folly of his present course? What is there in Timon that makes such a life as Apemantus recommends impossible?

50. In lines 239 *et seq.* how does Apemantus read Timon? What degree of truth is there in his words?

51. How does Timon retort upon Apemantus? Is there truth in his analysis?

52. Does either man compel admiration?

53. When does Timon resolve to die?

54. How does he apostrophize *gold* in lines beginning with 385?

55. How does Timon meet the Banditti who come out to rob him? What warrant from nature's laws does he give them for practising theft? Compare this view of nature with that of a modern author, Robert Louis Stevenson, in an essay called *Pulvis et Umbra.*

56. What effect have Timon's words upon the Banditti?

57. How is the cause of Timon's misanthropy again sounded in the words of Flavius?

58. In what way does the unselfishness of Flavius cause Timon to modify his new creed? How does Flavius again point out the weakness of Timon?

59. With what admonitions does Timon accompany his gift of gold to Flavius? In this is he consistent?

ACT FIFTH.

60. Does the scene between Timon and the Poet and Painter suggest Hamlet's dialogue with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern in the method employed in leading them into self-conviction?

61. Who are the last visitors to Timon and by whom are they sent? What inducements are used to persuade Timon to return to Athens? What has led the Senate to make this request? What has the play revealed of Timon's past history to warrant this confidence in him?

62. Indicate the immediate effect upon him of the words of the Senators.

63. In the speech beginning line 171 does Timon show a genuine pity for mankind, assuming his point of view as a just and righteous one? In other words does Shakespeare prove the case of misanthropy as a legitimate moral view-point?

64. Does Timon in his latest speeches reach a pitch of pessimism that seems to involve more than mankind in his arraignment for the evils, to use his words, *that nature's fragile vessel doth sustain in life's uncertain voyage*? Is there ever a hint that men are helpless in the hands of malevolent deities?

65. What is effected by Scenes ii. and iii.?

66. What charges does Alcibiades bring against Athens in Sc. iv.? How do the Senators exonerate Athens and the present inhabitants from blame for that which Alcibiades is bringing punishment? Upon whom do they allow punishment to fall?

67. From whence did Shakespeare derive the epitaph of Timon? Of the two couplets which do you consider the more appropriate?

68. What humour is there in the comment of Alcibiades upon Timon's choice of a resting-place? What sublimity in the fact itself?

69. How does this Scene present a justification of Timon?

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70. The hero of a drama should commend himself to the intellectual approbation if not to the moral affections. Does Timon fulfil either of these demands? Show in what way this is effected, if you decide affirmatively. Has Shakespeare ever before set himself so difficult a problem?

71. Does religion or philosophy set any approval upon misanthropy? Is it a legitimate *motif* for dramatic art? Has any

Questions

other of the world's great dramatists treated the *motif*? If so has it been treated in the spirit of tragedy or comedy?

72. Does the present day development of philosophic thought make it any longer possible to treat misanthropy as a tragic *motif*?

73. Comment on Shakespeare's spiritual state at the time of writing this play. What characters save the play from inculcating absolute pessimism? In what ways do they furnish the reaction from the dominant implications?

74. Support by citation from the play the following criticism by Lloyd: "He speaks and curses in spleen and sarcasm rather than malevolently, and the natural tendency of his suggestions of mischief is from their tone rather to awaken shame and self-mistrust in the vicious than to stimulate to vice, and some notes of lamentation and remonstrance are audible amidst and above his angry complaints."

75. Show the similarity and contrast between Coriolanus and Timon.

76. In what way is Apemantus related to Thersites?

77. Mention some passages of poetry that may be said to possess sublimity and show their dramatic fitness.

78. Had Shakespeare bidden the world farewell with this play what would be assumed as to his knowledge and experience of life? What evidence have we that he attained to higher spiritual levels?

Death of Cæsar.

THE
TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR.

Preface.

The First Edition. *Julius Cæsar* was first published in the Folio of 1623. It was printed with exceptional care, and its text is so accurate, that (as the Cambridge editors rightly observe) it may perhaps have been printed from the original manuscript of the author. In this respect it contrasts strongly with the play preceding it in the Folio, the tragedy of *Timon of Athens*. It would seem that the printing of *Julius Cæsar* was proceeded with before the Editors had procured the copy of *Timon* (*vide* Preface to "*Timon*").

The play is mentioned in the Stationers' Registers, under date of Nov. 8, 1623, as one of sixteen plays not previously entered to other men.

The Source of the Plot. Shakespeare derived his materials for *Julius Cæsar* from Sir Thomas North's famous translation of Plutarch's "*Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*," and more especially from the Lives of Cæsar, Brutus, and Antony. In this play, as in the case of *Coriolanus* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, it is impossible to over-estimate Shakespeare's debt to North's monumental version of the work which has been described as "most sovereign in its dominion over the minds of great men in all ages." In *Julius Cæsar*, as in the other Roman plays, the dramatist has often borrowed North's very expressions,* while "of the incident there is almost nothing

* One example will suffice to show the correspondence of the verse and prose:—

which he does not owe to Plutarch." Nevertheless, a comparison of the play with its original reveals the poet's transforming power; he has thrown "a rich mantle of poetry over all, which is not wholly his own." *

The literary history of North's book is briefly summarized on its title-page:—"*The Lives of the Noble Grecians, compared together by that grave learned philosopher and historiographer* PLUTARKE OF CHÆRONIA, *translated* out of Greek into French by JAMES AMYOT, *Abbot of Bellozane, Bishop of Auxerre, one of the King's Privy Council, and great Amner of France, and now out of French into English by* THOMAS NORTH. 1759."†

Specially noteworthy is Shakespeare's compression of the action, for the purposes of dramatic representation, *e.g.* (i.) Cæsar's triumph is made coincident with the *Lupercalia* (historically it was celebrated six months be-

> *"I dare assure thee that no enemy*
> *Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:*
> *The gods defend him from so great a shame!*
> *When you do find him, or alive or dead,*
> *He will be found like Brutus, like himself."*
>
> (V. iv. 21-25.)

Cp. "*I dare assure thee, that no enemy hath taken or shall take Marcus Brutus alive, and I beseech God keep him from that fortune; for wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself.*"—(North's *Life of Brutus.*)

* *Vide* Trench's *Lectures on Plutarch* (pp. 64-66).

† The best modern edition is that now in course of publication in Mr. Nutt's "*Tudor Translations*"; Vol. I. contains an excellent introductory study by Mr. Wyndham.

Prof. Skeat's *Shakespeare's Plutarch* (Macmillan) is a valuable and handy book for students.

It is impossible to say which edition of North's Plutarch was used by Shakespeare: new editions appeared in 1595, 1603, and 1612. As far as *Julius Cæsar* is concerned the choice is limited to the first and second editions. The Greenock 1612 edition, with the initials W. S. and with some suggestive notes in the *Life of Julius Cæsar*, was certainly not used for the present play (*vide* Preface to *Coriolanus*).

fore); (ii.) the combination of the two battles of Philippi (the interval of twenty days being ignored); (iii.) the murder, the funeral orations, and the arrival of Octavius, are made to take place on the same day (not so actually).

Again, Shakespeare departs from Plutarch in making the Capitol the scene of the murder, instead of the *Curia Pompeiana*. In this point, however, he follows a literary tradition, which is already founded in Chaucer's *Monk's Tale*:—

> *"In the Capitol anon him hente* (*i.e.* seized)
> *This falsë Brutus, and his other foon,*
> *And stikked him with bodëkins anoon*
> *With many a wound, and thus they let him lie."*

(It will be remembered that Polonius in his student-days "did enact Julius Cæsar," "*I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.*" "*It was a brute part,*" observed Hamlet, "*to kill so capital a calf there,*" *Hamlet*, III. ii. 108-110.)

The Date of Composition. Perhaps the most valuable piece of external evidence for the date of *Julius Cæsar* is to be found in Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, printed in 1601; the following lines are obviously a direct reference to the present play:—

> *"The many-headed multitude were drawn*
> *By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious.*
> *When eloquent Mark Antonie had shewn*
> *His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious?"*

Similarly, Drayton's *Barons' Wars*—a revised version made before 1603 of his *Mortimeriados*, 1596—contains what may possibly have been a reminiscence of Shakespeare's famous lines:—

> *"His life was gentle and the elements*
> *So mixed in him," etc.**

* It is remarkable that the 1619 edition of *The Barons' Wars*, containing a further revision of the passage, comes very near indeed to the passage in Shakespeare, *e.g.*:—

This external evidence, pointing to *circa* 1601 as the date of the play, is borne out by general considerations of style and versification.* The paucity of light-endings and weak-endings (10 of the former, and none of the latter) contrasts with the large number found in the other Roman plays (71 and 28, respectively, in *Antony*; 60 and 44 in *Coriolanus*).

An interesting suggestion connects *Julius Cæsar* with the political affairs of 1601, to wit, Essex' reckless conspiracy. It is probably saying too much to make the play a political manifesto, but the subject would certainly "come home to the ears and hearts of a London audience of 1601, after the favourite's outbreak against his sovereign. '*Et tu Brute!*' would mean more to them than to us" (Dr. Furnivall, *Academy*, Sept. 18, 1875).

Julius Caesar and Hamlet. Brutus and Hamlet are, as it were, twin-brothers,—idealists forced to take a prominent part in the world of action, when they would fain

> *"As that it seemed, when Nature him began*
> *She meant to show all that might be a man."*

* Mr. Fleay thinks that the present form of the play belongs to the year 1607, and that it represents an abridgement of a fuller play; hence "the paucity of rhymes, the number of short lines, and the brevity of the play." The same critic holds that Ben Jonson abridged the play. "Shakespeare and Jonson probably worked together on *Sejanus* in 1602-3. He having helped Jonson then in a historical play, what more likely than that Jonson should be chosen to remodel Shakespeare's *Cæsar*, if it needed to be reproduced in a shorter form than he gave it originally? And for such reproduction (after Shakespeare's death, between 1616 and 1623) to what author would such work of abridgement have been entrusted except Shakespeare's critical friend Jonson? Fletcher would have enlarged, not shortened" (*cp. Shakespeare Manual*, pp. 262-270). But would the learned Jonson have permitted such errors as "Decius" Brutus, and the like? The student should contrast the archæologically "correct," but lifeless, *Sejanus*, with Shakespeare's living characters infused with the Roman spirit.

contemplate the actions of others; action brings ruin alike to the reckless philosopher and to the irresolute blood-avenger. Shakespeare recognised the kinship of the two characters, and it would seem, from internal evidence, that his mind was busy with the two conceptions at about the same time. Polonius, as has already been pointed out, prides himself on his personation of *Julius Cæsar*, while at the University; Horatio, who is "more an antique Roman than a Dane," sees in the apparition of "the buried majesty of Denmark" the precurse of fierce events, even as

> *"In the most high and palmy state of Rome,*
> *A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,*
> *The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead*
> *Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets";*

Hamlet, in the graveyard, moralises on "*Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to dust*"; when the King, watching 'the poison of deep grief' in poor Ophelia, reproaches himself for having done but greenly "*in hugger-mugger*" to inter her father, who can doubt that the strange phrase is a reminiscence of North's *Life of Brutus?* *

The Speech of Brutus. If, as is most probable, *Julius Cæsar* preceded *Hamlet*, it is not altogether surprising to find in the latter play these striking references to the former subject. It would, however, prove a matter of greater interest and importance were we to discover in *Julius Cæsar* some direct connexion with the subject of Hamlet. The present writer ventures to think he may have found some such connexion. Brutus' famous address to the assembled Romans (III. ii.) has an irresistible fascination for the student of the play. Its curtness is said to be in imitation of the speaker's "famed laconic brevity," whereof Shakespeare found a vivid account in

* *"Antony thinking good that Cæsar's body should be honourably buried, and not in hugger-mugger."*

North's *Life of Brutus*,* but one looks in vain for any suggestion of the speech in any of the *Lives*.†

The original of the speech, according to the theory here hazarded, is perhaps to be found in Belleforest's *History of Hamlet*. Chapter VI. (in the earliest extant English version) tells, "*How Hamlet, having slain his Uncle, and burnt his Palace, made an Oration to the Danes to shew them what he had done*"; &c. The situation of Hamlet is almost identical with that of Brutus after he has dealt the blow, and the burden of Hamlet's too lengthy speech finds an echo in Brutus' sententious utterance. The verbose iteration of the Dane has been compressed to suit "the brief compendious manner of speech of the Lacedæmonians." ‡

* "When the war began he wrote unto the Pergamenians in this sort: 'I understand you have given *Dolabella* money; if you have done so willingly, you confess you have offended me; if against your wills, shew it then by giving me willingly.' Another time again unto the Samians: 'Your councils be long, your doings be slow, consider the end'" (*Life of Brutus*).

† Similarly, no direct source for Antony's speech to the citizens (III. ii.) is to be found in Plutarch. It is just possible that a few bare hints were derived from Appian's *History of the Civil War*, which had been translated, from Greek, into English before 1578.

‡ I draw attention to the following sentences taken at random from the English translation (dated 1608), without entering into the question of Shakespeare's acquaintance with Belleforest in the original French (*vide* Preface to *Hamlet*):—"If there be any among you, good people of Denmark, that as yet have fresh within your memories the wrong done to the valiant King Horvendile, let him not be moved, *etc.* . . . If there be any man that affecteth fidelity . . . let him not be ashamed beholding this massacre. . . . The hand that hath done this justice could not affect it by any other means. . . . And what mad man is he that delighteth more in the tyranny of Fengon than in the clemency and renewed courtesy of Horvendile? And what man is he, that having any spark of wisdom, *etc.* I perceive you are attentive, and abashed for not knowing the author of your

References to Julius Caesar in Shakespeare's Notes. Scattered throughout the plays there are many other striking references to "mighty Cæsar." The following is a fairly full list of the more important allusions:—*As You Like It* (V. ii. 34-35); *2 Henry IV.* (I. i. 20-24; IV. iii. 45-46); *Henry V.* (Chorus Act V.); *1 Henry VI.* (I. i. 55-56; I. ii. 138-139); *2 Henry VI.* (IV. i. 136-138; IV. vii. 65); *3 Henry VI.* (V. v. 53); *Richard III.* (III. i. 69); *Measure for Measure* (III. ii. 45-46); *Cymbeline* (II. iv. 20-23; III. i. 49-52). The catastrophe of the play finds, of course, its real culmination in the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*; two direct allusions to *Julius Cæsar* are noteworthy:—Act II. vi. 14-18, Act III. ii. 53-56. Observe, also, the reference to "*Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia,*" *in Merchant of Venice* (I. i. 165-166).

Duration of Action. The time of *Julius Cæsar* is six days represented on the stage, with intervals, arranged as follows:—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i., ii. *Interval. Day* 2, Act I. Sc. iii. *Day* 3, Acts II., III. *Interval. Day* 4, Act IV. Sc. i. *Interval. Day* 5, Act IV. Sc. ii., iii. *Interval. Day* 6, Act V. The historical period extends from Cæsar's Triumph, October, 45 B.C., to the Battle of Philippi, in the autumn of the year 42 B.C.

Plays on "Julius Caesar." (i.) There is no doubt as to the popularity of the subject of *Julius Cæsar* on the English stage before the appearance of Shakespeare's play, though it is extremely doubtful whether the latter owes anything to its predecessors, unless it be the phrase "*Et tu, Brute,*" which may indirectly have been derived from Dr. Eedes' play of *Cæsaris Interfecti,* acted at Oxford in 1582. Gosson, in his *School of Abuse,* 1579, mentions '*Cæsar and Pompey*'; while from Machyn's *Diary* it is inferred that 'Julius Cæsar' was represented at Whitehall as early as 1562, but this is somewhat doubtful.

deliverance." (The whole speech should be read in Collier's Reprint of the *History of Hamlet, Shakespeare Library.*)

According to Henslowe's *Diary*, "*the Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey; or Cæsar's Revenge*" was produced in 1594.

(ii.) The present play evidently called forth rival productions, and gave a fresh interest to the subject,* for we find that a play entitled *Cæsar's Fall* was, in 1602, being prepared by Munday, Drayton, Webster, Middleton, and others. In 1604 William Alexander, Lord Stirling, published in Scotland his "*Julius Cæsar*," which was re-published in England some three years later.

A droll or puppet-show on the same subject is mentioned by Marston in 1605, and by Jonson in 1609.

Cæsar's Tragedy acted at Court, 10th April, 1613, was possibly Shakespeare's play (*vide* Note, *supra*.)

(In Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy* [*circa* 1608] the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius is imitated.)

(iii.) After the publication of the First Folio we have Thomas May's Latin play, 1625, and George Chapman's "*Cæsar and Pompey: a Roman Tragedy, declaring their wars, out of whose events is evicted this proposition that only a just man is a free man.*"

(iv.) In 1719 Davenant and Dryden published their alteration of Shakespeare's play, adapting it to the tastes of their day. To about the same period belongs Voltaire's "*Le Brutus*," an interesting document illustrative of the slow appreciation of Shakespeare on the Continent; its introductory essay on 'Tragedy' is almost as instructive as the text. No play of Shakespeare's has been more popular, and probably none has become more widely known, translated into strangest dialects, so that the words spoken by Cassius have a prophetic significance in a sense other than that intended by their inspired author:—

> "How many ages hence
> Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
> In states unborn and accents yet unknown."

* The popularity of Shakespeare's play is in all probability attested by Leonard Digges' verses prefixed to the First Folio (1623):—

> "*Or till I hear a scene more nobly take*
> *Than when thy half-sword parlying Romans spake*," *etc.*

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Julius Cæsar returns victorious from foreign wars and, according to custom, the citizens of Rome escort him in triumph to the Capitol. So overjoyed are they that Mark Antony deems the day propitious to offer him a kingly crown. This is thrice offered and thrice refused. But even in the hour of Cæsar's greatest triumph forces are at work against him. Cassius has gathered together a band of conspirators, who finally persuade Brutus, a high-minded Roman, to join them, under the belief that the death of Cæsar will be for the country's good.

II. Upon his entry into Rome, Cæsar had been warned by a soothsayer to "beware the ides of March." So on the dawn of this portentous day, he is minded to remain at home, especially since his wife has been the victim of ominous dreams. But the conspirators have foreseen his hesitancy and therefore come in a body to urge his attendance at the senate-house. Ashamed of his fears, he yields and goes with them.

III. Once in the senate-house, the conspirators, under guise of presenting a petition, press about Cæsar; and presently each one stabs him, Brutus thrusting last of all. Cæsar murmurs, "And *thou*, Brutus?" and expires.

Mark Antony, Cæsar's steadfast friend, flies at the first scent of danger, but returns to dissemble with the slayers of Cæsar. He pleads friendliness for their cause, but begs permission to speak at the burial of the slain leader. Brutus generously consents to this, despite his

friends' disapproval, stipulating only that he himself speak first, and that Antony in his oration make no charges. Antony declares himself satisfied. Brutus accordingly makes a short speech to the citizens, in which he pleads the general welfare as sufficient cause and excuse for the slaying of Cæsar. Antony follows him in a skilful harangue, full of praise for Cæsar; and though referring to Brutus and his party as "honourable men," he turns the term into a reproach and byword. The populace, which but a moment before was applauding Brutus to the echo, now turns in fury against him. The conspirators are forced to flee the city.

IV. Upon the death of Cæsar two factions arise and take the field against each other. The first is the army of Brutus and Cassius. The second comprises the forces of a newly-formed triumvirate, consisting of Mark Antony, Octavius Cæsar, and Lepidus. Both armies converge towards the Plains of Philippi. One night while Brutus is lying awake and restless in his tent, the ghost of Cæsar appears and tells him, "Thou shalt see me at Philippi."

V. The forces meet at Philippi and engage in battle. But from the first the troops of Brutus and Cassius are dispirited—unconsciously influenced by the forebodings that have come to both their leaders. With his own "good sword, that ran through Cæsar's bowels," Cassius causes himself to be killed by his servant Pindarus. Later in the day Brutus runs on his sword and dies. The triumvirate are victorious, and Cæsar may "now be still."

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Character of Caesar.

The character of Cæsar is one of the most difficult in Shakespeare. Under the influence of some of his speeches we find ourselves in the presence of one of the

master spirits of mankind; other scenes in which he plays a leading part breathe nothing but the feeblest vacillation and weakness. It is the business of Character-Interpretation to harmonise this contradiction; it is not interpretation at all to ignore one side of it and be content with describing Cæsar as vacillating. The force and strength of his character is seen in the impression he makes upon forceful and strong men. The attitude of Brutus to Cæsar seems throughout to be that of looking up; and notably at one point the thought of Cæsar's greatness seems to cast a lurid gleam over the assassination plot itself, and Brutus feels that the grandeur of the victim gives a dignity to the crime:—

> Let 's carve him as a dish fit for the gods.

The strength and force of Antony again no one will question; and Antony, at the moment when he is alone with the corpse of Cæsar and can have no motive for hypocrisy, apostrophises it in the words—

> Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
> That ever lived in the tide of times.

And we see enough of Cæsar in the play to bear out the opinions of Brutus and Antony. Those who accept vacillation as sufficient description of Cæsar's character must explain his strong speeches as vaunting and self-assertion. But surely it must be possible for dramatic language to distinguish between the true and the assumed force; and equally surely there is a genuine ring in the speeches in which Cæsar's heroic spirit, shut out from the natural sphere of action in which it has been so often proved, leaps restlessly at every opportunity into pregnant words. We may thus feel certain of his lofty physical courage.

> Cowards die many times before their deaths;
> The valiant never taste of death but once.

> Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
> It seems to me most strange that men should fear . . .
> . . . . . .
> Danger knows full well
> That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
> We are two lions litter'd in one day,
> And I the elder and more terrible.

A man must have felt the thrill of courage in search of its food, danger, before his self-assertion finds language of this kind in which to express itself. In another scene we have the perfect *fortiter in re* and *suaviter in modo* of the trained statesmanship exhibited in the courtesy with which Cæsar receives the conspirators, combined with his perfect readiness to "tell graybeards the truth." Nor could imperial firmness be more ideally painted than in the way in which Cæsar "prevents" Cimber's intercession. . . .

There is another circumstance to be taken into account in explaining the weakness of Cæsar. A change has come over the spirit of Roman political life itself—such seems to be Shakespeare's conception: Cæsar on his return has found Rome no longer the Rome he had known. Before he left for Gaul, Rome had been the ideal sphere for public life, the arena in which principles alone were allowed to combat, and from which the banishment of personal aims and passions was the first condition of virtue. In his absence Rome has gradually degenerated; the mob has become the ruling force, and introduced an element of uncertainty into political life; politics has passed from science into gambling. A new order of public men has arisen, of which Cassius and Antony are the types; personal aims, personal temptations, and personal risks are now inextricably interwoven with public action. This is a changed order of things to which the mind of Cæsar, cast in a higher mould, lacks the power to adapt itself. His vacillation is the vacillation of unfamiliarity with the new political conditions. He refuses the crown "each time gentler than the other," showing want of decisive

reading in dealing with the fickle mob; and on his return from the Capitol he is too untrained in hypocrisy to conceal the angry spot upon his face; he has tried to use the new weapons which he does not understand, and has failed. It is a subtle touch of Shakespeare's to the same effect that Cæsar is represented as having himself undergone a change *of late*:—

> For he is superstitious grown of late,
> Quite from the main opinion he held once
> Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies.

To come back to a world of which you have mastered the machinery, and to find that it is no longer governed by machinery at all, that causes no longer produce their effects—this, if anything, might well drive a strong intellect to superstition. And herein consists the pathos of Cæsar's situation. The deepest tragedy of the play is not the assassination of Cæsar, it is rather seen in such a speech as this of Decius:—

> If he be so resolved,
> I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
> That unicorns may be betray'd with trees
> And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
> Lions with toils and men with flatterers;
> But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
> He says he does, being then most flattered.

Assassination is a less piteous thing than to see the giant intellect by its very strength unable to contend against the low cunning of a fifth-rate intriguer.

Such, then, appears to be Shakespeare's conception of Julius Cæsar. He is the consummate type of the practical: emphatically the public man, complete in all the greatness that belongs to action. On the other hand, the knowledge of self produced by self-contemplation is wanting, and so when he comes to consider the relation of his individual self to the state he vacillates with the vacillation of a strong man moving amongst

men of whose greater intellectual subtlety he is dimly conscious: no unnatural conception for a Cæsar who has been founding empires abroad while his fellows have been sharpening their wits in the party contests of a decaying state.

MOULTON: *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.*

III.

Why Caesar Seems Insignificant.

The character of Cæsar in our play has been much blamed. He is declared to be unlike the idea conceived of him from his *Commentaries*; it is said that he does nothing, and only utters a few pompous, thrasonical, grandiloquent words, and it has been asked whether this be the Cæsar that did "awe the world?" The poet, if he intended to make the attempt of the republicans his main theme, could not have ventured to create too great an interest in Cæsar; it was necessary to keep him in the background, and to present that view of him which gave a reason for the conspiracy. According even to Plutarch, whose biography of Cæsar is acknowledged to be very imperfect, Cæsar's character altered much for the worse shortly before his death, and Shakespeare has represented him according to this suggestion. With what reverence Shakespeare viewed his character as a whole we learn from several passages of his works, and even in this play from the way in which he allows his memory to be respected as soon as he is dead. In the descriptions of Cassius we look back upon the time when the great man was natural, simple, undissembling, popular, and on an equal footing with others. Now he is spoiled by victory, success, power, and by the republican courtiers who surround him. He stands close on the borders between usurpation and discretion; he is master in reality, and is on the point of assuming the name and the right; he desires heirs to the throne; he

hesitates to accept the crown which he would gladly possess; he is ambitious, and fears he may have betrayed this in his paroxysms of epilepsy; he exclaims against flatterers and cringers, and yet both please him. All around him treat him as a master, his wife as a prince; the senate allow themselves to be called *his* senate; he assumes the appearance of a king even in his house; even with his wife he uses the language of a man who knows himself secure of power; and he maintains everywhere the proud, strict bearing of a soldier, which is represented even in his statues. If one of the changes at which Plutarch hints lay in this pride, this haughtiness, another lay in his superstition. In the suspicion and apprehension before the final step, he was seized, contrary to his usual nature and habit, with misgivings and superstitious fears, which affected likewise the hitherto free-minded Calphurnia. These conflicting feelings divide him, his forebodings excite him, his pride and his defiance of danger struggle against them, and restore his former confidence, which was natural to him, and which causes his ruin; just as a like confidence, springing from another source, ruined Brutus. The actor must make his high-sounding language appear as the result of this discord of feeling.

GERVINUS: *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

IV.

Brutus.

Brutus is the true hero of the piece. . . . Coleridge has thrown out a very pertinent doubt as to what sort of a character Shakespeare meant his Brutus to be. For it is remarkable that in his thinking aloud, a little after the breaking of the conspiracy to him, he avowedly bottoms his purpose, not at all on anything Cæsar has done nor what he is, but simply on what he *may become* when crowned. . . . .

And yet the character of Brutus in the play, as in history, is full of beauty and sweetness; high-minded, generous, brave; in all the relations of life upright; gentle, and pure, his honour as white as new-coined snow; of a sensitiveness and delicacy of principle that cannot bosom the slightest stain; scorning to bind his promise with an oath, as one who will sooner die than swerve a hair from his lightest word; his mind enriched and fortified with the best extractions of philosophy; in his habitual demeanour cheerfully grave and genially severe; clothed with all the virtues which, in public and private, at home and in the circle of friends, win respect and charm the heart; a real patriot, every inch of him, able alike to adorn his country in the senate and in the field, and willing alike to serve her with his life and with his death. . . .

Of course, as here represented, Brutus could only be what he was and yet do what he did under some kind of delusion. And so indeed it is. Yet this very delusion may be justly said to have the effect of ennobling and beautifying his character, forasmuch as it takes him and works upon him only through his virtues. A genuine though perhaps too absorbing patriotism is the mainspring of his action. But his patriotism is mainly of a speculative kind, and dwells, where his whole character has been chiefly formed, among the ideals of a sort of philosophical and poetical dreamland. He is an ardent and enthusiastic student of books: Plato has been his favourite teacher, and he has studiously framed his life and tuned his thoughts to the grand and pure conceptions won from that all but divine source: Plato's genius and spirit walk with him in the senate, sit with him at the fireside, go with him to the war, and still hover about his tent.

Nevertheless, or perhaps we should rather say *therefore*, he does not really see where he is and what lies about him, has no clear eye for the drift and temper of the times, the circumstances and aptitudes amidst which

he lives. The characters of those who act with him are too far below the region of his principles and habitual thinkings for him to take the true cast of them. Himself incapable of such motives as prompt their action, he therefore cannot understand them: he but projects and suspends his ideals in them, and then misreckons upon them as answering to and realizing the men of his own brain. So, also, he clings to the idea of the great and free republic of his fathers, the old Rome that has ever stood to his feelings touched with the consecrations of time, and glorified by the high virtues that have grown up under her cherishing. But, in the long reign of tearing faction and civil butchery, that which he worships has been substantially changed, the reality lost. Cæsar, already clothed with the title and the power of Imperator for life, would but change the form so as to agree with the substance, the name so as to fit the thing. But the mind of Brutus is so filled with the idea of that which has thus passed away never to return, that he thinks to save or to recover the whole thing by preventing such formal and nominal change.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

V.

Cassius.

Cassius was better cut out for a conspirator [than Brutus]. His heart prompted his head. His watchful jealousy made him fear the worst that might happen, and his irritability of temper added to his inveteracy of purpose, and sharpened his patriotism. The mixed nature of his motives made him fitter to contend with bad men. The vices are never so well employed as in combating one another. Tyranny and servility are to be dealt with after their own fashion; otherwise they will triumph over those who spare them, and finally pronounce their funeral panegyric, as Antony did that of Brutus:—

"All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them."

The quarrel between Brutus and Cassius is managed in a masterly way. The dramatic fluctuation of passion, the calmness of Brutus, the heat of Cassius, are admirably described; and the exclamation of Cassius on hearing of the death of Portia, which he does not learn till after their reconciliation, "How scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?" gives double force to all that has gone before.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

VI.

Brutus and Cassius Compared.

The characters of Brutus and Cassius, though without any seeming effort or care, are discriminated with great subtlety and depth of art; scarce a word falling from either but what relishes somehow of their distinctive qualities. Cassius is much the better conspirator, but much the worse man; and therefore the better conspirator, because the worse man. For Brutus engages in the conspiracy on the grounds of abstract and ideal justice: but Cassius, from his very principles of action, regards it as both a wrong and a blunder to go about such a thing but with strong hopes of success. This, accordingly, is the end for which he plans and works, choosing and shaping his means with a view to compass it, minding little whether, in themselves, they be just or not. Withal he is more impulsive and quick, because less under the self-discipline of moral principle. His motives, too, are of a much more mixed and various quality, because his habits of thinking and acting have grown by the measures of experience: he studies to understand men as they are; Brutus is content to understand them

as they ought to be, and must needs act with them as if they were what he would have them. Hence, in every case where Brutus crosses Cassius, he is wrong, and Cassius right; right, that is, if success be the proper crown of their undertaking. Still Brutus overawes him by his moral energy and elevation of character, and by the open-faced rectitude and nobleness of his principles. It is observable that Cassius catches a sort of inspiration and is raised above himself by contact with Brutus.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Portia.

Portia, as Shakespeare has truly felt and represented the character, is but a softened reflection of that of her husband Brutus: on him we see an excess of natural sensibility, an almost womanish tenderness of heart, repressed by the tenets of his austere philosophy: a stoic by profession, and in reality the reverse—acting deeds against his nature by the strong force of principle and will. In Portia there is the same profound and passionate feeling, and all her sex's softness and timidity held in check by that self-discipline, that stately dignity, which she thought became a woman "so fathered and so husbanded." The fact of her inflicting on herself a voluntary wound to try her own fortitude is perhaps the strongest proof of this disposition. Plutarch relates that on the day on which Cæsar was assassinated, Portia appeared overcome with terror, and even swooned away, but did not in her emotion utter a word which could affect the conspirators. Shakespeare has rendered this circumstance literally.

Portia. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?
Lucius. To know my errand, madam.

Portia. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
. . . Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is!

There is another beautiful incident related by Plutarch which could not well be dramatized. When Brutus and Portia parted for the last time in the island of Nisida, she restrained all expression of grief that she might not shake *his* fortitude; but afterwards, in passing through a chamber in which there hung a picture of Hector and Andromache, she stopped, gazed upon it for a time with a settled sorrow, and at length burst into a passion of tears.

If Portia had been a Christian, and lived in later times, she might have been another Lady Russel; but she made a poor stoic. No factitious or external control was sufficient to restrain such an exuberance of sensibility and fancy; and those who praise the *philosophy* of Portia and the *heroism* of her death, certainly mistook the character altogether. It is evident, from the manner of her death, that it was not deliberate self-destruction, "after the high Roman fashion," but took place in a paroxysm of madness, caused by overwrought and suppressed feeling, grief, terror, and suspense.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

VIII.

Ensemble.

The piece of *Julius Cæsar*, to complete the action, requires to be continued to the fall of Brutus and Cassius. Cæsar is not the hero of the piece, but Brutus. The amiable beauty of his character, his feeling and patriotic heroism, are portrayed with peculiar care. Yet the poet has pointed out with great nicety the superiority of

Cassius over Brutus in independent volition and discernment in judging of human affairs; that the latter, from the purity of his mind, and his conscientious love of justice, is unfit to be the head of a party in a state entirely corrupted; and that these very faults give an unfortunate turn to the cause of the conspirators. In the part of Cæsar, several ostentatious speeches have been censured as unsuitable. But as he never appears in action, we have no other measure of his greatness than the impression which he makes upon the rest of the characters, and his peculiar confidence in himself. In this, Cæsar was by no means deficient, as we learn from history and his own writings; but he displayed it more in the easy ridicule of his enemies than in pompous discourses. The theatrical effect of this play is injured by a partial falling off of the last two acts, compared with the preceding, in external splendour and rapidity. The first appearance of Cæsar in festal robes, when the music stops, and all are silent whenever he opens his mouth, and when the few words which he utters are received as oracles, is truly magnificent; the conspiracy is a true conspiracy, which, in stolen interviews and in the dead of night, prepares the blow which is to be struck in open day, and which is to change the constitution of the world;—the confused thronging before the murder of Cæsar, the general agitation even of the perpetrators after the deed, are all portrayed with most masterly skill; with the funeral procession and the speech of Antony, the effect reaches its utmost height. *Cæsar's shade is more powerful to avenge his fall than he himself was to guard against it.* After the overthrow of the external splendour and greatness of the conqueror and ruler of the world, the intrinsic grandeur of character of Brutus and Cassius is all that remains to fill the stage and occupy the minds of the spectators: suitably to their name, as the last of the Romans, they stand there, in some degree alone; and the forming of a great and hazardous determination is more powerfully calcu-

lated to excite our expectation, than the supporting the consequences of the deed with heroic firmness.

SCHLEGEL: *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

The style of *Julius Cæsar* is characterized by simplicity and breadth of touch, and each sentence is clear, easy, and flowing, with the thought clothed in perfect and adequate expression: the lines are as limpid as those of *Romeo and Juliet*, but without their remains of rhyme and Italian conceits. Of all Shakespeare's works, none has greater purity of verse or transparent fluency. . . . Nothing perhaps in the whole roll of dramatic poetry equals the tenderness given by Shakespeare to Brutus, that tenderness of a strong nature which the force of contrast renders so touching and so beautiful.

STAPFER: *Shakespeare and Classical Antiquity.*

Julius Cæsar is indeed protagonist of the tragedy; but it is not the Cæsar whose bodily presence is weak, whose mind is declining in strength and sure-footed energy, the Cæsar who stands exposed to all the accidents of fortune. This bodily presence of Cæsar is but of secondary importance, and may be supplied when it actually passes away, by Octavius as its substitute. It is the spirit of Cæsar which is the dominant power of the tragedy; against this—the spirit of Cæsar—Brutus fought; but Brutus, who forever errs in practical politics, succeeded only in striking down Cæsar's body; he who had been weak now rises as pure spirit, strong and terrible, and avenges himself upon the conspirators. The contrast between the weakness of Cæsar's bodily presence in the first half of the play, and the might of his spiritual presence in the latter half of the play, is emphasized, and perhaps over-emphasized, by Shakspere. It was the error of Brutus that he failed to perceive wherein lay the true Cæsarean power, and acted with short-sighted eagerness and violence.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, MARCUS ANTONIUS, M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, } *triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.*
CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, } *senators.*
MARCUS BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, LIGARIUS, DECIUS BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER, CINNA, } *conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*
FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *tribunes.*
ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, *a teacher of Rhetoric.*
A Soothsayer.
CINNA, *a poet.* Another Poet.
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, Young CATO, VOLUMNIUS, } *friends to Brutus and Cassius.*
VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS, } *servants to Brutus.*
PINDARUS, *servant to Cassius.*

CALPURNIA, *wife to Cæsar.*
PORTIA, *wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

SCENE: *Rome; the neighbourhood of Sardis; the neighbourhood of Philippi.*

The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Rome. A street.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?
First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.
Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?
Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman,
I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.
Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.
Sec. Com. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.
Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?
Sec. Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.
Mar. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day with patient expectation
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds

Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.
[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*
See, whether their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I 'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A public place.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar; Antony, for the course; Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Casca; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar, my lord?

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says 'do this,' it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out. [*Flourish.*

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry 'Cæsar.' Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I 'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect
Than that poor Brutus with himself at war
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I your glass
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
[*Flourish and shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life, but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me 'Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
I, as Æneas our great ancestor

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
As a sick girl. Ye gods! it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods! 151
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say till now that talk'd of Rome
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome 160
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things. 170
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words

Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter Cæsar and his train.

Bru. I will do so: but, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he 's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter! but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit

That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and all his train but Casca.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day, That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus: and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I

saw Mark Antony offer him a crown: yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets: and, as I told you, he put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chopped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swounded and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swound?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place and foamed at mouth and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not: but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any

occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts: but there 's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I 'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell, both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick metal when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you, or, if you will,
Come home to me and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world.
[*Exit Brutus.*
Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore, it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.
[*Exit.*

Scene III.

A street.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world too saucy with the gods
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand
Not sensible of fire remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glazed upon me and went surly by
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit

Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
'These are their reasons: they are natural':
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.*

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures and preformed faculties,
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed they say the senators to-morrow

Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then:
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man

That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There 's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets,
And the complexion of the element
In favour 's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who 's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!
There 's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it, and throw this

In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. [*Exit Cinna.*
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Rome. Brutus's orchard.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question:
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which hatch'd would as his kind grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint I found
This paper thus seal'd up, and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
[*Gives him the letter.*

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter and reads.*
'Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress.
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.'
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
'Speak, strike, redress.' Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days. [*Knocking within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.
[*Exit Lucius.*
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are moe with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.
Bru. Let 'em enter. [*Exit Lucius.*
They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,

Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber and Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus: do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This, Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*
Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire, and the high east

Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged
That this shall be or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said his judgement ruled our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urged: I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar:
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar? But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let 's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

Let 's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him,
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should, for he is given
To sports, to wildness and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:
It may be these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night
And the persuasion of his augurers,

May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils and men with flatterers,
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I 'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon 's: we 'll leave you, Brutus:
And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good morrow to you every one.
[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*
Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep! It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,

Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You 've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks:
I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And, could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do: good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which by the right and virtue of my place
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it expected I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!
[*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart:
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*] Lucius, who 's that knocks?

Re-enter Lucius with Ligarius.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them. What 's to do?
Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.
Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Cæsar's house.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæsar, in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!' Who 's within!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?
Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.
Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Calpurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;

Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house and not your own.
We 'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here 's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators

And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statuë,
Which like a fountain with an hundred spouts
Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings and portents
And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:

And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
'Break up the Senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper
'Lo, Cæsar is afraid'?
Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, and Cinna.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is 't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will. [*Aside*] And so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me;
And we like friends will straightway go together.

Bru. [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

Art. 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!

Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS.'

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do? 10
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing. 20

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?
Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is 't o'clock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why, know'st thou any harm 's intended towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I 'll get me to a place more void and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*
Por. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me. Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.

A crowd of people; among them Artemidorus and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, and others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine 's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last served.
Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Cæsar goes up to the Senate-house, the rest following.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well.
[*Advances to Cæsar.*
Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

Cas. Casca,
Be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd: press near and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart:— [*Kneeling.*

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools, I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks;
They are all fire and every one doth shine;
But there 's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?
Casca. Speak, hands, for me!
[*Casca first, then the other Conspirators and Marcus Brutus stab Cæsar.*
Cæs. Et tu, Brute? Then fall, Cæsar! [*Dies.*
Cin. Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.
Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out
'Liberty, freedom and enfranchisement!'
Bru. People, and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.
Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
Dec. And Cassius too.
Bru. Where 's Publius?
Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—
Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.
Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people
Rushing on us should do your age some mischief.
Bru. Do so: and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is Antony?
Tre. Fled to his house amazed:
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.
Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,

And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let 's all cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty!'

Cas. Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal and loving:

Say I love Brutus and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I 'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much, and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;

Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, bra
hart;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer strucken by many princes
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That 's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to Bru.*] You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon:
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,

But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do 't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?
Serv. I do, Mark Antony.
Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.
Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Cæsar! [*Seeing the body.*
Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?
Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.
Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*

Scene II.

The Forum.

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.
Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens.*
Brutus goes into the pulpit.

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that

would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Antony and others, with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Cit. We 'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We 'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake I am beholding to you.
[*Goes into the pulpit.*

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Cit. Nay, that 's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgement: thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Cit. There 's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here 's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We 'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Cit. Read the will; we 'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back. Room! Bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:

Marc Anthony's Funeral Oration

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him.
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!

Third Cit. O woful day!

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!

First Cit. O most bloody sight!

Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!
Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Sec. Cit. We 'll hear him, we 'll follow him, we 'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show your sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We 'll mutiny.

First Cit. We 'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.
All. Most true: the will! Let 's stay and hear the will.
Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar! we 'll revenge his death.
Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!
Ant. Hear me with patience.
All. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?
First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away!
We 'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.
Third Cit. Pluck down benches.
Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.
[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*
Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!
Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is he?
Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.
Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A street.

Enter Cinna the poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?
Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?
Third Cit. Where do you dwell?
Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?
Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.
First Cit. Ay, and briefly.
Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.
Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.
Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.
Sec. Cit. That 's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you 'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.
First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?
Cin. As a friend.
Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.
Fourth Cit. For your dwelling, briefly.
Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.
Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.
Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.
First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.
Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.
Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.
Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.
Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.
Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go! [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A house in Rome.

Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, seated at a table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.
Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?
Lep. I do consent—
Oct. Prick him down, Antony.
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will:
But he 's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;

A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abjects, orts and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and Soldiers; Titinius and Pindarus meet them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone: but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius,
How he received you: let me be resolved.
Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.
Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests and like deceitful jades
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*Low march within.*
Bru. Hark! he is arrived:
March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius and his powers

Cas. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
First Sol. Stand!
Sec. Sol. Stand!
Third Sol. Stand!
Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Brutus's tent.

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,

To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me;
I 'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I 'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not!
Bru. No.
Cas. What, durst not tempt him!
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;

Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him.

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What 's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,

He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
Poet. [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet
They be alone.
Lucil. [*Within*] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucius.

Cas. How now! What 's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean? 130
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be:
For I have seen more years, I 'm sure, than ye.
Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Bru. I 'll know his humour when he knows his time:
What should the wards do with these jigging fools?
Companion, hence!
Cas. Away, away, be gone! [*Exit Poet.*
Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night. 140
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*
Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine! [*Exit Lucius.*
Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better: Portia is dead.
Cas. Ha! Portia!
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so? 150

O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong: for with her death
That tidings came: with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter Lucius, with wine and taper.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Bru. Come in, Titinius! [*Exit Lucius.*

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Welcome, good Messala.
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry

Octavius, Antony and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one!
Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we lying still

Are full of rest, defence and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection,
For they have grudged us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We 'll along ourselves and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.

Bru. Lucius! [*Re-enter Lucius.*] My gown. [*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell, good Messala:
Good night, Titinius: noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.
Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.
Bru. Every thing is well.
Cas. Good night, my lord.
Bru. Good night, good brother.
Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.
Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Luc. Here in the tent.
Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily? 240
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.
Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs; 250
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
[*Var. and Clau. lie down.*

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*
This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I 'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
[*Sits down.*

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.
Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Bru. Why comest thou?
Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.
Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.
[*Exit Ghost.*
Now I have taken heart thou vanishest.
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius!
Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.
Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake!
Luc. My lord?
Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?
Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing, my lord.
Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius!
[*To Var.*] Fellow thou, awake!
Var. My lord?
Clau. My lord?
Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?
Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?
Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord.
Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

The plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying 'Long live! hail, Cæsar!'

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O, you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,

If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged, or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away!
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth;
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field:
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.*

Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the haard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

Lucil. [*Standing forth*] My lord?

[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*

Cas. Messala!

Mes. [*Standing forth*] What says my general?

Cas. Messala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our foreign ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death

Which he did give himself: I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life: arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever and for ever farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we 'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The field of battle.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side: [*Loud alarum.*

Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou notest about the field.
[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*
This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [*Above*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin.]*Above*] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.
He 's ta'en. [*Shout*] And, hark! they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down; behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Pindarus descends.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*] Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Titinius with Messala.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report

Into his ears: I may say 'thrusting' it,
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.
[*Exit Messala.*
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.
[*Kills himself.*

Alarum. Re-enter Messala, with Brutus, Young Cato, and others.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*

Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe moe tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come therefore, and to Thasos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come,
And come, young Cato: let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then Brutus, young Cato, Lucilius, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus! [*Exit.*

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die:
[*Offering money*] There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
First Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner!
Sec. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
First Sold. I 'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
Ant. This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead,
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanced. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another part of the field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.
[*Whispering.*
Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
Bru. Peace then, no words.
Cli. I 'll rather kill myself.
Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispering.*
Dar. Shall I do such a deed?
Cli. O Dardanius!
Dar. O Clitus! 10
Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.
Vol. What says my lord?
Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.
Vol. Not so, my lord. 20
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.
Vol. That 's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly!'*

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence! I will follow.
[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some snatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his sword.*] Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, and the army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.
Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.
Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.
Oct. Do so, good Messala.
Mes. How died my master, Strato?
Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a man!'
Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to rest, and let 's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Abide, answer for, suffer for; III. i. 94; III. ii. 119.
Abjects, things cast away; IV. i. 37.
About, go about; I. i. 73.
——! set to work; III. ii. 208.
Abroad, about in; III ii. 256.
Across, crossed, folded; II. i. 240.
Address'd, ready; III. i. 29.
Advantage, profit us; III. i. 242.
After, afterwards; I. ii. 76.
Against, over against, near; I. iii. 20.
All over, one after the other; II. i. 112.
Alone, only; IV. iii. 94.
An, if; I. ii. 267.
Anchises, the father of Æneas; when Troy was sacked he bore him on his shoulders from the burning town; I. ii. 114.
Angel, darling, favourite, (?) guardian angel; III. ii. 185.
Annoy, injure, harm; II. i. 160.
Answer, be ready for combat; V. i. 24.
Answer'd, paid for, atoned for; III. ii. 85.
Answered, faced; IV. i. 47.
Apace, quickly; V. iii. 87.
Apparent, manifest; II. i. 198.
Appoint, settle upon; IV. i. 30.
Apprehensive, endowed with intelligence; III. i. 67.
Apt, suitable, likely; II. ii. 97.
——, ready, fit; III. i. 160.
——, impressionable; V. iii. 68.
Arrive, reach; I. ii. 110.
Astonish, stun with terror; I. iii. 56.
Ate, the goddess of Mischief and Revenge; III. i. 271.
At hand, in hand; IV. ii. 23.
Aught, anything; I. ii. 85.
Augurers, professional interpreters of omens (originally, diviners by the flight and cries of birds); II. i. 200.

Bait, hunt, chase (Theobald, (" *bay* "); IV. iii. 28.
Bang, blow; III. iii. 18.
Barren-spirited, dull; IV. i. 36.
Base, low; II. i. 26.
Bastardy, act of baseness; II. i. 138.
Battles, forces; V. i. 4.
Bay, bark at; IV. iii. 27.
Bay'd, driven to bay (a term of the chase); III. i. 204.
Bear a hand over, hold in check (as a rider); I. ii. 35.
Bear hard, bear ill-will against; I. ii. 316; II. i. 215.
Bear me, bear from me, receive from me; III. iii. 18.

Bears (betrayed) with glasses; alluding to the stories that bears were surprised by means of mirrors, which they would gaze into, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking a surer aim; II. i. 205. See Notes.

Beat, beaten; V. v. 23.

Behaviours, conduct; I. ii. 41.

Beholding, beholden; III. ii. 70.

Belike, perhaps; III. ii. 275.

Bend, look; I. ii. 123.

Bending, directing, pressing on; IV. iii. 170.

Best; "you were b.," it were best for you; III. iii. 13.

Bestow, spend; V. v. 61.

Betimes, in good time, early; II. i. 116.

Bills, billets, written documents; V. ii. 1.

Bird of night, i.e. the owl; I. iii. 26.

Blood; "Pompey's b." (probably) offspring; Gnæus, Pompey's son, had been killed at Munda, and Cæsar's triumph was in honour of the victory; I. i. 55.

Bloods; "young b.," young people; IV. iii. 262.

Bondman, used with a play upon "bond," *i.e.* document ("to cancel a bond"); I. iii. 101.

Bones, body, corpse; V. v. 78.

Bootless, without avail, to no purpose; III. i. 75.

Bosoms; "in their b.," in their confidence; V. i. 7.

Break with, broach the subject to; II. i. 150.

Bring, take; III. ii. 276.

Brother, i.e. brother-in-law (Cassius having married a sister of Brutus); II. i. 70.

Brought, accompanied; I. iii. 1.

Brutus; "old B.," *i.e.* Lucius Junius Brutus, who expelled the Tarquins; I. iii. 146 (*cp.* I. ii. 159).

——; "Decius B.," *i.e.* Decimus B. (the error being due to a misprint in Amyot's French translation of Plutarch, copied by North, and hence in Shakespeare); Decimus B. was placed next after Octavius in Cæsar's will; he had served under Cæsar in Gaul, and was made governor of Cisalpine Gaul; I. iii. 148.

Budge, give way; IV. iii. 44.

Bustling rumour, noise of tumult; II. iv. 18.

By, near, close to; III. i. 162.

Calculate, speculate upon future events; I. iii. 65.

Calpurnia, Cæsar's fourth wife (Folio 1, "*Calphurnia*"); I. ii. 1.

Carrions, worthless beings (a term of contempt); II. i. 130.

Casca, I. ii. *passim* (*cp.* the accompanying coin issued by Brutus, the reverse of which commemorates his fellow-conspirator).

Cast; "c. yourself in wonder," *i.e.* throw yourself into wonder; (?) "dress hastily"; (Jervis conj. "*Case*," *i.e.* "encase, clothe yourself"); I. iii. 60.

Cautelous, crafty; II. i. 129.

Censure, judge; III. ii. 16.

Ceremonies, festal ornaments; I. i. 69.

——, religious observances; II. i. 197.

——, omens; II. ii. 13.

Chafing with, fretting against; I. ii. 101.

Chance, happen; II. iv. 31.

Chanced, happened; I. ii. 216.

Change, exchange; V. iii. 51.

——; "in his own c.," by some change of disposition towards me (Warburton, "*charge*"); IV. ii. 7.

——, change countenance; III. i. 24.

Charactery, writing; II. i. 308.

Charge, burden, weigh upon; III. iii. 2.

Charges, troops; IV. ii. 48.

Charm, conjure; II. i. 271.

Check'd, reproved; IV. iii. 97.

Chew upon, ponder; I. ii. 171.

Choler, anger; IV. iii. 39.

Chopped, chapped (Folios, "*chopt*"; Knight, "*chapped*"); I. ii. 245.

Chose, chosen; II. i. 314.

Clean, entirely; I. iii. 35.

Climate, region; I. iii. 32.

Close, hidden; I. iii. 131.

——, come to terms; III. i. 202.

Closet, room; III. ii. 134.

Cobbler, botcher (used quibblingly); I. i. 11.

Cognizance, badges of honours; II. ii. 89.

Colossus, a gigantic statue said to have stood astride at the entrance of the harbour at Rhodes; I. ii. 136.

Colour, pretext; II. i. 29.

Come by, get possession; II. i. 259.

Companion, fellow (used contemptuously); IV. iii. 138.

Compare, let us compare, we will compare; III. ii. 9.

Compass, circle, course; V. iii. 25.

Complexion, appearance; I. iii. 128.

Conceit, think of; III. i. 192.

Conceited, conceived; I. iii. 162.

Conceptions, ideas; I. ii. 41.

Concluded, decided; II. ii. 93.

Condition, disposition; II. i. 254.

Confines, boundaries; III. i. 272.

Conn'd by rote, learned by heart; IV. iii. 98.

Consorted, escorted; accompanied; V. i. 83.

Constancy, firmness; II. iv. 6.

Constant, firm; III. i. 22.

Constantly, firmly; V. i. 92.

Construe, explain; II. i. 307.

Content, easy; I. iii. 142.

Content, calm; IV. ii. 41.
——, glad; V. i. 8.
Contrive, conspire, plot; II. iii. 16.
Contriver, schemer, plotter; II. i. 158.
Controversy; "hearts of c.," spirits eager for resistance; I. ii. 109.
Corse, corpse; III. i. 199.
Couchings, stoopings; III. i. 36.
Counters, round pieces of metal used in calculations; IV. iii. 80.
Course; "run his c.," alluding to the course of the Luperci round the city wall; "that day there are diverse noble men's sons, young men, and some of them magistrates themselves, that govern them, which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leathern thongs" (made of the skins of goats which had been sacrificed)—*North's Plutarch*; I. ii. 4.
Courtesies, bowings, bendings of the knee; III. i. 36.
Cross lightning, forked lightning; I. iii. 50.
Cull out, pick out; I. i. 53.
Cynic, rude man; IV. iii. 133.

Damn, condemn; IV. i. 6.
Dearer, more bitterly, more intensely; III. i. 196.
Degrees, steps; II. i. 26.
Deliver, relate to; III. i. 181.
Dint, impression; III. ii. 198.
Directly, plainly; I. i. 12; III. iii. 10.
——, straight; I. ii. 3; IV. i. 32.
Discomfort, discourage; V. iii. 106.
Discover, show; I. ii. 69.
Dishonour, insult; IV. iii. 109.
Disrobe, strip of their decorations; I. i. 68.
Distract, distracted; IV. iii. 155.
Doublet, the inner garment of a man; I. ii. 267.
Doubted, suspected; IV. ii. 13.
Drachma, a Greek coin, strictly about half of the Roman denarius, but Plutarch's "drachmas" were probably equivalent to denarii, and were about 9½d. in value; III. ii. 247.
Drawn, assembled; I. iii. 22.

Element, sky; I. iii. 128.
Elephants betrayed with holes; "elephants were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them were exposed"; II. i. 205.
Emulation, jealousy, envy; II. iii. 14.
Enforced, exaggerated; III. ii. 43.
——, struck hard; IV. iii. 112.
Enfranchisement, liberty, freedom; III. i. 57.
Enlarge, give vent to; IV. ii. 46.
Enrolled, recorded; III. ii. 41.
Ensign, standard; V. i. 80. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a coin of Augustus representing the ensigns of the 20th Legion, the central eagle being the Imperial standard.

Ensign, standard-bearer (and by implication, standard; hence "it," line 4); V. iii. 3.
Entertain, take into service; V. v. 60.
Envious, spiteful, malicious; II. i. 178; III. ii. 179.
Envy, hatred, malice; II. i. 164.
Epicurus; "I held E. strong," *i.e.* I followed the Epicurean school, which held that the gods scarcely troubled themselves with human affairs; hence the Epicureans regarded the belief in omens as mere superstition; V. iii. 77.
Erebus, the region of utter darkness; between Earth and Hades; II. i. 84.
Eternal, infernal, damned (used to express extreme abhorrence); I. ii. 160.
Even; "e. field," i.e. level ground; V. i. 17.
——, pure, unblemished; II. i. 133.
Ever, always; V. iii. 21.
Evils, evil things; II. i. 79.
Exhalations, meteors; II. i. 44.
Exigent, exigency, crisis; V. i. 19.
Exorcist, one who raises spirits; II. i. 323.
Expedition, march; IV. iii. 170.
Extenuated, undervalued, detracted from; III. ii. 42.
Extremities, extremes; II. i. 31.

Face, boldness; V. i. 10.
——; "f. of men," sense of danger depicted on men's faces; II. i. 114.
Faction, body of conspirators; II. i. 77.
Factious, active; I. iii. 118.
Fain, gladly; I. ii. 239.
Fall, happen; III. i. 243; V. i. 105.
——, let fall; IV. ii. 26.
Falling sickness, epilepsy; I. ii. 255.
Falls, turns out, is; III. i. 146.
Famed with, made famous by; I. ii. 153.
Familiar instances, marks of familiarity; IV. ii. 16.
Fantasies, imaginings; II. i. 231.
Fashion, shape, form; II. i. 30.
——, way, manner (trisyllabic); IV. iii. 135.
——; "begin his f.," begin to be fashionable with him; IV. i. 39.
——, work upon, shape; II. i. 220.
Favour, appearance; I. ii. 91.
——, countenance; II. i 76.
Favour's, appearance is; I. iii. 129.

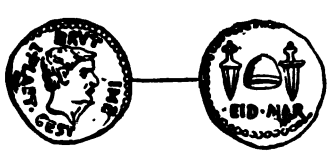
Fear, cause of fear; II. i. 190.
Fearful bravery, terrible display, gallant show of courage; V. i. 10.
Fell, fierce; III. i. 269.
Fellow, equal; III. i. 62.
Ferpet, red as the eyes of a ferret; I. ii. 186.
Field, army; V. v. 80.
Figures, "idle fancies" (Craik); II. i. 231.
First decree, what has been decreed at first (Craik conj. "*fix'd d.*"; S. Walker conj. "*firmd*"); III. i. 38.
Fleering, grinning; I. iii. 117.
Flood, ocean; I. ii. 103.
Flourish'd, triumphed; III. ii. 196.
Fond, foolish; III. i. 39.
For, as for; II. i. 181.
Force; "of f.," of necessity; IV. iii. 203.
Form, manner of behaving; I. ii. 302.
Formal constancy, proper composure; II. i. 227.
Former, foremost; V. i. 80.
Forth, to go out; I. ii. 292.
Forth of, out of; III. iii. 3.
Freedom of repeal, free recall; III. i. 54.
Fresh, freshly; II. i. 224.
Fret, variegate (as with a kind of fretwork pattern); II. i. 104.
——, be vexed; IV. iii. 42.
Frighted, afraid; IV. iii. 40.
From, contrary to; I. iii. 35.
——, away from; I. iii. 64; III. ii. 169; IV. ii. 49.
——, differently to; II. i. 196.
Funeral, funeral ceremonies; III. i. 230.

Gait, manner of walking; I. iii. 132.
Gamesome, fond of games; I. ii. 28.
General, general public; II. i. 12.
General; "in a g. honest thought," in the general honesty of his motives; V. v. 71.
General coffers, public treasury; III. ii. 94.
General good, public good, welfare of the people; I. ii. 85.
Genius, the rational spirit temporarily lodged within the body, directing for good or bad the bodily faculties; II. i. 66.
Give guess, guess; II. i. 3.
Give place, make way; III. i. 10.
——, give way; IV. iii. 146.
Gives way, leaves open the way; II. iii. 8.
Glanced, hinted; I. ii. 323.
Glazed, glared (Folios, "*glas'd*"; changed by editors to "*glared*" or "*gazed*," but the word was perhaps coined by Shakespeare to express a *glazed* or *glassy* stare); I. iii. 21.
Goes up, is sheathed; V. i. 52.
Good cheer, be of good cheer; III. i. 89.
Gorging, feeding, glutting; V. i. 82.
Go to, exclamation of impatience; IV. iii. 32.

Grace, honour, respect; III. ii. 62.
Gracious, holy; III. ii. 198.
Greek; "it was Greek to me," it was unintelligible to me; I. ii. 286.
Griefs, grievances; I. iii. 118; III. ii. 217.
Growing on, encroaching on; II. i. 107.

Hand; "my h.," there is my hand upon it; I. iii. 117.
Handiwork, work; I. i. 30.
Hands, handwritings; I. ii. 319.
Have aim, make a guess at; I. ii. 163.
Have mind, regard, look to; IV. iii. 36.
Havoc; "cry 'Havoc,'" in olden times the cry that no quarter was to be given; III. i. 273.
Head; "make h.," raise an armed troop; IV. i. 42.
Health, safety; IV. iii. 36.
Heavy, depressed; II. i. 275.
Hedge in, put under restraint; IV. iii. 30.
Hence, go hence; II. i. 117.
Hie, hasten; I. iii. 150.
High-sighted, soaring high, (?) supercilious; II. i. 118.
Hilts, applied to a single weapon; V. iii. 43.
Him, himself; I. iii. 156.
——; "by h.," *i.e.* by his house; II. i. 218.
His, its; I. ii. 124; II. i. 251; IV. iii. 8.
Hold, consider, look upon; I. ii. 78.
Hold, keep, detain; I. ii. 83; II. i. 201.
Holds on his rank, stands firm, continues to hold his place; III. i. 69.
Honey-heavy; "h. dew," heavy with honey (with perhaps a reference to the belief that dew was honey-laden; hence the honey-flowers); II. i. 230.
Honourable, honourably; V. i. 60.
Hooted, shouted with wonder (Johnson's emendation; Folios 1, 2, 3, "*howted*"; Folio 4, "*houted*"; Hanmer, "*shouted*"); I. ii. 244.
Hooting, crying; I. iii. 28.
Horse, cavalry; IV. ii. 29.
However, although; I. ii. 302.
Humour, distemper, caprice; II. i. 250.
——, distempered humour, passing caprice; IV. iii. 109.
Humours, damp airs; II. i. 262.
Hurtled, clashed; II. ii. 22.
Hybla, a town in Sicily famous for its honey; V. i. 34.

Ides of March, i.e. fifteenth of March; I. ii. 18. (*Cp.* the coin of Brutus, *reverse* Eid. Mar.).



Idle bed, bed of idleness; II. i. 117.

Illuminate, illumine; I. iii. 110.
Images, statues of Cæsar; I. i. 69.
In, on; IV. i. *27.*
——, into; V. iii. 96.
Incertain, uncertain; V. i. 96.
Incorporate, closely united; I. iii. 135.
Indifferently, impartially; I. ii. 87.
Indirection, dishonest practice; IV. iii. 75.
Insuppressive, not to be suppressed; II. i. 134.
Intermit, delay; I. i. 59.

Jade, a term of contempt for a worthless horse; IV. ii. *26.*
Jealous on, suspicious about; I. ii. 71.
Jigging, rhyming; IV. iii. 137.
Joy, rejoice; V. v. 34.

Kerchief, a covering for the head (a sign of illness); II. i. 315.
Kind, nature; I. iii. 64.
——, species; II. i. 33.
Knave, boy; IV. iii. 241

Labour'd; "but l.," laboured but; V. v. 42.
Labouring; "a l. day," *i.e.* a working day; I. i. 4.
Laugher, jester (Folios, "*Laughter*" ?=object of laughter); I. ii. 72.
Lay off, take away from; I. ii. 242.
Left, left off; IV. iii. 274.
Legions, bodies of infantry; IV. iii. 76.
Lend me your hand, help me; III. i. 297.
Let blood, used equivocally with a play upon the surgical operation of "blood-letting"; III. i. 152.
Lethe, death; perhaps a technical term for the deer's life-blood (Folio 1, "*Lethee*"; *cp.* lethal, L. *lethalis* or *letalis,* from *letum,* death); III. i. 206.
Liable, subject; II. ii. 104.
Lief; "had as l.," would as willingly, gladly (with a play upon "*live*"); I. ii. 95.
Lies, halts; III. i. 286.
Light, alight; V. iii. 31.
Light on, come down on; I. i. 59.
Like; "every l. is not the same," *i.e.* to be like a thing is not to be that same thing; II. ii. 127.
Like, same; IV. ii. 50.
——, likely; I. ii. 175.
Listen, listen to; IV. i. 41.
Live, if I live; III. i. 159.
Look, be sure, see; I. iii. 143.
Look for, expect; IV. iii. 262.
Lover, friend; II. iii. 10.
Low-crooked, lowly bendings of the knee; III. i. 43.
Lupercal; "the feast of L.," *i.e.* the Lupercalia; a feast of purification and fertilization held every year on 15th February (*v. course*); I. i. 71.
Lusty, strong; II. ii. 78.

Main, confident, firm; II. i. 196.
Make forth, go on, forward; V. i. 25.

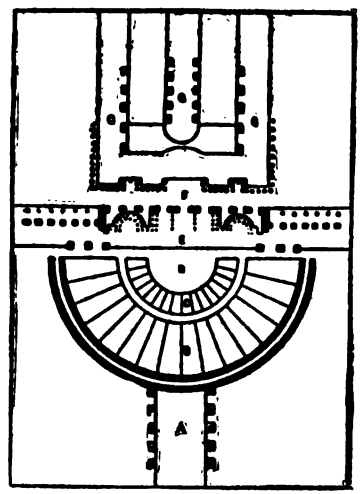
Makes to, presses towards; III. i. 18.
Make to, advance; V. iii. 29.
Mark, notice, observe; I. ii. 120.
Marr'd, disfigured; III. ii. 201.
Mart, traffic; IV. iii. 11.
May but, only may; I. iii. 144.
Me; "plucked me ope" (Ethic dative); I. ii. 266.
Mean, means; III. i. 161.
Mechanical, belonging to the working-classes, mechanics; I. i. 3.
Metal, mettle, temper (Folios, "*mettle*"); I. i. 65.
Mettle; "quick m.," full of spirit; I. ii. 300.
Mind, presentiment; III. i. 144.
Misgiving, presentiment, foreboding of ill; III. i. 145.
Mistook, mistaken; I. ii. 48.
Mock, taunt; II. ii. 96.
Modesty, moderation; III. i. 213.
Moe, more; II. i. 72.
Monstrous, unnatural; I. iii. 68, 71.
Mortal instruments, bodily powers; II. i. 66.
Mortified, deadened; II. i. 324.
Motion, impulse; II. i. 64.

Napkins, handkerchiefs; III. ii. 138.
Neats-leather, ox-hide; I. i. 29.
Nervii, a fierce Belgic tribe conquered by Cæsar at the great battle of Sambre, B.C. 57; III. ii. 177.
New-added, re-inforced; IV. iii. 209.
Nice, trivial; IV. iii. 8.
Niggard, stint, supply sparingly; IV. iii. 228.
Night-gown, dressing-gown; II. ii. (direc.).
Noted, stigmatized; IV. iii. 2.
No whit, not at all; II. i. 148.

Observe, take notice; IV. iii. 45.
Occupation; "a man of o.," a mechanic; probably used with play upon secondary meaning, "a man of business"; I. ii. 268.
O'ershot myself, gone too far, said more than I intended; III. ii. 155.
O'er-watch'd, weary, worn out with watching; IV. iii. 241.
Of, in; II. i. 157.
Offal, worthless rubbish; I. iii. 109.
Offence; "sick o.," malady which makes you sick; II. i. 268.
Offence, harm, injury; IV. iii. 201.
Officers; "by ill o.," the ill conduct of his officers (Johnson conj. "*offices*"); IV. ii. 7.
Omitted, neglected; IV. iii. 220.
Once, some time; IV. iii. 191.
Ope, open; I. ii. 266.
Opinion, reputation; II. i. 145.
Orchards, gardens; III. ii. 253.
Order, course; III. i. 230.
Orts, remnants, fragments; IV. i. 37.
Other, the other; I. ii. 229.
Out; "be not o.," do not be at odds, do not quarrel; I. i. 17.

Out; "be o.," out at heels; I. i. 18.

Palm, the prize of victory; I. ii. 131.
Palter, shuffle, equivocate; II. i. 126.
Pardon; "by your p.," by your leave; III. i. 235.
Part, divide; V. v. 81.
Pass, pass through; I. i. 47.
——, pass on; I. ii. 24.
Passion, feelings; I. ii. 48.
——, grief; III. i. 283.
Passions of some difference, conflicting emotions; I. ii. 40.
Path, walk abroad; II. i. 83.
Peevish, wayward (used contemptuously); V. i. 61.
Phantasma, vision; II. i. 65.
Philippi, in the east of Macedonia, on the borders of Thrace; V. i. 83.
Physical, healthy; II. i. 261.
Pitch, a technical term used of the highest point to which a hawk or falcon soars; I. i. 77.
Pitiful, full of pity, merciful; III. i. 169.
Pleasures, pleasaunces, pleasure grounds; III. ii. 255.
Pluck'd, pulled down; II. i. 73.
Plutus', of the god of riches (Folios, "*Pluto's*"); IV. iii. 102.
Pompey's porch (*Porticus Pompeii*), the portico of Pompey's Theatre, in the Campus Martius; it was also called *Hecatostylon,* or "Hall of the hundred columns"; I. iii. 126.
Pompey's theatre; I. iii. 152. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From Fairholt's engraving of Bellori's copy of the ground-plan, preserved in the Museum of the Capitol.

Portentous, ominous; I. iii. 31.
Posture, position, direction (Singer conj. "*puncture*"; Bulloch conj. "*portents*"; Schmidt conj. "*nature*"; Herr conj. "*powers*"); V. i. 33.
Powers, armed forces, troops; IV. i. 42; IV. iii. 307.
Prefer, present; III. i. 28.
——, recommend; V. v. 62.
Preformed, originally intended; I. iii. 67.
Pre-ordinance, what has been previously ordained; III. i. 38.

Presage, foreshow future events; V. i. 79.
Present, present time; I. iii. 165.
——, immediate; II. ii. 5.
Presently, immediately; III. i. 28.
Press, crowd, throng; I. ii. 15.
Prevail'd upon, influenced; II. i. 254.
Prevent, anticipate; II. i. 28; V. i. 105.
Prevention, detection; II. i. 85.
——, hindrance; III. i. 19.
Prick, incite; II. i. 124.
Prick'd, marked down, marked on the list; III. i. 216; IV. i. 1.
Proceeded, taken place; I. ii. 181.
——, acted; III. i. 183.
Proceeding, course of conduct; II. ii. 103.
Prodigious, portentous; I. iii. 77.
Produce, bring out; III. i. 228.
Profess myself, make professions of affection; I. ii. 77.
Proof; "common p.," common experience; II. i. 21.
Proper, handsome; I. i. 28.
——, own; V. iii. 96.
Proper to, belonging to; I. ii. 41.
Property, tool; IV. i. 40.
Protester, one who protests or professes love or friendship to another; I. ii. 74.
Public chair, the pulpit or *rostra*; III. ii. 68.
Puissant, powerful; III. i. 33.
Pulpits, rostra, platforms; III. i. 80.
Purgers, healers; I. i. 180.
Purpose; "to the p.," to hit the purpose; III. i. 146.
Put on, betray; II. i. 225.
Puts on, assumes; I. ii. 302.

Quality, natural disposition; I. iii. 64.
Question, subject; III. ii. 41.
Question; "call in q.," discuss, consider; IV. iii. 165.
Quick, lively; I. ii. 29.

Rabblement, rabble; I. ii. 244.
Raise, rouse; IV. iii. 247.
Range, roam (derived from falconry, used of hawks and falcons in search of game); II. i. 118.
Ranging, roaming; II. i. 270.
Rank, too full of blood; III. i. 152.
Rascal, worthless; IV. iii. 80.
Rears, raises; III. i. 30.
Regard, consideration; III. i. 224.
——, notice; V. iii. 21.
Regarded, respected; V. iii. 88.
Remorse, pity; II. i. 19.
Render'd, given in reply; II. ii. 97.
Repealing, recalling; III. i. 51.
Replication, echo; I. i. 50.
Resolved, satisfied; III. i. 131.
Respect; "of the best r.," held in the greatest respect; I. ii. 59.
——, take notice of; IV. iii. 69.
——; "in r. of," *i.e.* in comparison with; I. i. 10.

Rest, remain; V. i. 96.
Resting, not subject to motion; III. i. 61.
Retentive, restraining; I. iii. 95.
Rheumy, moist; II. i. 266.
Right on, straight on; III. ii. 227.
Rived, split, torn; I. iii. 6; IV. iii. 84.
Rome, used quibblingly with a play upon "room"; the pronunciation of the words was almost identical; I. ii. 156.
Round, rung; step; II. i. 24.
Rout, disorderly company, mob; I. ii. 78.
Rude, brutal; III. ii. 33.

Sad, serious; I. ii. 217.
Satisfied, given satisfaction, convinced; III. i. 141.
Save only, except; V. v. 69.
Saving, in saving; V. iii. 38.
Scandal, defame, speak ill of; I. ii. 76.
'Scaped, escaped; IV. iii. 150.
Schedule, paper written on (Folios 1, 2, "*scedule*"); III. i. 3.
Scope, full play; IV. iii. 108.
Search, pierce; V. iii. 42.
Security, over-confidence; II. iii. 8.
Sennet, a set of notes on the cornet, or trumpet; I. ii. 24-25.
Served, attended to; III. i. 8.
Set on, proceed; I. ii. 11.
——, set forward; IV. iii. 307.
Several, different; I. ii. 319.
——, special; II. i. 138.
——, separate; III. ii. 247.
Shadow, reflected image; I. ii. 58.
Shallows, sandbanks; IV. iii. 221.
Show, demonstration; I. ii. 34.
Shrewd, mischievous; II. i. 158.
Shrewdly, close enough (used with an intensive force); III. i. 146.
Sign'd, stamped, stained; III. i. 200.
Sirrah, a form of address to inferiors; IV. iii. 300.
Slaughter; "have added s.," have added another victim; V. i. 55.
Slight, worthless; IV. i. 12.
Slighted off, treated with contempt; IV. iii. 5.
Slip; "let s.," unleash; III. i. 273.
Smatch, smack, taste; V. v. 46.
So, if only; I. ii. 166.
Sober, calm; IV. ii. 40.
Softly, slowly; V. i. 16.
Soil, blemish; I. ii. 42.
Sometime, sometimes; II. i. 251.
Sooth, in sooth, in truth; II. iv. 20.
So please him, if it please him to; III. i. 140.
Sort, rank; I. i. 61.
——, way; I. ii. 205.
——; "in s.," in a manner, after a fashion; II. i. 283.
Spare, lean; I. ii. 201.
Speak to me, tell me; IV. iii. 281.
Speed, prosper; I. ii. 88.
Spleen, passion; IV. iii. 47.

Spoil; "sign'd in thy spoil," *i.e.* having the stains of thy blood as their badges; "spoil" was perhaps used in technical sense for the capture of the prey, and the division among those who have taken part in the chase; III. i. 206.

Stale, make common; I. ii. 73.

Staled, made stale or common; IV. i. 38.

Stand upon, trouble about; III. i. 100.

Stare, stand on end; IV. iii. 280.

Stars, fortunes, fates, alluding to the old belief in the *influence* of the stars under which men were born; I. ii. 140.

State, court; I. ii. 160.

——, state of things; I. iii. 71.

——, kingdom, microcosm; II. i. 67.

Statuë (trisyllabic); II. ii. 76; *"at the base of Pompey's statue"*; III. ii. 192.

Stay, wait; I. iii. 125.

——, await; V. i. 107.

Stays, detains, keeps; II. ii. 75.

Sterile curse, the curse of being barren; I. ii. 9.

Still, always; I. ii. 245.

Stir, stirring; I. iii. 127.

Stirr'd, stirring; II. ii. 110.

Stole, stolen; II. i. 238.

Stomachs, inclination; V. i. 66.

Stood on, regarded, attached any importance to; II. ii. 13.

Strain, race; V. i. 59.

Strange-disposed, strangely disposed; I. iii. 33.

Strength of malice (*v.* Note); III. i. 174.

Stricken, struck; II. i. 192.

Strucken, struck (Folio 1, *"stroken"*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *"stricken"*); III. i. 209.

Suburbs, outskirts (with probably an allusion to the fact that the suburbs in London and other cities were the general resort of disorderly persons); II. i. 285.

Success, good fortune; II. ii. 6.

——, issue; V. iii. 66.

Sudden, quick; III. i. 19.

Sufferance, patience; I. iii. 84.

——, suffering; II. i. 115.

Surest, most safely; IV. i. 47.

Surly, sullenly; I. iii. 21.

Pompey's Statue.
From a drawing by Fairholt.

Sway; "the s. of earth," equilibrium (? "the government and established order of the earth," Schmidt); I. iii. 3.
Swear, let swear; II. i. 129.
Swore, caused to take an oath; V. iii. 38.
Swound, swoon; I. ii. 252.
Swounded, swooned (Folios, "*swoonded*"); I. ii. 249.

Tag-rag people, the common people, rabble; I. ii. 259.
Take thought, give way to melancholy; II. i. 187.
Tardy, slow, laggard; I. ii. 302.
Taste, sort, way; IV. i. 34.
Temper, constitution; I. ii. 129.
Tenour, contents; IV. iii. 171.
Tent; IV. iii. 246. (The annexed examples of Roman tents of the time of Julius Cæsar are from ancient basreliefs at Rome.)

Thasos, an Island in the Ægean, off the coast of Thrace (Folios, "*Tharsus*"); V. iii. 104.
That, suppose that done; II. i. 15.
Then, in that case; V. i. 100.
These and these, such and such; II. i. 31.
Thews, muscles, strength; I. iii. 81.
Thick, dim, short-sighted; V. iii. 21.
This; "by this," *i.e.* by this time, now; I. iii. 125.
Threat, threaten; V. i. 38.
Thunder-stone, thunderbolt; I. iii. 46.
Tiber banks, the banks of the Tiber; I. i. 62.
Tide of times, course of times; III. i. 257.
Time of life, full period of life; V. i. 106.
Time's abuse, abuses of the time; II. i. 115.
Tinctures, memorial bloodstains; II. ii. 89.
'Tis just, just so, exactly; I. ii. 54.
To friend, for our friend, as our friend; III. i. 143.
Toils, snares, nets; II. i. 206.
To-night, last night; II. ii. 76.
Took, taken; II. i. 50.
Trash, rubbish, worthless stuff; I. iii. 108.
Trophies, tokens of victory; I. i. 73.
True, honest; I. ii. 262.
Turn him going, send him off; III. iii. 38.

Unbraced, unbuttoned; I. iii. 48; II. i. 262.
Undergo, undertake; I. iii. 123.
Underlings, serfs, mean fellows; I. ii. 141.

Unfirm, not fixed, not firm; I. iii. 4.
Ungently, unkindly; II. i. 237.
Unicorns; "u. may be betrayed with trees"; alluding to the belief that unicorns were captured by the huntsman standing against a tree, and stepping aside when the animal charged; its horn spent its force on the trunk and stuck fast; II. i. 204.
Unluckily, foreshowing misfortune ominously; III. iii. 2.
Unmeritable, undeserving; IV. i. 12.
Unpurged; "u. air," *i.e.* unpurged by the sun; II. i. 266.
Unshaked of; "u. o. motion," *i.e.* undisturbed by any motion; III. i. 70.
Untrod; "this u. state," *i.e.* this new state of affairs; III. i. 136.
Upmost, uppermost, topmost; II. i. 24.
Upon; "u. a heap," in a heap, crowded all together; I. iii. 23.
——, in intruding upon; II. i. 86.
——, conditionally upon; III. i. 221.
——; "u. a wish," as soon as wished for; III. ii. 271.
——, in consequence of, from; IV. iii. 152.
Use, custom; II. ii. 25.
——; "did u.," were accustomed; I. ii. 72.
Vaunting, boasting; IV. iii. 52.
Ventures, what we have ventured, risked; IV. iii. 224.
Vesture, garment; III. ii. 200.
Voice, vote; III. i. 177.
Void, open; II. iv. 36.
Vouchsafe, vouchsafe to accept; II. i. 313.
Vulgar, common herd, common people; I. i. 74.

Wafture, waving; II. i. 246.
Warn, summon; V. i. 5.
Waspish, petulant; IV. iii. 50.
Weep, shed; I. i. 62.
Weighing, taking into consideration; II. i. 108.
Well, in a friendly way; IV. ii. 6.
Well given, well disposed; I. ii. 197.
What; "what night," *i.e.* what a night; I. iii. 42.
——!, an exclamation of impatience; II. i. 1.
When, an exclamation of impatience; II. i. 5.
Where, when; I. ii. 59.
Whet, instigate; II. i. 61.
Whether (monosyllabic; Folios, "*where*"); I. i. 65.
Who, the man who; I. iii. 120.
——, which; V. i. 83.
Whole, well, healthy; II. i. 327.
Wind, turn, wheel; IV. i. 32.
Wit, intelligence (so Folio 2; Folio 1, "*writ*"); III. ii. 225.
With, by; I. iii. 83; III. i. 42; III. ii. 201.

With a thought, quick as thought; V. iii. 19.

From a brass coin of Augustus, struck for use in Cæsarea Augusti, a city of Phœnicia.

Wives, women; III. i. 97.
Woe the while! alas the time!; I. iii. 82.
Word; "at a w.," at his word; I. ii. 269.
World, condition of affairs; I. ii. 310.
Worthless, unworthy; V. i. 61.
Wreath of victory; V. iii. 82. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Yearns, grieves (Folios 1, 2, 3, *"earnes"*; Folio 4, *"earns"*); II. ii. 128.
Yet, still; II. i. 245.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 25. '*with awl. I*'; Folios, '*withal I*'; the correction was made by Farmer.

I. ii. 19. The line is evidently to be read thus:—

"A soothsay'r bids you 'ware the ides of March."

I. ii. 79, 80. '*I do fear the people choose Cæsar for their king.*' (*Cp.* the annexed copy of a silver denarius struck when Cæsar assumed the title of Perpetual Dictator.)

I. ii. 155. '*walls*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*walkes.*'

I. ii. 255. ''*Tis very like: he hath*'; Theobald's emendation; Folios, ''*Tis very like he hath.*'

I. ii. 318. '*He should not humour me*'; *i.e.* 'he (Brutus) should not influence me, as I have been influencing him'; others take 'he' to refer to Cæsar, and Johnson explains the passage as follows:—"Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his (Cæsar's love) should not humour me, so as to make me forget my principles."

I. iii. 30. '*These are their reasons*'; Jervis conj. '*These have their seasons*'; Collier MS., '*These are the seasons.*'

I. iii. 65. '*Why old men fool and*'; Mitford conj.; Folios, '*Why old men, Fools, and*'; Blackstone conj. '*Why old men fools, and.*'

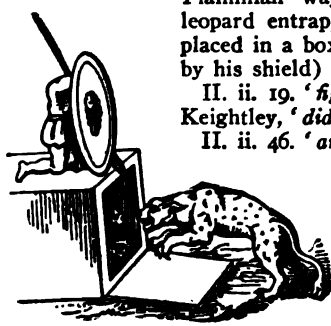
I. iii. 129. '*In favour's like*'; Johnson reads '*In favour's, like*'; Folios 1, 2, '*Is Fauors, like*'; Folios 3, 4, '*Is Favours, like*'; Rowe, '*Is feav'rous, like*'; Capell, '*Is favour'd like*'; etc., etc.

II. i. 40. '*the ides of March*'; Theobald's correction of Folios '*the first of March.*'

II. i. 83. '*For if thou path, thy native semblance on*'; s Folio 2; Folios 1, 3, 4, '*For if thou path thy . . .*'; Pope, '*Fo:*

if thou march, thy . . .'; Singer *conj.* '*For if thou put'st thy . . .*,' etc.; but there is no need to improve on the reading of Folio 2.

II. i. 204, 5. '*unicorns may be betray'd with trees and bears with glasses . . .*'" The passage receives a curious illustration from a painting in the sepulchre of the Nasonian family on the Flaminian way near Rome. It represents a leopard entrapped by its reflection in a mirror placed in a box upon which the hunter (hidden by his shield) stands with his spear."



II. ii. 19. '*fight*'; so Folios; Dyce, '*fought*'; Keightley, '*did fight.*'

II. ii. 46. '*are*'; Upton conj.; Folios 1, 2, '*heare*'; Folios 3, 4, '*hear*'; Rowe, '*heard*'; Theobald, '*were.*'

III. i. 39. '*law of children*'; Johnson's emendation of Folios, '*lane of children*'; Steevens conj. '*line of c.*'; Mason conj. '*play of c.*' Mr. Fleay approves of the Folio reading, and explains '*lane*' in the sense of 'narrow conceits'; he compares the following lines from Jonson's *Staple of News*:—

> "*A narrow-minded man! my thoughts do dwell*
> *All in a lane.*"

III. i. 47, 48. '*Know, Cæsar, doth not wrong, nor without cause Will he be satisfied*'; there is an interesting piece of literary history connected with these lines. In Ben Jonson's *Sylva* or *Discoveries* occurs the famous criticism on Shakespeare, where Jonson, after speaking of his love for Shakespeare on this side of idolatry, expresses a wish "that he had blotted more." "His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, '*Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause,*' and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned." Again in his *Staple of News* (acted 1625), a character says, "Cry you mercy, *you never did wrong, but with just cause.*" From these refer-

ences it is inferred that in its original form the passage stood thus:—

"METELLUS. *Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.*
CÆSAR. *Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, but with just cause,*
Nor without cause will he be satisfied."

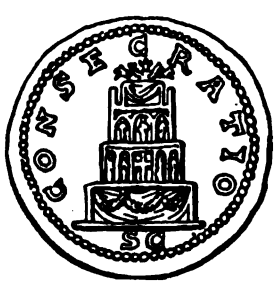
It is impossible to determine whether Jonson misquoted, or whether (as seems more likely) his criticism effected its purpose, and the lines were changed by Shakespeare, or by his editors.

III. i. 77. *'Et tu, Brute'*; according to Plutarch, Cæsar called out in Latin to Casca, *'O vile traitor, Casca, what doest thou?'* Suetonius, however, states that Cæsar addressed Brutus in Greek:—"*καὶ σὺ τέκνον*," *i.e. 'and thou, too, my son,'* The words *'Et tu, Brute,'* proverbial in Elizabethan times, must have been derived from the Greek; they are found in at least three works published earlier than *Julius Cæsar*:—(i) Eedes' Latin play, *Cæsaris interfecti*, 1582; (ii) *The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of York*, 1595; (iii) *Acolastus, his Afterwitte*, 1600. In Cæsar's Legend, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587, these lines occur:—

"*O this, quoth I, is violence: then Cassius pierced my breast;*
And Brutus thou, my son, quoth I, whom erst I loved best."

III. i. 105-110. These lines are given to Casca by Pope.

III. i. 174. *'in strength of malice'*; so Folios; Pope, *'exempt from malice'*; Capell, *'no strength of malice'*; Seymour, *'reproof of malice'*; Collier MS., adopted by Craik, *'in strength of welcome'*; Badham conj. *'unstring their malice,'* etc. If any emendation is necessary, Capell's suggestion commends itself most; but *'in strength of malice'* may mean 'in the intensity of their hatred to Cæsar's tyranny,' and this, as Grant White points out, suits the context.



III. i. 262. *'limbs of men'*; so Folios; Hanmer, *'kind of men'*; Johnson conj. *'lives of'* or *'lymmes of men'*; Jackson, *'imps of men'*; Collier MS., adopted by Craik, *'loins of men'*; Bulloch, *'limbs of Rome,'* etc.

III. ii. 254. *'On this side Tiber'*; Theobald proposed *'that'* for *'this.'* Cæsar's gardens were on the left bank of the river. Shakespeare

followed North's *Plutarch*, and North merely translated the words in Amyot.

III. ii. 259. '*We'll burn his body in the holy place.*' *Cp.* the illustration on page 133, from a brass coin struck in honour of M. Aurelius after his death in 180 A.D., exhibiting on the reverse the funeral pile of four stories high used at his consecration.

IV. i. 37. '*abjects, orts*'; Staunton's reading; Theobald, '*abject orts*'; Folios, '*Obiects, Arts*'; Becket conj. '*abject arts*'; Gould conj. '*objects, orts.*'

IV. i. 44. '*our means stretch'd*'; Folio 1, '*our meanes stretcht*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*and our best meanes stretcht out*'; Johnson, '*our best means stretcht*'; Malone, '*our means stretch'd to the utmost.*'

IV. ii. 50, 52. Craik's suggestion that '*Lucilius*' and '*Lucius*' have been transposed in these lines has been accepted by many editors. The Cambridge editors are of opinion that the error is due to the author and not to a transcriber, and have, therefore, not tampered with the text.

IV. iii. 129. *Cp.* "This Phaonius . . . came into the chamber, and with a certain scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old Nestor said in Homer":—

> "*My lords I pray you hearken both to me,*
> *For I have seen more years than suchie three.*"
> (North's *Plutarch*).

IV. iii. 133. '*vilely*'; so Folio 4; Folios 1, 2, '*vildely*'; Folio 3, '*vildly.*'

V. i. 20. '*I will do so,*' *i.e.* 'I will do as you wish, and keep on the left'; according to some editors, the words may mean 'I will not wrangle, but will have my way.'

V. i. 53. '*three and thirty*'; Theobald, '*three and twenty*' (the number given in *Plutarch*).

V. iii. 99. '*The last*'; Rowe unnecessarily suggested, '*Thou last*'; but *cp.* North's *Plutarch*, "he (Brutus) lamented the death of Cassius, calling him *the last* of all the Romans."

V. v. 33. '*Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*Farewell to thee, to Strato, Countrymen.*'

V. v. 71. '*in a general honest thought And*'; Collier MS., adopted by Craik, reads '*in a generous honest thought Of.*'

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

35. *his triumph*:—Cæsar's fifth and last triumph. He had returned a few months before from Spain, having there defeated Pompey's sons at the battle of Munda, which was fought March 17, B.C. 45.

36 *et seq.* "It is evident from the opening scene," says Campbell, "that Shakespeare, even in dealing with classical subjects, laughed at the classic fear of putting the ludicrous and sublime into juxtaposition. After the low and farcical jests of the saucy cobbler, the eloquence of Marullus 'springs upwards like a pyramid of fire.'"

49. The Tiber being always personified as a god, the feminine gender is here, strictly speaking, improper. Milton says: "The river of bliss rolls o'er Elysian flowers *her* amber streams." But he is speaking of the water, and not of its presiding power or genius. Malone observes that Drayton describes the presiding powers of the rivers of England as females; Spenser more classically represents them as males. Old English usage is not uniform.

73. *Cæsar's trophies*:—A passage in the next Scene (lines 287-289) shows what these *trophies* were. Casca there informs Cassius that *Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence.*

Scene II.

6-9. *Forget not*, etc.:—This passage is founded on the following from North's *Plutarch*: "At that time the feast Lupercalia

was celebrated, the which in old time, men say, was the feast of shepheards or heardsmen. But, howsoever it is, that day there are divers noblemen's sons which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs. And many noblewomen and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and put forth their hands to be stricken; perswading themselves that, being with child, they shall have good delivery; and so, being barren, that it will make them to conceive. Cæsar sate to behold that sport upon the pulpit for orations, in a chaire of gold, apparelled in triumphant manner. Antonius, who was Consull at that time, was one of them that ranne this holy course."

19. Coleridge remarks: "If my ear does not deceive me, the metre of this line was meant to express that sort of mild philosophic contempt, characterising Brutus even in his first casual speech." Plutarch supplied the basis of the passage, thus: "There was a certaine Soothsayer that had given Cæsar warning long time afore, to take heed of the Ides of March, which is the fifteenth of the month, for on that day he should be in great danger. That day being come, Cæsar, going unto the Senate-house, and speaking merily unto the Soothsayer, told him the Ides of March be come. So they be, softly answered the Soothsayer, but yet are they not past."

66. *Therefore, good Brutus,* etc.:—Here Craik remarks that "the eager, impatient temper of Cassius, absorbed in his own idea, is vividly expressed by his thus continuing his argument as if without appearing to have even heard Brutus's interrupting question; for such is the only interpretation which his *therefore* would seem to admit of."

86, 87. *Set honour,* etc.:—Coleridge makes this following comment: "Warburton would read *death* for *both*; but I prefer the old text. There are here three things, the public good, the individual Brutus's honour, and his death. The latter two so balanced each other that he could decide for the first by equipoise; nay—the thought growing—that honour had more weight than death."

122. *His coward lips,* etc.:—This is oddly expressed; but a quibble, alluding to a cowardly soldier flying from his colours, was intended.

147. *Brutus will start a spirit*:—Here *spirit* is doubtless meant to be pronounced as a monosyllable, and perhaps should be so printed.

163. *some aim*:—So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III. i. 28: "But, fearing lest my jealous *aim* might err." So too in various other places.

174. *As*, according to Tooke, is an article, and means the same as *that, which*, or *it*: accordingly we find it often so employed by old writers; and particularly in our version of the Bible. Thus Lord Bacon also in his *Apothegms*: "One of the Romans said to his friend; what think you of such a one, *as* was taken with the manner in adultery?"

195. *He thinks too much*:—So in North's *Plutarch*, "Life of Julius Cæsar": "Cæsar had Cassius in jelousie, and suspected him much: whereupon he said on a time to his friends, 'What wil Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks.' Another time, when Cæsars friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered them, 'As for those fat men, and smooth-combed heads, I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and carion-leane people, I feare them most'; meaning Brutus and Cassius."

228-230. Plutarch's best account of this incident is given in the *Life of Antonius*: "The Romaines celebrated the feast called Lupercalia, and Cæsar, being apparalled in his triumphing robe, was set in the tribune where they use to make orations to the people, and from thence did behold the sport of the runners. Antonius, being one among the rest that was to run, leaving the old customes of that solemnity, ran to the tribune where Cæsar was set, and caried a laurell crowne in his hand, having a royall band or diademe wreathed about it, which was the ancient marke and token of a king. When he was come to Cæsar, he made his fellow runners lift him up, and so he put the laurell crowne upon his head, signifying thereby that he deserved to be king. But Cæsar, making as though he refused it, turned away his head. The people were so rejoiced at it, that they al clapped their hands for joy. Antonius againe did put it on his head; Cæsar againe refused it: and thus they were striving off and on a great while together. As oft as Antonius did put this laurel crowne unto him, a few of his followers rejoiced at it; and as oft as Cæsar refused it, al the people together clapped their hands."

267-273. *a man of any occupation . . . his infirmity*:—See *Coriolanus*, IV. vi. 97, 98: "The voice of *occupation* and the breath of garlic-eaters!" Casca means, if he had been one of the plebeians to whom Cæsar offered his throat. The Poet here borrows an incident that is related by Plutarch as having taken

place on another occasion some time before the offering Cæsar the crown in public: "When they had decreed divers honours for him in the Senate, the Consuls and Prætors, accompanied with the whole Senate, went unto him in the market-place, where he was set by the pulpit for orations, to tell him what honours they had decreed for him in his absence. But he, sitting still in his majestie, disdaining to rise up unto them, when they came in, as if they had been private men, answered them, that his honours had more need to be cut off than enlarged. This did not onely offend the Senate but the people also, to see that he should so lightly esteeme of the magistrates; insomuch as every man that might lawfully go his way departed thence very sorrowfully. Thereupon also Cæsar rising departed home to his house, and, tearing open his dublet-coller making his necke bare, he cried out aloud to his friends, that his throate was readie to offer to any man that would come and cut it. Notwithstanding, it is reported that afterwards, to excuse his folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying that their wits are not perfit which have this disease of the falling evill, when standing on their feete they speake to the people, but are soone troubled with a trembling of their bodie, and a sodaine dimnesse and giddinesse."

288, 289. *for pulling scarfs,* etc.:—This is related in Plutarch thus: "There were set up images of Cæsar in the city, with diademes upon their heads, like kings. Those the two Tribunes, Flavius and Marullus, went and pulled downe; and furthermore, meeting with them that saluted Cæsar as king, they committed them to prison. The people followed them, rejoicing at it, and called them Brutes, because of Brutus who had in old time driven the kings out of Rome, and brought the kingdome of one person unto the government of the Senate and people. Cæsar was so offended withall, that he deprived Marullus and Flavius of their Tribuneships, and spake also against the people, and called them Bruti and Cumani, to wit, beasts and fooles."

312, 313. *Thy honourable metal . . . disposed*:—The best *metal* or *temper* may be worked into qualities contrary to its *disposition*, or what it is disposed *to*.

Scene III.

3 *et seq.* Plutarch, in the *Life of Julius Cæsar*, gives the follow-lowing account of these wonders: "Touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and downe in the night, and also

the solitary birds to be seen at noon daies sitting in the great market-place, are not all these signes perhaps worth the noting in such a wonderful chance as happened? But Strabo the Philosopher writeth, that divers men were seene going up and downe in fire; and furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers, that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand; insomuch as they that saw it thought he had bene burnt, but when the fire was out it was found he had no hurt."

49. *thunder-stone*:—This, according to Craik, "is the imaginary product of the thunder, which the ancients called *Brontia*, mentioned by Pliny as a species of gem, and as that which, falling with the lightning, does the mischief. It is the fossil commonly called the Belemnite, or Finger-stone, and now known to be a shell. We still talk of the *thunder-bolt*, which, however, is commonly confounded with the lightning." The *thunder-stone* was held to be quite distinct from the lightning, as may be seen from *Cymbeline*, IV. ii. 270, 271:—

> *Gui.* Fear no more the lightning-flash,
> *Arv.* Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone.

It is also alluded to in *Othello*, V. ii. 234, 235:—

> "Are there no stones in heaven
> But what serve for the thunder?"

75. *lion in the Capitol*:—"Roars in the Capitol as doth the lion," explains Craik. It is hardly necessary to suppose, as Wright does, that the Poet imagined lions kept in the Capitol, as in the Tower of London.

114. *My answer must be made*:—Johnson explains this passage thus: "I shall be called to account, and must answer as for seditious words."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

10 *et seq.* "This speech," says Coleridge, "is singular; at least I do not at present see into Shakespeare's motive, his *rationale*, or in what point of view he meant Brutus's character to appear. For, surely, nothing can seem more discordant with our historical preconceptions of Brutus, or more lowering to the intellect of the Stoico-Platonic tyrannicide, than the tenets here attributed

to him; namely, that he would have no objection to a king, or to Cæsar, a monarch in Rome, would Cæsar but be as good a monarch as he now seems disposed to be! . . . What character did Shakespeare mean his Brutus to be?"

21-27. *'tis a common proof*, etc.:—Daniel, in his *Civil Wars*, the first four books of which were published in 1595, puts a similar thought into the mouth of Richard when on the point of being deposed by Bolingbroke:—

> "Th' aspirer, once attain'd unto the top,
> Cuts off those means by which himself got up;
> And with a harder hand and straiter rein
> Doth curb that looseness he did find before;
> Doubting th' occasion like might serve again:
> His own example makes him fear the more."

46. *et seq.* This passage is based upon the following from Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*: "But, for Brutus, his friends and countrimen, both by divers procurements and sundry rumours of the city, and by many bils also, did openly call him to do that he did. For under the image of his ancestor, Junius Brutus, that drave the kings out of Rome, they wrote, 'O, that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, Brutus!' and againe,—'That thou wert here among us now!' His tribunall or chaire, where he gave audience during the time he was Prætor, was full of such bils: 'Brutus, thou art asleep, and art not Brutus indeed!'"

66-69. "By instruments," says Blakeway, "I understand our bodily powers, our members: as Othello calls his eyes and hands his speculative and active instruments. So intending to paint, as he does very finely, the inward conflict which precedes the commission of some dreadful crime, he represents, as I conceive him, the genius, or soul, consulting with the body, and, as it were, questioning the limbs, the instruments which are to perform this deed of death, whether they can undertake to bear her out in the affair, whether they can screw up their courage to do what she shall enjoin them. The tumultuous commotion of opposing sentiments and feelings produced by the firmness of the soul, contending with the secret misgivings of the body; during which the mental faculties are, though not actually dormant, yet in a sort of waking stupor, 'crushed by one overwhelming image'; is finely compared to a phantasm of a hideous dream, and by the *state of man* suffering the nature of an insurrection."

70. Cassius had married Junia, the *sister* of Brutus; hence the former is here spoken of as the latter's *brother*.

119. *by lottery*:—Steevens thinks there may be an allusion here to the custom of *decimation*, that is, the selection by *lot* of every tenth soldier in a general mutiny for punishment. The meaning probably is, by chance or the caprice of the tyrant.

218. *go along by him*:—That is, by his house; make that your way home.

233. [*Enter Portia.*] The matter of the following noble dialogue is thus delivered in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*: "His wife Porcia was the daughter of Cato, whom Brutus maried, being his cousin; not a maiden, but a young widow after the death of her first husband, Bibulus. This ladie, loving her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise; because she would not aske her husband what he ayled before she had made some proofe by herselfe; tooke a litle razour, and, causing her women to go out of her chamber, gave herselfe a great gash withall in her thigh; and incontinently after a vehement feaver tooke her, by reason of the paine of her wound. Then, perceiving her husband was marvellously out of quiet, and could take no rest, she spake in this sort unto him: 'I, being, O Brutus! the daughter of Cato, was maried unto thee; not to be thy bedfellow and companion at board onely, like a harlot, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evill fortune. Now, for thyselfe, I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match; but, for my part, how may I shew my duty towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly beare a secret mischance or griefe with thee? I confesse that a womans wit commonly is too weake to keepe a secret safely: but yet good education and the company of vertuous men have some power to reforme the defect of nature. And, for myselfe. I have this benefite, moreover, that I am the daughter of Cato, and wife of Brutus. Notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things, until now I have found by experience, that no paine or griefe whatsoever can overcome me.' With these words, shee shewed him the wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove herselfe. Brutus was amazed to heare what she sayd unto him; and, lifting up his hands to heaven, he besought the goddes to give him the grace that he might be found a husband worthy of so noble a wife as Porcia: so he then did comfort her the best he could."

315. *To wear a kerchief*:—Shakespeare has given to the Romans the manners of his own time. It was a common practice

in England for those who were sick to wear a kerchief on their heads. So in Fuller's *Worthies of Cheshire*: "If any there be sick, they make him a posset and *tye a kerchief on his head*; and if that will not mend him, then God be merciful to him."

Scene II.

7. [*Enter Calpurnia.*] Plutarch's *Life of Julius Cæsar* has furnished the basis of the following dialogue: "Cæsar self also, doing sacrifice unto the gods, found that one of the beasts which was sacrificed had no hart; and that was a strange thing in nature, how a beast could live without a heart. And the very day before, Cæsar, supping with Marcus Lepidus, sealed certaine letters, as he was wont to do, at the board: so, talk falling out amongst them what death was best, he cried out aloud, 'Death unlooked for.' Then, going to bed the same night, as his manner was, and lying with his wife Calpurnia, all the windows and doores of his chamber flying open, the noise awoke him, and made him afraid; but more, when he heard his wife, being fast asleepe, weepe and sigh, and put forth many fumbling lamentable speeches; for she dreamed that Cæsar was slaine, and that she had him in her armes. Cæsar rising in the morning, she prayed him, if it were possible, not to go out of the doores that day, but to adjourne the session of the Senate until another day: and that, if he made no reckoning of her dreame, yet he would search further of the soothsaiers, to know what should happen him that day. It seemed that Cæsar likewise did feare or suspect somewhat, because his wife Calpurnia until that time was never given to any feare or superstition. When the soothsaiers, having sacrificed many beasts one after another, told him that none did like them; then he determined to send Antonius to adjourne the session of the Senate."

13. *I never stood on ceremonies*:—Never paid a regard to prodigies or omens.

24. *ghosts did shriek*, etc.:—Compare *Hamlet*, I. i. 113-120.

31. This may have been suggested by Suetonius, who relates that a blazing star appeared for seven days together during the celebration of games instituted by Augustus in honour of Julius. The common people believed that this indicated his reception among the gods: his statues were accordingly ornamented with its figure, and medals struck on which it was represented. There is a curious old anecdote of Queen Elizabeth, who, "being dis-

suaded from looking on a comet, with a courage equal to the greatness of her state caused the windowe to be sette open, and said, *Jacta est alea*—the dice are thrown."

32, 33. So in Plutarch: "When some of his friends did counsell him to have a guard for the safety of his person, and some also did offer themselves to serve him, he would never consent, but said it was better to die once, than alwayes to be afraid of death."

76. *statuë*:—In Shakespeare's time *statue* was pronounced indifferently as a word of two syllables or three. Bacon uses it repeatedly as a trisyllable, and spells it *statua*, as in his *Advancement of Learning*: "It is not possible to have the true pictures or *statuas* of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, no, nor of the kings or great personages of much later years." The measure evidently requires that it be a word of three syllables here, as also in III. ii. 192. "Even at the base of Pompey's *statue*." Many editions print *statua* in both places.

104. *reason to my love is liable*:—That is, reason, or propriety of speech and conduct, stands second, gives way to my love. This scene is taken very literally from Plutarch: "In the meane time came Decius Brutus, surnamed Albinus, in whom Cæsar put such confidence that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his heire; and yet was he of the conspiracie with Brutus and Cassius. He, fearing that if Cæsar did adjourne the session that day the conspiracie would be betrayed, laughed at the Soothsayers, and reproved Cæsar, saying that he gave the Senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled; and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaime him king of all his provinces of the Empire out of Italy, and that he should weare his diademe in all other places both by sea and land. And furthermore, if any man should tel them from him they should depart for that present time, and return againe when Calpurnia should have better dreames, what would his enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his friends words? And who could perswade them otherwise, but that they would think his dominion a slavery unto them, and him tyrannicall in himselfe? And yet, if it be so, said he, that you utterly mislike of this day, it is better that you go yourselfe in person, and, saluting the Senate, dismisse them til another time. Therewithall he took Cæsar by the hand and brought him out of his house."

Scene III.

In this Scene the Poet has followed Plutarch very closely: "One Artemidorus, born in the ile of Cnidos, a doctor of rhetorick in the Greeke tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with Brutus confederates, and therefore knew the most part of al their practices against Cæsar, came and brought him a litle bill, written with his owne hand, of all that he meant to tel him. He, marking how Cæsar received all the supplications that were offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to him, and said, 'Cæsar, reade this memoriall to yourselfe, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearly.' Cæsar took it of him, but could never reade it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him; but, holding it still in his hand, keeping it to himselfe, went on withall into the Senate-house."

Scene IV.

In Plutarch's *Life of Brutus* the incident of this Scene is related as follows: "In the meane time, there came one of Brutus men post hast unto him, and told him his wife was dying. For Porcia, being very carefull and pensive for that which was to come, and being too weake to away with so great and inward griefe of mind, could hardly keepe within, but was frighted with every little noyse and crie she heard; asking every man that came from the market-place what Brutus did, and sending messenger after messenger, to know what newes. At length, Cæsars comming being prolonged, Porciaes weaknesse was not able to hold out any longer; and thereupon shee sodainly swounded, that she had no leysure to go to her chamber, but was taken in the middest of her house. Howbeit, she soone came to herselfe againe, and so was layd in her bed, and attended by her women. When Brutus heard these newes, it grieved him; yet he left not off the care of his countrie, neither went to his house for any newes he heard."

42, 43. *Brutus hath a suit*, etc.:—These words Portia addresses to Lucius to deceive him by assigning a false cause for her present perturbation.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

77. *Et tu, Brute?*—"There is no ancient Latin authority, I believe," says Craik, "for this famous exclamation, although in Suetonius, i. 82, Cæsar is made to address Brutus Καὶ σὺ, τέκνον (And thou too, my son?). It may have occurred as it stands here in the Latin play on the same subject which is recorded to have been acted at Oxford in 1582; and it is found in *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, first printed in 1595, on which 3 *Henry VI.* is founded, as also in a poem by S. Nicholson, entitled *Acolastus his Afterwit*, printed in 1600, in both of which nearly contemporary productions we have the same line—'*Et tu, Brute?* Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?'" But Stokes declares that it *is* in the Latin play of 1582.

116-118. *So oft . . . liberty*:—There is nothing in the play more puzzling to us than this and the two preceding speeches. It seems as though the Poet either committed a great oversight in making his heroes talk thus, or else meant it as a very significant and characteristic passage. Did he mean to indicate a sort of sentimental hanging and brooding over their own virtue, to suck out of it self-solacement and self-assurance of fame, such as might naturally grow from making patriotism the special purpose and profession of their lives?

177, 178. *Your voice*, etc.:—Blakeway observes, that Shakespeare has maintained the consistency of Cassius's character, who, being selfish and greedy himself, endeavours to influence Antony by similar motives. Brutus, on the other hand, is invariably represented as disinterested and generous, and is adorned by the Poet with so many good qualities that we are almost tempted to forget that he was an assassin.

207, 208. *O world . . . of thee*:—Coleridge strongly maintained that these two lines were interpolated by some actor, and that we have but to read the passage without them, to see that they never were in it. He adds: "I venture to say there is no instance in Shakespeare fairly like this. Conceits he has; but they not only rise out of some word in the lines before, but also lead on to the thought in the lines following. Here the conceit is a mere alien: Antony forgets an image, when he is even touching it, and then recollects it, when the thought last in his mind must have led him away from it." But the same and similar quibbles

are too frequent in Shakespeare to allow of our accepting fully the great critic's opinion.

262. By *men* Antony means not mankind in general. The scope of the curse is limited by the subsequent words, *the parts of Italy*, and *in these confines*.

289. A play is here intended, as in I. ii. 156, on the words *Rome* and *room*.

Scene II.

4. *part the numbers*:—That is, as Craik explains, divide the multitude.

13 *et seq.* In this celebrated speech, which, to a critical taste, is far from being a model of style either for oratory or anything else, the Poet seems to have aimed at imitating the manner actually ascribed to Brutus. To quote from North's *Plutarch*: "They do note that, in some of his Epistles, he counterfeited that briefe compendious maner of speech of the Lacedæmonians. As, when the war was begun, he wrot to the Pergamenians in this sort: 'I understand you have given Dolabella money: if you have done it willingly, you confesse you have offended me; if against your wils, shew it by giving me willingly.' Another time unto the Samians: 'Your counsels be long, your doings be slow; consider the end.' And in another Epistle he wrote unto the Patareians: 'The Xanthians, despising my good wil, have made their country a grave of despaire; and the Patareians, that put themselves into my protection, have lost no jot of their liberty: and therefore, whilest you have liberty, either chuse the judgement of the Patareians or the fortune of the Xanthians.' These were Brutus maner of letters, which were honoured for their briefnesse." And Shakespeare's idea, as followed out in this speech, is sustained also by the *Dialogus de Oratoribus*, ascribed to Tacitus; wherein it is said that Brutus's style of eloquence was censured as *otiosum et disjunctum*. For, as Verplanck remarks, "the *disjunctum*, the broken-up style, without oratorical continuity, is precisely that assumed by the dramatist."

79. *bury*:—"Shakespeare," says Wright, "was no doubt thinking of his own time and country. The custom of burning the dead had not been in use in Rome very long before the time of Cæsar."

80, 81. Compare this with the passage in *Henry VIII.*, IV. ii. 45:—

"Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water."

193. *ran blood*:—The image seems to be that the blood flowing from Cæsar's wounds appeared to run from the statue. The words are from North's *Plutarch*: "Against the very base whereon Pompey's image stood, which ran all of a gore-blood till he was slain."

Scene III.

The matter of this Scene is taken from Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*: "There was a poet called Cinna, who had been no partaker of the conspiracy, but was alway one of Cæsars chiefest friends. He dreamed, the night before, that Cæsar bad him to supper with him, and that, he refusing to goe, Cæsar was very importunate with him, and compelled him, so that at length he led him by the hand into a great darke place, where, being marvellously affraid, he was driven to follow him in spite of his heart. This dreame put him all night into a feaver, and yet, the next morning, when he heard that they caried Cæsars body to burial, and being ashamed not to accompany his funerals, he went out of his house, and thrust himselfe into the prease of the common people, that were in a great uprore. And because some one called him by his name Cinna, the people, thinking he had been that Cinna who, in an oration he made, had spoken very evill of Cæsar, falling upon him in their rage, slue him outright in the market-place.

2. The Poet may mean that many things besides his dream of the feast charge his fancy unluckily. Steevens remarks, "I learn from an old black-letter book on Fortune-telling, etc., that to dream 'of being at banquets betokeneth misfortune.'" It were better, White thinks, had Steevens given his authority here as well as elsewhere.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

[*A house in Rome.*] The place of this Scene is not marked in the original, but is shown to be at Rome, by Lepidus's being sent to Cæsar's house, and told that he will find his confederates "or here, or at the Capitol." In fact, however, the triumvirs did not

meet at Rome to settle the proscription, but on a little island in the river Rhenus (Reno), near Bononia, the present Bologna. The Poet most likely knew this, as he must have read in Plutarch how "all three met together in an island environed round about with a little river."

4. *Publius*:—Either the Poet or the printer fell into an error here; the true name of this person being not *Publius* but *Lucius*. Thus in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius*: "Cæsar left Cicero to Antonius will; Antonius also forsooke *Lucius* Cæsar, who was his uncle by his mother; and both of them together suffered Lepidus to kill his own brother Paulus."

48, 49. *we are at the stake*, etc.:—An allusion to bear-baiting. So in *Macbeth*, V. vii.:—

> "They have tied me to a *stake*; I cannot fly,
> But bear-like I must fight the course."

Scene II.

5. *To do you salutation*:—A common form of expression. So in *Richard III.*, V. iii. 209, 210: "The early village-cock hath twice *done salutation* to the morn."

16. *instances*:—This, according to Dyce, "is a word used by Shakespeare with various shades of meaning, which it is not always easy to distinguish—'motive, inducement, cause, ground; symptom, prognostic; information, assurance; proof, example, indication.'" Here it is explained by Craik as *assiduities*, and by Schmidt as *proofs of familiarity*.

23. *hot at hand*:—"That is," says Craik, "apparently, when held by the hand, or led; or rather, perhaps, when acted upon only by the rein." Hudson explains it as meaning "horses spirited or mettlesome when held back, or restrained." See the following passage in *Henry VIII.*, V. iii. 21-24:—

> "Those that tame wild horses
> Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
> But stop their mouths with stubborn bits and spur 'em,
> Till they obey the manage."

Scene III.

The last Scene is supposed to pass outside of Brutus's tent, into which he invites Cassius in his last speech but one. But in

the Folio, where the divisions of the scenes are not indicated in this play, the simple direction is, "*Exeunt* [Lucilius, Titinius, Lucius, etc.] *Manent Brutus and Cassius.*" The audients were plainly to suppose a change of scene here.

20, 21. This question is far from implying that any of those who touched Cæsar's body were villains. On the contrary, it is an indirect way of asserting that there was not one man among them who was base enough to stab him for any cause but that of justice.

32. *To make conditions*:—To decide on what terms it is fit to confer the offices at my disposal.

156. *swallow'd fire*:—So in North's *Plutarch*: "And for Porcia, Brutus wife, Nicolaus the philosopher and Valerius Maximus do write that she, determining to kill herselfe (her parents and friends carefully looking to keepe her from it), tooke hote burning coles and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choked herselfe. There was a letter of Brutus found, written to his friends, complaining of their negligence, that, his wife being sicke, they wold not helpe her, but suffered her to kill herself, chusing to die rather than to languish in paine."

194. *in art*:—That is, in *theory* as opposed to practice.

252. *book*:—This characteristic little incident of the book was suggested by a passage in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*. It makes a part of the account there given of the apparition: "As they prepared to passe over out of Asia into Europe, there went a rumour that there appeared a wonderfull signe unto him. Brutus was a carefull man, and slept very little, both for that his diet was moderate, as also because he was continually occupied. He never slept in the day time, and in the night no longer then the time he was driven to be alone, and when every body else tooke their rest. But now whilest he was in the warre, and his head over-busily occupied to thinke of his affaires and what would happen, having slumbered a little after supper, he spent all the rest of the night in dispatching of his weightiest causes; and, after he had taken order for them, if he had any leisure left him, he would read some booke till the third watch of the night, at what time the captains and colonels did use to come to him."

274. [*Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.*] In Plutarch's *Life of Brutus* this apparition is not spoken of as the *ghost* of Cæsar, but only as "a wonderfull strange and monstrous shape of a bodie coming towards him." The point is of little moment, save as showing the

Poet's care to make the most out of his materials. In the *Life of Julius Cæsar* he had the following: "Above all, the *ghost* that appeared unto Brutus shewed plainly that the gods were offended with the murther of Cæsar. The vision was thus: Brutus, being ready to passe over his armie from the city, slept every night in his tent; and, being yet awake, thinking of his affaires, he thought he heard a noise at his tent-doore, and, looking towards the lamp that waxed very dim, he saw a horrible vision of a man, of a wonderfull greatnesse and dreadful looke, which at the first made him marvellously afraid. But, when he saw that it did him no hurt, but stood by his bedside and said nothing, at length he asked him what he was. The image answered him, 'I am thy ill angell, Brutus, and thou shall see me by the city of Phillippes.' Then Brutus replied, 'Well, I shall see thee then.' Therewithall the spirit presently vanished. After that time, Brutus being neare unto the city of Phillippes, this spirit appeared againe unto him, but spake never a word. Thereupon Brutus, knowing that he should die, did put himselfe to all hazard in battel, but yet, fighting could not be slaine."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

4. *battles*:—The propriety of this term, used in the plural for forces, armies, appears when it is remembered that Cassius and Brutus had each an army, or division. Compare *Henry V.*, IV. Prologue, 9: "Each *battle* sees the other's umber'd face."

14. *Their bloody sign of battle*:—So in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*: "The next morning by break of day, the Signall of Battell was set out in Brutus and Cassius Camp, which was an arming Scarlet Coat."

19. *Exigent*:—For the only other use of this word for *exigency*, see *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV. xiv. 63: "When the *exigent* should come." In a single other instance only does Shakespeare use the word, and there (1 *Henry VI.*, II. v. 8, 9) it means *end*:—

> "These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
> Wax dim, as drawing to their *exigent*."

33. *The posture*, etc.:—Here *are* should be *is*, in agreement with the nominative *posture*. Hudson remarks that "more correct writers than Shakespeare have committed this error, where

a plural noun immediately precedes the verb, although such noun be not the subject of the verb."

111-113. It has been said that there is an apparent contradiction between the sentiments Brutus expresses in this and in his former speech; but there is no real one. Brutus had laid down to himself, as a principle, to abide every chance and extremity of war; but when Cassius reminds him of the disgrace of being led in triumph through the streets of Rome, he acknowledges that to be a trial which he could not endure. The passage seems designed to indicate a struggle between the speculative and the practical in the mind of Brutus. Experience is at length growing too strong for his philosophy; and he here wavers between his cherished ideal of right and the suggestions of a pressing exigency. But what shall we say of the remark with which he closes his oration showing "the reason of our Cæsar's death"? He there says, "I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death." Were these discrepancies or variations of temper and purpose intended by the Poet as a part of Brutus's character, or were they mere slips of memory in Shakespeare?

Scene III.

20. Cassius is now on a hill: he therefore means a hill somewhat *higher* than that he is on.

31. *Now some light*:—White and Hudson print *'light*, but, as Rolfe points out, "the word (A. S. *lihtan*) is not a contraction of *alight*, and is common enough in prose."

43. *hilts*:—This plural for hilt was common in Shakespeare's time. So in *Richard III.*, I. iv. 155: "*Hilts* of thy sword." Shakespeare applies *hilts* to a single weapon five times, and three times he has *hilt*.

61. *Sink to night*:—Craik takes this "to be an expression of the same kind with *sink to rest*," a far nobler sense, as he observes, than that given by those who print, as some do, *to-night*.

105. *His funerals*:—The plural was the commoner form in Shakespeare's day, and is generally used by him. For an example of this use see the first note under III. iii. of this play.

Scene V.

19. *And this last night*, etc.:—So Plutarch's *Life of Cæsar*: "The second Battell being at hand, this Spirit appeared again

unto him, but spake never a word." We read in the *Life of Brutus*: "The Romans called the Valley between both Camps the Philippian Fields."

68-70. *This was the noblest Roman*, etc.:—Plutarch, in the *Life of Brutus*, declares: "It was said that Antonius spake it openly divers times, that he thought, that of all them that had slain Cæsar, there was none but Brutus onely that was moved to do it, as thinking the act commendable of it self: but that all the other Conspiratours did conspire his death for some private malice or envy, that they otherwise did bear unto him."

73-75. *His life was gentle*, etc.:—There is a likeness between this passage and one in Drayton's *Barons' Wars*, which appears in this form in the edition of 1603:—

"Such one he was (of him we boldly say)
In whose rich soule all sovereign powers did sute,
In whom in peace *the elements all lay*
So mixt, as none could sovereigntie impute;
As all did gouerne, yet all did obey,
His liuely temper was so absolute,
That 't seem'd, when Heaven his modell first began,
In him it shew'd *perfection in a man*."

This stanza appeared unaltered in four subsequent editions; but in a fifth, in 1619, it was given with the following slight variations:—

"He was a man (then boldly dare to say,)
In whose rich Soule the Virtues well did sute:
In whom, *so mix'd the Elements all lay*,
That none to one could Sou'reigntie impute;
As all did gouerne, so did all obay;
He of a temper was so absolute,
As that it seem'd, when *Nature* him began,
She meant to shew *all that might be in Man*."

In the original version of *The Barons' Wars* (1596), which Drayton entirely recast before 1603, there is no trace of this stanza. From these facts Malone concluded that "Drayton was the copyist [of Shakespeare] as his verses originally stood," and that "in the altered stanza he certainly was." But even if the likeness between the passages in question must necessarily be the consequence of imitation on the part of one poet, it would not follow

that Drayton was the copyist, for we know that Shakespeare was ready enough to take a hint or even a thought from any quarter. But this resemblance implies no imitation on either side. For the notion that man was composed of the four elements, earth, air, fire, and water, and that the well-balanced mixture of these produced the perfection of humanity, was commonly held during the sixteenth, and the first half, at least, of the seventeenth century, the writers of which period worked it up in all manner of forms. See Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, II. iii.: "A creature of a most perfect and divine temper, one in whom the humours and elements are peaceably met, without emulation of precedency." Many other resemblances quite as striking occur in the use of this idea. It is not improbable that Drayton, in correcting his poem again for the edition of 1619, changed "Heaven his model first began" to "*Nature* him began" with the passage from *Julius Cæsar*, consciously or unconsciously, in mind.

Questions on Julius Caesar.

1. What was the date at which *Julius Cæsar* was probably written?
2. Where did Shakespeare derive the materials for this play?
3. How many days are taken up by the action?

ACT FIRST.

4. How is the popular worship of Cæsar shown by the first Scene? What is the attitude of the tribunes towards him?
5. What was the nature of the office of tribune in the Roman state?
6. How does the mob pictured in this play contrast with the one in *Coriolanus*?
7. What was the *course* (ii. 4.) that Antony was to run?
8. What part of Cæsar's nature is seen in his words to Calpurnia? What effect have the words of the Soothsayer upon him?
9. In what character is Brutus first presented? What phase of his own character does Cassius try to impress in lines 71-78?
10. What is the problem that the career of Cæsar presents to Cassius? What does Cassius wish to illustrate by the incidents of the flood and the fever? What is Cassius's personal motive?
11. Indicate the effect of the shouting upon Brutus.
12. What is the dramatic purpose (line 192 *et seq.*) of Cæsar's singling out Cassius for comment? What does he say of him? Why should these two natures be antipathetic?
13. What observation of the returning procession does Brutus make that prepares for the recital of Casca?
14. With what is Cæsar chargeable in this Scene? Show the difference between treason and revolution as illustrated by the scene that Casca describes.
15. What effect has Sc. ii. in predisposing the minds of the spectators?

16. What is the effect (Sc. iii.) of the supernatural background for the conspiracy?

17. Show what else besides the winning of Casca to the conspiracy is effected by Cassius's argument with him.

18. Does the Act close with the implication that Brutus is won over to the conspiracy? What is foreshadowed by the frequent reference throughout the Act to the *ides of March*?

ACT SECOND.

19. How does Brutus reason about the ambition of Cæsar? What does he say (i. 61 *et seq.*) about his life since Cassius had first suggested the opposition to Cæsar?

20. Before the oath is proposed (line 113), what indication is given of the state of mind of the conspirators? How does Brutus answer the proposition that they swear their resolution? What does this reveal of his character?

21. Why does Brutus exclude Cicero from the group of conspirators? On what motive does he save Mark Antony? What later speech of his is foreshadowed?

22. What effect is secured by contrast of this scene with the sleeping boy?

23. How does Portia add to our knowledge of Brutus? What kind of a woman is she?

24. How does Sc. ii. provide a contrast with the preceding? How at the end of this Scene are the minds of the spectators further disposed in favour of the conspirators?

25. What purpose of the senators does Decius report? How does this dramatically affect the matter of the conspiracy?

26. Show in what ways Scs. iii. and iv. prepare for the tragic episode of the first Scene of the next Act.

ACT THIRD.

27. Note the dramatic effect of the first line of the Act. What is Cæsar's mental attitude in speaking the line?

28. Does Shakespeare intend any final impression concerning the justice of the conspiracy before the blow is struck?

29. How does the plot come near dissolution upon the minute almost of execution? Who saves the situation, and how?

30. What is the immediate effect upon Cassius and Brutus of Cæsar's death?

31. What sentiments concerning death are uttered by Brutus and Cassius?

32. Does the message that Antony sends by the servant sound frank and sincere? Does it initiate the falling action?

33. Upon what differing aspects of the situation do Cassius and Brutus dwell in their scene with Antony after the assassination?

34. How does the opposition to the conspirators begin to take shape towards the close of Sc. i.?

35. Comment on the following points of Brutus's speech: its personal apology; its patriotism; its sincerity; its pathos.

36. How is the dramatic problem met of not allowing Brutus's speech to weaken the effect of Antony's which follows? Was Brutus weak in allowing Antony to speak? Would Cassius have permitted it?

37. What was the prepossession of the crowd of citizens when Antony rose to address them?

38. Where rests the blame for the failure of the conspiracy?

39. How does Antony take up a phrase of Brutus's speech? What means does he use to controvert the assertion contained therein?

40. Show how the tide of feeling among the people changes as Antony progresses in his oration. What is the climax in this speech, and how is it prepared for? What theme has been held in abeyance so that its appeal may be augmented by pity?

41. What is Antony's state of mind after the citizens withdraw with Cæsar's body? Compare him with Hamlet at the close of the play-scene.

42. How is the effect of Antony's speech exhibited in Sc. iii.?

ACT FOURTH.

43. In Sc. i. how are the triumvirs engaged? What is seen as the reaction of mob-rule?

44. How does Antony regard Lepidus?

45. Does this Scene endeavour to enlist the sympathies for the triumvirs that were once given to the conspirators?

46. What is the purpose of Sc. ii.? What speeches in it indicate the declining fortunes of the republican leaders?

47. What mutual accusations pass between Brutus and Cassius? Where is the point of turning in their anger?

48. To what does anger give place?

49. Is there shown any deterioration in the characters of these two men?

50. In the larger economy of the action, what part does the death of Portia play? What particular effect is produced by the news of it at the time it is first made known?

51. How does this event serve as a test of the Stoic principles professed by the two men?

52. What does Brutus urge concerning the prosecution of the campaign? Wherein resides the irony of the famous lines uttered by him, beginning, *There is a tide in the affairs of men*?

53. What trait of Brutus does the incident of the boy and the instrument reveal? Of what scene is it reminiscent?

54. What is the dramatic purpose of the ghost scene?

ACT FIFTH.

55. In what relations does Sc. i. exhibit Antony and Octavius?

56. What are the taunts that Brutus and Cassius throw at Antony?

57. What change in his philosophical faith does Cassius announce in line 77 *et seq.*?

58. Does Brutus remain a confirmed Stoic?

59. What is foreshadowed in these farewell words?

60. What is the immediate occasion of Cassius's death? Describe the manner of it. In that was he a true Stoic?

61. How does Brutus stand in the opinion of the republicans, as evidenced by Titinius's words about Cassius (iii. 63), *The sun of Rome is set*? How is the feeling of irreparable disaster enforced by taking this line in comparison with lines 51-53?

62. Compare the now implied opinion of Brutus with the opinion held by him at the time of forming the conspiracy. What has occasioned the difference?

63. Interpret lines 94-96, *O Julius Cæsar*, etc.

64. For what does Sc. iv. prepare?

65. How does Brutus die?

66. How does Antony speak of Brutus at the end of the drama?

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67. Is the drama well named, considering that Cæsar plays so unimportant a part in it? What title would you suggest to cover the theme of the plot?

68. Who is the real hero of the drama? What was his de-

Questions

fect, considering the demand that the circumstances of the times would make upon its leading spirit?

69. In what respects was Cassius superior to Brutus as a man for the times?

70. Is there a falling off of dramatic interest after the third Act?

71. In what way does Cæsar become an active principle in the fourth and fifth Acts?

72. What was Brutus's chief quality as a man? In what instances does he exhibit it?

73. Do the women of this play exercise any influence in determining the action?

74. By the accepted chronology this play was produced just before *Hamlet*. Mention any indications you may find that Shakespeare was meditating his great masterpiece.

75. In what plays of Shakespeare is Julius Cæsar mentioned?

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

Preface.

The Early Editions. *Pericles, Prince of Tyre,* was first published, in quarto, in 1609, with the following title-page:—

"THE LATE,| And much admired Play, | Called | Pericles, Prince | of Tyre. | With the true Relation of the whole Historie, | aduentures, and fortunes of the said Prince: | As also, | The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents, | in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter | MARIANA. | As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted by | his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on | the Banckside. | By William Shakespeare. | Imprinted at London for *Henry Gosson,* and are | to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in | Paternoster row, &c. | 1609. | " *

A second quarto appeared in the same year; a third in 1611; a fourth in 1619; a fifth in 1630; a sixth in 1635.

These quarto editions are sufficient evidence for the popularity of the play; its omission from the First and Second Folios is all the more significant: it was reprinted, however, from the Sixth Quarto, in the Folios of 1664 and 1685, which included "seven plays never before printed in Folio," viz.: *Pericles, Prince of Tyre; The London Prodigal; The History of Thomas, Lord Cromwell; Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham; The Puritan Widow; A Yorkshire Tragedy; The Tragedy of Locrine.*

* This Quarto and the Second have been reproduced in facsimile in Dr. Furnivall's Quarto-Series.

The Authenticity of the Play. In dealing with the authorship of *Pericles* two facts must be borne in mind:—(i.) the verdict of the Editors of the First Folio in rejecting it from their volume: (ii.) the early allusions and early traditions which associate the play with Shakespeare's name; thus, in 1646, S. Shepherd wrote:—

> *"with Sophocles we may*
> *Compare great Shakespeare: Aristophanes*
> *Never like him his Fancy could display,*
> *Witness the Prince of Tyre, his Pericles."*

The writer of these lines must have been voicing the opinion of many enthusiastic spectators of "the much-admired play"; J. Tatham, however, uttered the views of the more critical faction, when in 1652 he quoted this censure:—

> *"Shakespeare, the Plebeian driller, was*
> *Foundered in's Pericles, and must not pass."*

"*Pericles*" indeed seems to have become almost proverbial for a bad play successful in hitting the tastes of the masses.

> *"And if it prove so happy as to please,*
> *We'll say 'tis fortunate like Pericles"*;

so wrote Robert Tailor, in the Prologue to "*The Hog hath lost his Pearl.*"

Ben Jonson in his Ode "*Come leaue the loathed stage*" (1629-30), singled out for special scorn

> *"some mouldy tale*
> *Like Pericles"*;

while Owen Feltham reminded him frankly that certain portions of his own "*New Inn*"

> *"throw a stain*
> *Through all the unlikely plot, and do displease*
> *As deep as Pericles."*

It must be observed that there is no reference in these latter quotations to Shakespeare's alleged authorship. Subsequently, Dryden accepted the play, while Pope rejected it, and the early editors down to the time of Malone followed his example; since the time of Steevens it has been included in the Canon, its doubtful character, however, being generally recognised. "I must acquit," wrote Steevens in opposition to Malone's views, "even the irregular and lawless Shakespeare of having constructed the fabric of the drama, though he has certainly bestowed some decoration on its parts. Yet even this decoration, like embroidery on a blanket, only serves by contrast to expose the meanness of the original materials." Happily modern criticism corroborates the judgment of the First Editors, condemns a great part of *Pericles* as altogether un-Shakespearian, and relieves the Poet of all the offensive and loathsome scenes of "the mouldy tale." Shakespeare's hand cannot be traced in the first two Acts, nor in the coarse portions of Act IV., viz. Scenes ii., v., and vi., his work is "the strange and worthy accidents in the Birth and Life of Marina," and is to be found in the last three acts of the play. Mr. Fleay has extracted the precious metal from the alloy, and the result is a charming Shakespearian Romance*—"a kind of prologue" to the glorious group of "Romances" belonging to the close of his literary career (*vide* Prefaces to *Cymbeline, Tempest, Winter's Tale*).

Date of Composition. The date inferred from the connection of the "Marina portion" of *Pericles* with the last plays of Shakespeare is borne out by external evidence, as well as by more minute internal considerations. The title-page of the first edition, the reference to it as "a new play" in a metrical pamphlet entitled *Pimlyco* published in 1609, the publication in 1608 of a novel based upon it "as lately represented," all point to *circa* 1607-8 as the date of Shakespeare's part: this view is strongly con-

* Published by the *New Shakespeare Society*, 1874.

firmed by metrical tests which make it contemporary with "*Antony and Cleopatra.*"

No scholar would now venture to support Dryden's statement in his Prologue to Davenant's *Circe*, 1675:—

> "*Shakespeare's own Muse her Pericles first bore,*
> *The Prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor;*
> *'Tis miracle to see a first good play;*
> *All Hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas-day.*"

George Wilkins and Pericles. It is possible to differentiate no less than three styles in the play of *Pericles*. Shakespeare's share has already been assigned to him: in all probability Act IV. Sc. v. and vi. are not by the author of the first two Acts and the short line chorus. The author of the latter portion was certainly George Wilkins, who in 1608 brought out a novel, "being the true history of the play, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet, John Gower"; he lays claim to the play as 'poor infant of his brain,' and his claim is justifiable (*vide* Delius, *Preface to Pericles*, and especially Mr. Fleay's valuable essay on "Pericles," read before the *New Shakespeare Society*, 1874).

The third author may have been W. Rowley, who was joined with Wilkins and John Day in writing "*The Travels of the three English Brothers*," etc.; this point is, however, a matter of conjecture, and the evidence is not altogether convincing.

Sources of the Plot. The direct sources of *Pericles* were Laurence Twine's *Patterne of Paineful Adventures*, published in 1576, and Gower's collection of metrical tales called "*Confessio Amantis*"; both these works were consulted for the famous story of *Apollonius of Tyre*. Gower was indebted for his tale to Godfrey of Viterbo's *Pantheon*, a Latin work of the 12th century; Twine probably reprinted an earlier 16th century version, derived from a French source. The story was among the most widespread stories of the Middle Ages; its original was

probably in Greek; the earliest allusion to the Latin version belongs to the middle of the 8th century. A West-Saxon translation was made in the 11th century (*cp.* Ward's *Catalogue of Romances in the British Museum;* P. Z. Round's *Preface to Quarto Facsimile;* Dunlop's *History of Fiction;* Prof. A. H. Smyth's *Shakespeare's Pericles and Apollonius of Tyre,* etc.).

The name "*Pericles*" in place of "*Apollonius*" may have been derived from Sidney's *Arcadia.*

Duration of Action. The action of the play covers a period of from fifteen to sixteen years, of which fourteen days are represented on the stage: the chief intervals are accounted for in the Choruses:—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i. *Interval. Day* 2, Act I. Sc. ii., iii. *Interval. Day* 3, Act I. Sc. iv. *Interval, 2nd Chorus. Day* 4, Act II. Sc. i. *Day* 5, Act II. Sc. ii., iii., iv. *Day* 6, Act II. Sc. v. *Interval, 3rd Chorus. Day* 7, Act III. Sc. i. *Day* 8, Act III. Sc. ii. *Interval. Day* 9, Act III. Sc. iii., iv. *Interval,* 14 *years, 4th Chorus. Day* 10, Act IV. Sc. i. *Interval. Day* 11, Act IV. Sc. ii., iii. *Interval, 5th Chorus* (Act IV. Sc. iv.). *Day* 12, Act IV. Sc. v., vi. *Interval, 6th Chorus. Day* 13, Act V. Sc. i. *Interval, 7th Chorus* (Act V. Sc. ii.). *Day* 14, Act V. Sc. iii. (*cp.* Daniel's "*Time-Analysis of Shakespeare's Plays*").

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Antiochus, King of Antioch, in order to keep his daughter unmarried, for a shameful purpose, subjects to the penalty of death all her suitors who do not succeed in solving a certain riddle. After many have perished in the endeavour to win the beautiful but wicked princess, Pericles, Prince of Tyre, expounds the riddle, which carries with it the story of Antiochus's sin. To prevent the divulging of the secret, the monarch seeks to have Pericles put to death. The latter flees to his own kingdom, and being unable to make head against Antiochus's wrath, soon continues his flight into other lands. He touches at Tarsus, where his provisioned ships bring relief to that famine-stricken city.

II. Pericles is afterwards driven by a storm on the shore of Pentapolis, and suffers a shipwreck, which he alone survives. Hearing that Simonides, the king of the country, is giving a tournament in honour of his daughter Thaisa, he goes to the court, engages in the exercises and creates so favourable an impression that though he is poor and unknown, the princess chooses him for her husband, and the king ratifies the nuptials.

III. Several months later, word reaches Pericles that his ancient enemy Antiochus is dead; also that his presence is needed to maintain his crown at Tyre. He reveals his identity to his wife and royal father-in-law, and embarks with Thaisa for his own country. A storm arises,

and in the height of its fury Thaisa is delivered of a daughter, who is named Marina because she was born at sea. The mother swoons and is supposed to be dead. The sailors insist that she be speedily cast into the sea in accordance with their superstition that this alone would allay the tempest. She is therefore placed in a box by her grief-stricken husband and consigned to the deep. The box is cast ashore at Ephesus, where those who open it find the lady still alive. Upon recovering strength she becomes a priestess of Diana. Meanwhile Pericles entrusts the infant Marina to Cleon, the governor of Tarsus and his wife, to be reared by them, and then the Prince proceeds on his way to Tyre.

IV. For fourteen years Marina lives with her guardians at Tarsus, developing into a maiden whose beauty and accomplishments overshadow those of their own daughter. Cleon's jealous wife endeavours to have Marina murdered, but she is seized by pirates and conveyed to Mytilene. Here she falls into evil hands, but succeeds in preserving her innocence. In the meantime Pericles visits Tarsus and is given to understand that his daughter is dead.

V. Overcome with sorrow at the loss of both wife and daughter, Pericles sets sail again for Tyre, but is driven before the winds to Mytilene, where Lysimachus, the governor, pays him a visit on shipboard, but finds him unresponsive and listless. To cheer him, the governor sends for Marina, who had become noted for singing and dancing. She is recognized by her delighted father; and the cup of his happiness is filled to the brim when, shortly afterwards, while on a pilgrimage to Diana's shrine at Ephesus, he is reunited to his long-lost wife Thaisa. He gives his daughter's hand to Lysimachus; while the false Cleon and his wife perish at the hands of incensed citizens of Tarsus.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Marina.

Marina, in Shakespeare's hands, is a glorified being, who is scarcely grown up before her charm and rare qualities rouse envy and hatred. We first see her strewing flowers on a grave, and immediately after this we listen to her attempt to disarm the man who has undertaken to murder her. She proves herself as innocent as the Queen Dagmar of the ancient ballad. She "never spake bad word nor did ill turn to any living creature." She never killed a mouse or hurt a fly; once she trod upon a worm against her will and wept for it. No human creature could be cast in gentler mould, and truth and nobility unite with this mildness to shed, as it were, a halo round her.

When, after rebuffing and rejecting her, Pericles has gradually softened towards Marina, he asks her where she was born and who provided the rich raiment she is wearing. She replies that if she were to tell the story of her life none would believe her, and she prefers to remain silent. Pericles urges her:—

> "Prithee, speak:
> Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
> Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
> For the crowned Truth to dwell in; I will believe thee.
> . . . . . .
> Tell thy story;
> If thine considered prove the thousandth part
> Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
> Have suffered like a girl: yet thou dost look
> Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
> Extremity out of act."

All this rich imagery brings Marina before us with the nobility of character which is so fitly expressed in her outward seeming. It is Pericles himself who feels like a buried prince, and it is he who has need of her patient

sympathy, that the violence of his grief may be softened by her smile. It is all very dramatically effective. The old Greek tragedies frequently relied on these scenes of recovery and recognition, and they never failed to produce their effect. The dialogue here is softly subdued, it is no painting in strong burning colours that we are shown, but a delicately blended pastel. In order to gain an insight into Shakespeare's humour at the time *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night* were written, the reader was asked to think of a day on which he felt especially well and strong and sensible that all his bodily organs were in a healthy condition—one of those days in which there is a festive feeling in the sunshine, a gentle caress in the air.

To enter into his mood in a similar manner now you would need to recall some day of convalescence, when health is just returning after a long and severe illness. You are still so weak that you shrink from any exertion, and, though no longer ill, you are as yet far from being well; your walk is unsteady, and the grasp of your hand is weak. But the senses are keener than usual, and in little much is seen; one gleam of sunshine in the room has more power to cheer and enliven than a whole landscape bathed in sunshine at another time. The twitter of a bird in the garden, just a few chirps, has more meaning than a whole chorus of nightingales by moonlight at other moments. A single pink in a glass gives as much pleasure as a whole conservatory of exotic plants. You are grateful for a trifle, touched by friendliness, and easily moved to admiration. He who has but just returned to life has an appreciative spirit.

As Shakespeare, with the greater susceptibility of genius, was more keenly alive to the joyousness of youth, so more intensely than others he felt the quiet, half-sad pleasures of convalescence.

Wishing to accentuate the sublime innocence of Marina's nature, he submits it to the grimmest test, and gives it the blackest foil one could well imagine. The gently nurtured girl is sold by pirates to a brothel, and the de-

lineation of the inmates of the house, and Marina's bearing towards them and their customers, occupies the greater part of the fourth act.

As we have already said, we can see no reason why Fleay should reject these scenes as non-Shakespearian. When this critic (whose reputation has suffered by his arbitrariness and inconsistency) does not venture to ascribe them to Wilkins, and yet will not admit them to be Shakespeare's, he is in reality pandering to the narrow-mindedness of the clergyman, who insists that any art which is to be recognised shall only be allowed to overstep the bounds of propriety in a humorously jocose manner. These scenes, so bluntly true to nature in the vile picture they set before us, are limned in just that Caravaggio colouring which distinguished Shakespeare's work during the period which is now about to close. Marina's utterances, the best he has put into her mouth, are animated by a sublimity which recalls Jesus' answers to his persecutors. Finally, the whole *personnel* is exactly that of *Measure for Measure*, whose genuineness no one has ever disputed. There is also an occasional resemblance of situation. Isabella, in her robes of spotless purity, offers precisely the same contrast to the world of pimps and panders who riot through the play that Marina does here to the woman of the brothel and her servants.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

III.

Pericles.

Not alone our desires, but somewhat also of our experience, is gratified when justice that is poetic, but not therefore utterly unreal, is fulfilled in the fate of Pericles. His original difficulties spring from his suit to the daughter of Antiochus, a suit unblessed by any better passion than deceptive beauty stimulates, and the politic desire to furnish his realm with an heir. His error, for by the standard

of Shakespeare's moral feeling so it must stand, is recognized soon, but not so as to evade all its consequences; hence his exile and wanderings and vicissitudes; prudence and noble sensibility, and patience when fortune admits no better, help and preserve him, and weariness and melancholy are roused at last to renewed enjoyment of affection and prosperity.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

IV.

Shakespeare's Share in this Drama.

With all the extraordinary power of single scenes, the "Marina" has not, as it stands, any more than the *Pericles* story as a whole, the dramatic substance, the backbone, of Shakespeare's most "romantic" plots. It is like *The Winter's Tale* divested of the tragedy of Hermione. The most critical moment of Marina's career, that in which she turns the governor of Mytilene from his evil purpose, can hardly have appealed to Shakespeare, with its Spenserian breadth and simplicity, as proper for the central situation of a drama. And the earlier crisis, in which Dionyza plots her death, is treated with a marked subordination of dramatic to epic effect. We are hardly made aware of Dionyza's jealousy, when we find her putting the last touches to the murderer's instructions:—

> Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do't:
> 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known (IV. i. 1, 2).

And the raptures of the final reunion are made poignant by no mingling of remorse. Blameless sufferers embrace, but no Leontes, no Alonso, no Iachimo, Posthumus, or Cymbeline looks on. The real criminals are in the conclusion simply ignored. Neither the vengeance which Pericles proposed to inflict, nor the "nobler virtue" of pardon which his later counterparts bestow, gives dramatic significance to their fate; but they fall by a popular

uprising, and this last act of their story is huddled away in an Epilogue. The so-called "Marina" is an assemblage of striking parallels to the Romances, but is not, as a whole, a parallel.

And a great part even of the "Marina" itself is only intermittently of clear Shakespearean quality. It would be rash to say that the Mytilene-scenes in the fourth Act are too repulsive for him to have written; certainly the loathsome figures of Boult and his crew are drawn with a drastic vigour of which there is hardly a trace in the first two acts. But powerful realism of this kind was within the compass of many a Jacobean dramatist, when he could draw direct from the low life of daily experience. It is where his common experience fails him, that the common dramatist betrays himself. Certainly such phenomena as the conversion of Lysimachus and Boult must have been as startling in London as in Ephesus; and it is at this point that the writer of the Mytilene-scenes discloses his psychological ineptitude. We may perhaps recognize Shakespeare in Marina's virginal protest, but its instantaneous effect upon hardened men must be attributed to a hand less subtle or more perfunctory than his. Similarly, the majority of the "choruses" in Acts IV. and V., while differing in measure and in style from those of I. and II., show only here and there a Shakespearean touch. The Gower of I. and II. speaks in rude octosyllabic verse like his own, sprinkled with antique forms. In IV. and V. he archaises no more and cultivates the five-foot measure, the ornate phrase, and the interwoven rhymes of the Elizabethan sonneteer. And the opening "chorus" of Act V., otherwise clumsy enough, contains, in its description of Marina's dainty feminine craft, a little vignette full of Shakespearean flavour.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

What was more natural than that young Shakspeare, in his first dramatic attempts, should have followed the method of the best models of his day, and worked in their

style? In the present case, it was obviously R. Greene's style that he imitated. Like all the plays of this writer, *Pericles* also is not so much a drama as a dramatised narrative; in language, composition, and characterisation, it is thoroughly epic in colouring, and therefore, generally speaking, it is clogged with the same faults as are met with in Greene. And yet Shakspeare surpasses, and doubtless even in his original form, surpassed, his model in many respects. The characters, although wanting in roundness, and more sketches than fully-coloured figures, are nevertheless more powerfully delineated and reveal more of their inner life than those of Greene's best pieces. The composition, also, although externally thoroughly epic, is nevertheless internally held together by the thread of one thought. All the principal parts of the play reflect, either directly or indirectly (by contrast), the same view of life as spent in the search after, and in the acquisition, the loss and the recovery of its highest gift—pure, genuine love. The fault of the play is that it is more epic than dramatic, for which reason the action, in place of being condensed, hangs loosely together and is flat and diffuse. Even the language and versification, in so far as their original colouring can be conjectured, show, I think, some resemblance to R. Greene's style, except that naturally, in this respect also, Greene was probably as much surpassed in his own style by the superior poetical genius of Shakspeare, as Marlowe was surpassed by *Titus Adronicus*, which was composed after his fashion. But, in my opinion, it is more especially the comic parts (for instance, the scenes among the fishermen, and between Boult and his mistress, etc.) that show such great resemblance to passages in *The Comedy of Errors*, the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Henry VI.* (Jack Cade, etc.), and *Romeo and Juliet* (the disputes of the servants), that not only do they quite eclipse all the comic parts in Greene's dramas, but must necessarily have been written by Shakspeare, and moreover by Shakspeare as a young, not as an older man.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

The drama as a whole is singularly undramatic. It entirely lacks unity of action, and the prominent figures of the opening scenes quickly drop out of the play. A main part of the story is briefly told in rhymed verse by the presenter, Gower, or is set forth in dumb show. But Shakspere's part is one and indivisible. It opens on shipboard with a tempest, and in Shakspere's later play of storm and wreck he has not attempted to rival the earlier treatment of the subject. "No poetry of shipwreck and the sea," a living poet writes, "has ever equalled the great scene of *Pericles*; no such note of music was ever struck out of the clash and contention of tempestuous elements." Milton, when writing *Lycidas* the elegy upon his drowned friend, remembered this scene, and one line in particular: "And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse." To this rage of storm succeeds the hush of Cerimon's studious chamber, in which the wife of Pericles, tossed ashore by the waves, wakens wonderingly from her trance to the sound of melancholy music. Cerimon, who is master of the secrets of nature, who is liberal in his "learned charity," who held it ever

> "Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
> Than nobleness and riches,"

is like a first study for Prospero. In the fourth act, Marina, so named from her birth at sea, has grown to the age of fourteen years, and is, as it were, a sister of Miranda and Perdita (note in each case the significant name). She, like Perdita, is a child lost by her parents, and, like Perdita, we see her flower-like with her flowers—only these flowers of Marina are not for a merrymaking, but a grave. The melancholy of Pericles is a clear-obscure of sadness, not a gloom of cloudy remorse like that of Leontes. His meeting with his lost Marina is like an anticipation of the scene in which Cymbeline recovers his sons and daughter.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere Primer.*

The play consists of verse scenes, prose scenes, and the Gower chorus. Considering at present only the first of these three parts, we shall find so marked a difference between the first two, and last three, acts, as to render it astonishing that they could ever have been supposed to be the work of one author.

COMPARATIVE TABLE.

	Acts I., II.	Acts III., IV., V.
Total No. of lines.....	835	827
No. of rhyme lines.....	195	14
No. of double endings.....	72	106
No. of Alexandrines.....	5	13
No. of short lines.....	71	98
No. of rhymes not dialogue.....	8	16

The differences in the other items are striking, and of themselves conclusive; but the difference of the numbers of rhymes, the proportion being 14 in the one part to 1 in the other, is such as the most careless critic ought to have long since noticed. With regard to this main question, then, there can be no doubt: the three last acts alone can be Shakespeare's; the other part is by some one of a very different school. But we have minor questions of some interest to settle. The first of these is, Who wrote the scenes in the brothel, Act IV. Sc. ii. v. vi.? I say decidedly, not Shakespeare; for these reasons: These scenes are totally unlike Shakespeare's in feeling on such matters. He would not have indulged in the morbid anatomy of such loathsome characters; he would have covered the ulcerous sores with a film of humour, if it were a necessary part of his moral surgery to treat them at all; and, above all, he would not have married Marina to a man whose acquaintance she had first made in a public brothel, to which *his* motives of resort were not recommendatory, however involuntary *her* sojourn there may have been. A still stronger argument is the omission of any allusion in the after-scenes to these three. In one place, indeed, there seems to be a contradiction of them.

The after-account of Marina, which is amply sufficient without the prose scenes for dramatic purposes, is given thus:—

> "We haue a *maid* in Metiline . . .
> She *with her fellow maides* [is] now upon
> The leauie shelter that abutts against
> The Islands side."—Act V. Sc. i.

I cannot reconcile this with—

> "Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sowe, and dance,
> And [I] will undertake all these to teach."—Act IV. Sc. vi.

nor with—

> "Pupils lacks she none of nobler race,
> Who pour their bounty on her: and her gain
> *She gives the cursed Bawd.*"—Act. V., *Gower.*

But if these scenes are not Shakespeare's (and repeated examination only strengthens my conviction that they are not), the clumsy Gower chorus is not his either. And this brings us to the only hypothesis that explains all the difficulties of this play. The usual hypothesis has been that Shakespeare finished a play begun by some one else: that is, that he deliberately chose a story of incest, which, having no tragic horror in it, would have been rejected by Ford or Massinger, and grafted on to this a filthy story, which, being void of humour, would even have been rejected by Fletcher. This arises from the fallacy which I noted in a previous paper, caused by the inveterate habit of beginning criticism from the first pages of a book, instead of from the easiest and most central standpoint. The theory which I propose as certain is this: Shakespeare wrote the story of Marina, in the last three acts, minus the prose scenes and the Gower. This gives a perfect artistic and organic whole, and, in my opinion, ought to be printed as such in every edition of Shakespeare: the whole play, as it stands, might be printed in collections for the curious, and there only. But this story was not

enough for filling the necessary five acts from which Shakespeare never deviated; he therefore left it unfinished, and used the arrangement of much of the latter part in the end of *Winter's Tale*, which should be carefully compared with this play. The unfinished play was put into the hands of another of the "poets" attached to the same theatre, and the greater part of the present play was the result; this poet having used the whole story as given by Gower and elsewhere.

FLEAY: *Shakespeare Manual.*

V.

Construction.

The play is awkwardly and unskilfully constructed, being on the plan of the old legendary drama, when it was thought sufficient to put some popular narrative into action, with little attempt at a condensed and sustained continuous interest in the plot or its personages. It rambles along through the period of two generations, without any attempt at the artist-like management of a similar duration in *The Winter's Tale*, by breaking up the story into parts, and making the one a natural sequel to the other, so as to keep up a uniform continuity of interest throughout both. The story itself is extravagant, and its dénouement is caused by the aid of the heathen mythology, which every mind trained under modern associations and habits of thought feels as repugnant to dramatic truth, and at once refuses to lend to it that transient conventional belief so necessary to any degree of illusion or interest, and so readily given to shadowy superstitions of other kinds, as ghosts, witches, and fairies, more akin to our general opinions, or more familiar to our childhood. A still greater defect than this is one rare indeed in anything from Shakespeare's mind—the vagueness and meagreness of the characters, undistinguished by any of that portrait-like individuality which gives life and reality to the humblest per-

sonages of his scene. Thence, in spite of the excellence of particular parts, there results a general feebleness of effect in the whole. The versification is, in general, singularly halting and uncouth, and the style is sometimes creeping and sometimes extravagant. . . .

Yet, on the other hand, it contains much to please, to surprise, to affect, and to delight. The introduction of old Gower, linking together the broken action by his antiquated legendary narrative, is original and pleasing.

VERPLANCK: *The Illustrated Shakespeare.*

A play which has such various and frequently shifting scenes as *Pericles* must always be read to a certain degree of disadvantage beyond the fortune of others of less diversified stage accident. These changes furnish a source of fatigue and refreshment to the spectator, which an experienced dramatist knows how to manage and control, and makes the most of by corrections which are lost or go counter in the closet. Even a reader who is also a playgoer finds much difficulty in saving these effects, and they slip from others entirely. Taking, however, as well as one may, the point of view of the parterre, I confess I find much to admire in the skill with which the play of *Pericles* is constructed and put together. Whether we take the outline of the story in the form of argument, or read it in the verses that furnished it to the play-writer, we may be honestly struck with the ingenuity that could group, divide and connect it for dramatic purposes, with the requisite clearness and facility that are successfully attained. The story rambles dispersedly in various countries and by sea and land, and the incidents are of every degree of importance and insignificance; but the stages of the story as enacted are cleverly made to correspond with the relief of the divisions of the acts. Old Gower interposes in each case, like the guard and sign and bound of the compartment, and his narrative both bridges intervals and renders them defined, while the dumb show that he interprets is an intermediate term of the narrated and the enacted.

. . . All through the piece we encounter from time to time reminiscences of other Shakespearian works—reminiscences, or it may be anticipations, but I think most frequently the former.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

The drama before us contains no discrimination of manners (except in the comic dialogues), very few traces of original thought, and is evidently destitute of that intelligence and useful knowledge that pervade even the meanest of Shakespeare's undisputed performances. To speak more plainly, it is neither enriched by the gems that sparkle through the rubbish of *Love's Labour's Lost*, nor the good sense which so often fertilizes the barren fable of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. . . . That the plays of Shakespeare have their inequalities likewise, is sufficiently understood; but they are still the inequalities of Shakespeare. He may occasionally be absurd, but is seldom foolish; he may be censured, but can rarely be despised.

I do not recollect a single plot of Shakespeare's formation (or even adoption from preceding plays or novels) in which the majority of the characters are not so well connected, and so necessary in respect of each other, that they proceed in combination to the end of the story; unless the story (as in the cases of Antigonus and Mercutio) requires the interposition of death. In *Pericles* this continuity is wanting, and even with the aid of Gower the scenes are rather loosely tacked together than closely interwoven. STEEVENS.

Respecting the dramatic merits of *Pericles* there is not much to be said. It is emphatically, not to say exclusively, a play of incidents, with but little of clear and pointed characterization. It has indeed a goodly number of superb strains of poetry; but these for the most part are introduced in such a way as to render it evident that the germs of them were not in the original conception of the

characters: they strike us rather as choice pearls held together mechanically by a string, than as the organic adornings of nature, growing forth from an innate virtue, and so cohering in a common centre or principle of life.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

However wild and extravagant the fable of *Pericles* may appear, if we consider its numerous choruses, its pageantry, and dumb shows, its continual succession of incidents, and the great length of time which they occupy, yet is it, we may venture to assert, the most spirited and pleasing specimen of the nature and fabric of our earliest romantic drama which we possess, and the more valuable, as it is the only one with which Shakspeare has favoured us.

DRAKE: *Shakspeare and his Times.*

Hard is the task, in this discerning age,
To find new subjects that will bear the stage;
And bold our bards, their low harsh strains to bring
Where Avon's swan has long been heard to sing;
Blest parent of our scene! whose matchless wit,
Tho' yearly reap'd, is our best harvest yet.
Well may that genius every heart command,
Who drew all Nature with her own strong hand;
As various, as harmonious, fair and great,
With the same vigour and immortal heat;
As thro' each element and form she shines:
We view heav'n's hand-maid in her Shakespeare's lines.
Though some mean scenes, injurious to his fame,
Have long usurp'd the honour of his name;
To glean and clear from chaff his least remains,
Is just to him, and richly worth our pains,
We dare not charge the whole unequal play
Of Pericles on him; yet let us say,
As gold tho' mix'd with baser metal shines,
So do his bright inimitable lines
Throughout those rude wild scenes distinguish'd stand
And shew he touch'd them with no sparing hand.

G. LILLO: *Prologue to Marina.**

* An adaptation of *Pericles*, 1738.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ANTIOCHUS, *king of Antioch.*
PERICLES, *prince of Tyre.*
HELICANUS, } *two lords of Tyre*
ESCANES, }
SIMONIDES, *king of Pentapolis.*
CLEON, *governor of Tarsus.*
LYSIMACHUS, *governor of Mytilene.*
CERIMON, *a lord of Ephesus.*
THALIARD, *a lord of Antioch.*
PHILEMON, *servant to Cerimon.*
LEONINE, *servant to Dionyza.*
Marshal.
A Pandar.
BOULT, *his servant.*

The Daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYZA, *wife to Cleon.*
THAISA, *daughter to Simonides.*
MARINA, *daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*
LYCHORIDA, *nurse to Marina.*
A Bawd.

Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

DIANA.

GOWER, *as Chorus.*

SCENE: *Dispersedly in various countries.*

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

ACT FIRST.

Enter Gower.

Before the palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come,
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times
When wit 's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you like taper-light.
This Antioch then Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat,
The fairest in all Syria:
I tell you what mine authors say:
This king unto him took a fere,
Who died, and left a female heir,

So buxom, blithe, and full of face
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:
Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none:
But custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent he made a law,
To keep her still and men in awe,
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die.
As yon grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgement of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*

Scene I.

Antioch. A room in the palace.

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles and followers.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large received
The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;

At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Music. Enter Antiochus' Daughter.

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
You gods that made me man and sway in love,
That have inflamed desire in my breast
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale,
That without covering, save yon field of stars,

Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must;
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us life 's but breath, to trust it error.
I 'll make my will then, and, as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe
Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did,
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unspotted fire of love to you. [*To the Princess.*
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice: read the conclusion then:
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all 'say'd yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!
Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness!

Per. Like a bold champion I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.

He reads the riddle.

'I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father:

He 's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.'
[*Aside*] Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,
Were not this glorious casket stored with ill:
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;
For he 's no man on whom perfections wait
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You are a fair viol and your sense the strings,
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down and all the gods, to hearken,
But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that 's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time 's expired:
Either expound now or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He 's more secure to keep it shut than shown:
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear

To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for 't.
Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law 's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. [*Aside*] Heaven, that I had thy head! He has found the meaning:
But I will gloze with him.—Young prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we 'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honour and your worth.

[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you 're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,

Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder 's as near to lust as flame to smoke:
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I 'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Antiochus.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaliard,
You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy:
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here 's poison, and here 's gold:

We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?
Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.
Ant. Enough.

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit.*
Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after: and like an arrow shot
From a well experienced archer hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return
Unless thou say 'Prince Pericles is dead.'
Thal. My lord,
If I can get him within my pistol's length,
I 'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your highness.
Ant. Thaliard, adieu! [*Exit Thal.*] Till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Tyre. A room in the palace.

Enter Pericles.

Per. [*To Lords without*] Let none disturb us. Why should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
Be my so used a guest as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet?

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now and cares it be not done.
And so with me: the great Antiochus,
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he 's so great can make his will his act,
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He 'll stop the course by which it might be known:
With hostile forces he 'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state,
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
Who am no more but as the tops of trees
Which fence the roots they grow by and defend them,
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter Helicanus, with other Lords.

First Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

Sec. Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing:
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping and what lading 's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus, thou
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.

Hel. [*Kneeling*] I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee, rise: sit down: thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!
Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,

What wouldst thou have me do?

Hel. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest:
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:
And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listening air
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,
To lop that doubt, he 'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all, of which thyself art one,

Who now reprovest me for it,—

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I 'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hel. We 'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tarsus
Intend my travel, where I 'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I 'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I 'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both:
But in our orbs we 'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Tyre. An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets: now I do see he had some reason for 't; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he 's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter Helicanus and Escanes, with other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your king's departure:
His seal'd commission left in trust with me
Doth speak sufficiently he 's gone to travel.

Thal. [*Aside*] How! the king gone!

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I 'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—

Thal. [*Aside*] What from Antioch?

Hel. Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know not—
Took some dipleasure at him; at least he judged so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he 'ld correct himself;

So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. [*Aside*] Well, I perceive I shall not be hanged now, although I would; but since he 's gone, the king's seas must please: he 'scaped the land, to perish at the sea. I 'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Cleon the Governor of Tarsus, with Dionyza and others.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are;
Here they 're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;
That, if heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I 'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak help me with tears.

Dio. I 'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tarsus, o'er which I have the government,
A city on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
These mouths, who but of late earth, sea and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defiled for want of use,
They are now starved for want of exercise;

Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Those mothers who, to nousle up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities that of plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where 's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.
Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already,

And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory 's got to overcome.

Lord. That 's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him 's untutor'd to repeat:
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will and what they can,
What need we fear?
The ground 's the lowest, and we are half way there.
Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes and whence he comes
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter Pericles with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be like a beacon fired to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starved half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we 'll pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, rise:
We do not look for reverence, but for love
And harbourage for ourself, our ships and men.
Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be seen—
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.
Per. Which welcome we 'll accept; feast here awhile,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I 'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation,
To whom I give my benison,
Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he speken can;
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

DUMB SHOW.

Enter, at one door, Pericles, talking with Cleon; all the train with them. Enter, at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to Pericles; Pericles shows the letter to Cleon; gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exit Pericles at one door, and Cleon at another.

Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And had intent to murder him;
And that in Tarsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there 's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above and deeps below
Make such unquiet that the ship
Should house him safe is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower,—this longs the text. [*Exit.*

Scene I.

Pentapolis. An open place by the sea-side.

Enter Pericles, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you:
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he 'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

First Fish. What, ho, Pilch!
Sec. Fish. Ha, come and bring away the nets!
First Fish. What, Patchbreech, I say!
Third Fish. What say you, master?
First Fish. Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I 'll fetch thee with a wanion.
Third Fish. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.
First Fish. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.
Third Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they say they 're half fish, half flesh: a plague on

them, they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

First Fish. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful: such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. [*Aside*] A pretty moral.

Third Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

Sec. Fish. Why, man?

Third Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

Per. [*Aside*] Simonides!

Third Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [*Aside*] How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect!—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

Sec. Fish. Honest! good fellow, what 's that? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

Per. May see the sea hath cast upon your coast.

Sec. Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

First Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? Here 's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

Sec. Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practised it.

Sec. Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here 's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for 't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on:
A man throng'd up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

First Fish. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid 't! And I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we 'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

Sec. Fish. Hark you, my friend; you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

Sec. Fish. But crave! Then I 'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped then?

Sec. Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I 'll go draw up the net. [*Exit with Third Fisherman.*

Per. [*Aside*] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

First Fish. Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.

First Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

Per. The good Simonides, do you call him?

First Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

First Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I 'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

First Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.

Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net.

Sec. Fish. Help, master, help! here 's a fish hangs in

the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on 't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.
Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all thy crosses
Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself;
And though it was mine own, part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, even as he left his life,
'Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death':—and pointed to this brace—
'For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity—
The which the gods protect thee from!—may defend thee.'
It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd have given 't again:
I thank thee for 't: my shipwreck now 's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in 's will.

First Fish. What mean you, sir!

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it;
And that you 'ld guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortune 's better,
I 'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

First Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I 'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

First Fish. Why, do 'e take it, and the gods give thee good on 't!

Sec. Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you 'll remember from whence you had them.

Per. Believe 't, I will.
By your furtherance I am clothed in steel;
And spite of all the rapture of the sea
This jewel holds his building on my arm:
Unto thy value I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

Sec. Fish. We 'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I 'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will,
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. A public way or platform leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, etc.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

First Lord. They are, my liege,
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat

For men to see and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a Lord.*

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit 's less.

Sim. It 's fit it should be so; for princes are
A model which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renowns if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to entertain
The labour of each knight in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I 'll perform.

Enter a Knight; he passes over, and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Ethiope reaching at the sun;
The word, 'Lux tua vita mihi.'

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.
[*The Second Knight passes.*
Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight that 's conquer'd by a lady;
The motto thus, in Spanish, 'Piu por dulzura que por fuerza.' [*The Third Knight passes.*

Sim. And what 's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;
The word, 'Me pompæ provexit apex.'
[*The Fourth Knight passes.*

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch that 's turned upside down;
The word, ' Quod me alit, me extinguit.'

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.
[*The Fifth Knight passes.*

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that 's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, ' Sic spectanda fides.'
[*The Sixth Knight, Pericles, passes.*

Sim. And what 's
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that 's only green at top;
The motto, ' In hac spe vivo.'

Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

First Lord. He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend;
For by his rusty outside he appears
To have practised more the whipstock than the lance.

Sec. Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

Third Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion 's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming: we will withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts within, and all cry* ' The mean knight! '

Scene III.

The same. A hall of state: a banquet prepared.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you 're welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you are her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the feast,—
For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place:
Marshal the rest as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days: honour we love;
For who hates honour hates the gods above.

Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

First Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir, sit.
[*Aside*] By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.

Thai. [*Aside*] By Juno, that is queen of marriage,
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,
Wishing him my meat.—Sure he 's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He 's but a country gentleman;
Has done no more than other knights have done;
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

Thai. [*Aside*] To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. [*Aside*] Yon king 's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence;
None that beheld him but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy:
Where now his son 's like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time 's the king of men;
He 's both their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

Knights. Who can be other in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that 's stored unto the brim,—
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,—
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace

Sim. Yet pause awhile:
Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court

Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it to me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter:
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them:
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,
Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!
Do as I bid you, or you 'll move me else.

Thai. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

Sim. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre; my name, Pericles;
My education been in arts and arms;
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.
Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.
[*The Knights dance.*
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.
Come, sir,
Here 's a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip,
And that their measures are as excellent.
Per. In those that practise them they are, my lord.
Sim. O, that 's as much as you would be denied
Of your fair courtesy.
[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*
Unclasp, unclasp:
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
[*To Pericles*] But you the best. Pages and lights, to conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings! Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.
Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.
Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,

And that 's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Tyre. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Helicanus and Escanes.

Hel. No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest lived not free:
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes adored them ere their fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but justice; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

First Lord. See, not a man in private conference
Or council has respect with him but he.

Sec. Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

Third Lord. And cursed be he that will not second it.

First Lord. Follow me then. Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: happy day, my lords.

First Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not your prince you love.

First Lord. Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground 's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we 'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we 'll find him there;
And be resolved he lives to govern us,
Or dead, give 's cause to mourn his funeral,
And leave us to our free election.

Sec. Lord. Whose death 's indeed the strongest in our censure:
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,—
Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin—your noble self,
That best know how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto, our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where 's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expired he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;

Whom if you find and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

First Lord. To wisdom he 's a fool that will not yield;
And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we 'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Pentapolis. A room in the palace.

Enter Simonides, reading a letter, at one door: the Knights meet him.

First Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she 'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from her by no means can I get.

Sec. Knight. May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly
Tied her to her chamber, that 'tis impossible.
One twelve moons more she 'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

Third Knight. Loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves.
[*Exeunt Knights.*

Sim. So,
They are well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she 'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;

I like that well: nay, how absolute she 's in 't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I do commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!
Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.
Sim. Sir, you are music's master.
Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
Sim. Let me ask you one thing: what do you think of my daughter, sir?
Per. A most virtuous princess.
Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?
Per. As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair.
Sim. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.
Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.
Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.
Per. [*Aside*] What 's here?
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!
'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life.—
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not:
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat—unless it be the king—
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he 's honour's enemy.

Sim. No?
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you.

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?
[*Aside*] I am glad on 't with all my heart.—
I 'll tame you; I 'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger? [*Aside*] who, for aught I know,
May be, nor can I think the contrary,
As great in blood as I myself.—
Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame
Your will to mine,—and you, sir, hear you,
Either be ruled by me, or I 'll make you—
Man and wife:
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too
And being join'd, I 'll thus your hopes destroy;
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!
What, are you both pleased?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life my blood that fosters it.

Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, if 't please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed;
And then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Now sleep y-slaked hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,

E'er the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded. Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent
With your fine fancies quaintly eche:
What 's dumb in show I 'll plain with speech.

DUMB SHOW.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a letter: Pericles shows it Simonides; the Lords kneel to the former. Then enter Thaisa with child, with Lychorida, a nurse: the King shows her the letter; she rejoices: she and Pericles take leave of her father, and depart with Lychorida and their Attendants. Then exeunt Simonides and the rest.

By many a dern and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coigns
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expense
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,
Fame answering the most strange inquire,
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenour these
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles

Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
'Our heir-apparent is a king!
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?'
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child makes her desire—
Which who shall cross?—along to go.
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea: their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood
Varies again; the grisled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives:
The lady shrieks and well-a-near
Does fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey;
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit.*

Scene I.

Enter Pericles, on shipboard.

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O, still
Thy deafening dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble sulphurous flashes! O, how, Lychorida,
How does my queen? Thou stormest venomously;
Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard. Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails! Now, Lychorida!

Enter Lychorida, with an Infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

Per. How, how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here 's all that is left living of your queen,
A little daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,

And snatch them straight away? We here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blustrous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world
That ever was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here. Now, the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon 't!

Enter two Sailors.

First Sail. What courage, sir? God save you!

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

First Sail. Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

Sec. Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

First Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That 's your superstition.

First Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been

still observed; and we are strong in custom.
Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet. Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.
[*Exit Lychorida.*

Sec. Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

Sec. Sail. We are near Tarsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

Sec. Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tarsus!
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I 'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner:
I 'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.

Enter Cerimon, a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter Philemon.

Phil. Doth my lord call?
Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men:
'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.
Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this
Till now, I ne'er endured.
Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There 's nothing can be minister'd to nature
That can recover him. [*To Philemon*] Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works.
[*Exeunt all but Cerimon.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Good morrow.
Sec. Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.
Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?
First Gent. Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend
And all-to topple: pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.
Sec. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well.

First Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
'Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I hold it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend,
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have,
Together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

Sec. Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restored:
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never. . . .

Enter two or three Servants with a chest.

First Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What 's that?

First Serv. Sir,
Even now did the sea toss up upon our shore
This chest: 'tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set 't down, let 's look upon 't.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitumed! Did the sea cast it up?

First Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir, as toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open:
Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.

Sec. Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.
O you most potent gods! what 's here? a corse!

First Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balmed and entreasured
With full bags of spices! A passport too!
Apollo, perfect me in the characters!
[*Reads from a scroll.*
'Here I give to understand,
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,
I, King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.

Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!'
If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe! This chanced to-night.

Sec. Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks! They were too rough
That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within:
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.

[*Exit a servant.*

Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.
The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The viol once more: how thou stirr'st, thou block!
The music there! I pray you, give her air.
Gentlemen,
This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her: she hath not been entranced
Above five hours: see how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

First Gent. The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels.
Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part
Their fringes of bright gold: the diamonds
Of a most praised water do appear
To make the world twice rich. Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be. [*She moves.*

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

Sec. Gent. Is not this strange?

First Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours!
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us!
[*Exeunt, carrying her away.*

Scene III.

Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Pericles, Cleon, Dionyza, and Lychorida with Marina in her arms.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleased you had brought her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina, whom,
For she was born at sea, I have named so, here
I charge your charity withal, leaving her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you relieved, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect

Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We 'll bring your grace e'en to the edge, o' the shore,
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.

Enter Cerimon and Thaisa.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning time; but whether there
Delivered, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that 's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,
Welcomed and settled to his own desire.
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there as a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But, alack,
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage rite; this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be 't when she weaved the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needle wound
The cambric, which she made more sound

By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*

Scene I.

Tarsus. An open place near the sea-shore.

Enter Dionyza with Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do 't
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will do 't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her.
Here she comes weeping for her only mistress'
death. Thou art resolved?

Leon. I am resolved.

Enter Marina, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last. Ay me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you?
Do not consume your blood with sorrowing:
You have a nurse of me. Lord, how your favour 's
Changed with this unprofitable woe!

Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.
Come, Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I 'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father and yourself
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least:
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I 'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while:
Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.
[*Exit Dionyza.*
Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was 't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried 'Good seamen!' to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands, haling ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber. 'Ha!' says one, 'wilt out?'
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life:
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do 't.
Mar. You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.
You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.
Leon. I am sworn,
And will dispatch. [*He seizes her.*

Enter Pirates.

First Pirate. Hold, villain! [*Leonine runs away.*
Sec. Pirate. A prize! a prize!
Third Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part.
Come let 's have her aboard suddenly.
[*Exeunt Pirates with Marina.*

Re-enter Leonine.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seized Marina. Let her go:
There 's no hope she will return. I 'll swear she 's dead,
And thrown into the sea. But I 'll see further:
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.
[*Exit.*

Scene II.

Mytilene. A room in a brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Boult!

Boult. Sir?

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mytilene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let 's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou sayest true: 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought up some eleven—

Boult. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou sayest true; they 're too unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms. But I 'll go search the market. [*Exit.*

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving o'er.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it 's no calling. But her comes Boult.

Re-enter Boult, with the Pirates and Marina.

Boult. [*To Marina*] Come your ways. My masters, you say she 's a virgin?

First Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes: there 's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What 's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.*

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry 'He that will give most shall have her first.' Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit.*

Mar. Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates,
Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me
For to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions: you shall fare well: you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you 're

a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boult's returned.

Re-enter Boult.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who, Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay, he: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you 'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I 'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you,
will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Cleon and Dionyza.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er looked upon!

Dion. I think
You 'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I 'ld give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison'd too:
If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I 'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute cry out
'She died by foul play.'

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,

Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think
The pretty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
From honourable sources.

Dion. Be it so, then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did distain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
Not worth the time of day. It pierced me thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,

Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies:
But yet I know you 'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Enter Gower, before the monument of Marina at Tarsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have and wish but for 't;
Making, to take our imagination,
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Helicanus goes along; behind
Is left to govern it, you bear in mind
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanced in time to great and high estate.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tarsus,—think his pilot thought:
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,—
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I 'll reconcile.

DUMB SHOW.

Enter Pericles at one door, with all his train; Cleon and Dionyza at the other. Cleon shows Pericles the tomb; whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt Cleon, Dionyza, and the rest.

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through and biggest tears o'ershower'd,
Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs:
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.

'The fairest, sweet'st and best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does, and swears she 'll never stint,
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.'

No visor does become black villany
So well as soft and tender flattery.

Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
In her unholy service. Patience, then,
And think you now are all in Mytilene. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

Mytilene. A street before the brothel.

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

Sec. Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

First Gent. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

Sec. Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: shall 's go hear the vestals sing?

First Gent. I 'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

The same. A room in the brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she 's able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment and

do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she 'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. Faith, there 's no way to be rid on 't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter Lysimachus.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mytilene.

Lys. If she 'ld do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, prithee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste. [*Exit Boult.*

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk; never plucked yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter Boult with Marina.

Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you: leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I 'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. [*To Marina*] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Ha' you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet: you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come,

we will leave his honour and her together. Go thy ways. [*Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and Boult.*

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name 't but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into 't? I hear say you are of honourable parts and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgement good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How 's this? how 's this? Some more; be sage.
Mar. For me
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Have placed me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,
O, that the gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!
Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here 's gold for thee:
Persever in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!
Mar. The good gods preserve you!
Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold, here 's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter Boult.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.
Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,

Would sink, and overwhelm you. Away! [*Exit.*

Boult. How 's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We 'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what 's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball, saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She 's born to undo us. Will you not go

the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit.*

Boult. Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou art the damned door-keeper to every
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib;
To the choleric fisting of every rogue
Thy ear is liable; thy food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, or common shores, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
Any of these ways are yet better than this;
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place!
Here, here's gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain by me,

Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I 'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there 's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I 'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays;
Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her needle composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses;

Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her, and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost:
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight
Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark:
Where what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark.

[*Exit.*

Scene I.

On board Pericles' ship, off Mytilene. A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; Pericles within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them Helicanus.

Tyr. Sail. [*To the Sailor of Mytilene*] Where is Lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.
O, here he is.
Sir, there is a barge put off from Mytilene,
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

First Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come aboard; I pray, greet him fairly.

[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.*

Enter from thence, Lysimachus, and Lords; with the Gentlemen and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance
But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. 'Twould be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hel. You may;
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him. [*Pericles discovered*] This was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

First Lord. Sir,
We have a maid in Mytilene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And with her fellow maids is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side. [*Whispers a Lord, who goes off in the barge of Lysimachus.*

Hel. Sure, all 's effectless; yet nothing we 'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy

Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province. Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.
But, see, I am prevented.

Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, with Marina, and a young Lady.

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!—
Is 't not a goodly presence?

Hel. She 's a gallant lady.

Lys. She 's such a one, that, were I well assured
Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,
I 'ld wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery, provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her;
And the gods make her prosperous! [*Marina sings.*

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

Per. Hum, ha!

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gazed on like a comet: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude. [*Aside*] I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear 'Go not till he speak.'

Per. My fortune—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight,
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like
And cased as richly; in pace another Juno;

Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achieved you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithee, speak:
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I will believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back—
Which was when I perceived thee—that thou camest
From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look

Like Patience gazing on kings' graves and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends? 140
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I 'll cease.

Per. Nay, I 'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power, 150
My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion! Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea! what mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the minute I was born, 160
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft

Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!
[*Aside*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:
My daughter 's buried.—Well: where were you bred?
I 'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorn: believe me, 'twere best I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The king my father did in Tarsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?
It may be,
You think me an impostor: no, good faith;
I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep.

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell

Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
And found at sea again! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees; thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray, what is your title?

Per. I
Am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect, the heir of kingdoms,
And another like to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus:
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge
She is thy very princess. Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mytilene,

Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you.
Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But, hark, what music?
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter. But, what music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None!
The music of the spheres! List, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

Lys. My lord, I hear.
[*Music.*

Per. Most heavenly music!
It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [*Sleeps.*

Lys. A pillow for his head:
So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I 'll well remember you.
[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*

Diana appears to Pericles in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's call,
And give them repetition to the life.

Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe;
Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!
Awake, and tell thy dream. [*Disappears.*
Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee. Helicanus!

Re-enter Helicanus, Lysimachus, and Marina.

Hel. Sir?
Per. My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I 'll tell thee why.
[*To Lysimachus*] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?
Lys. Sir,
With all my heart; and, when you come ashore,
I have another suit.
Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.
Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.
Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Enter Gower before the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.
This, my last boon, give me,
For such kindness must relieve me,
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,

What minstrelsy and pretty din,
The regent made in Mytilene,
To greet the king. So he thrived,
That he is promised to be wived
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they 're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancies' thankful doom. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

The temple of Diana at Ephesus; Thaisa standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; Cerimon and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter Pericles, with his train; Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus
Was nursed with Cleon; who at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mytilene; 'gainst whose shore

Thaisa Recognizes Pericles

Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— [*Faints.*

Per. What means the nun? she dies! help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her overboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady. O, she 's but overjoy'd.
Early in blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and placed her
Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is
Recovered.

Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you spake,
Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring.
[*Shows a ring.*

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
[*Kneels to Thaisa.*

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Blest, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute:
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have named him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserved; and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power: that can

From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I
Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I 'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,
My father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
We 'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold: sir, lead 's the way.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,

Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven and crown'd with joy at last:
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears:
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn;
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish, although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.
[*Exit.*

Glossary.

Absolute, faultless, perfect; Prol. IV. 31.

Account, accounted (Quartos, "*account'd,*" "*accounted*"; Folios 3, 4, "*counted*"); Prol. I. 30.

Address'd, prepared; II. iii. 94.

Afore me, on my word, by my soul; a slight oath; II. i. 84.

Amazement, confusion, bewilderment; I. ii. 26.

Appliance, appliances; III. ii. 86.

Approve, commend; II. i. 55.

Argentine, silver hued; V. i. 251.

As, as if; Prol. I. 24; I. i. 16.

——, that; I. ii. 3.

Attend, await; I. iv. 79.

Attend me, listen to me; I. ii. 70.

Attribute; "an honest a.," reputation for honesty; IV. iii. 18.

Avaunt, out of my sight; IV. vi. 125.

Awful, full of awe; reverent; Prol. II. 4.

Awkward, adverse (Quarto 1, "*augward*"); V. i. 94.

Bases, embroidered skirts hung down from the middle to about the knees or lower,

worn by knights on horseback; II i. 167. (The annexed cut is from the Description of the Tournament held at Stuttgart in 1609.)

Beacon; I. iv. 87. The subjoined cut represents a beacon preserved on the tower of Hadley Church, Barnet.

Beholding, beholden; II. v. 25.
Belching, vomiting; III. i. 63.
Blown, swollen; V. i. 256.
Blurted at, held in contempt; IV. iii. 34.
Bolins, bowlines; III. i. 43.
Bonum quo antiquius, eo melius; i.e. a good thing for being old, the older the better; Prol. I. 10.
Bootless, without gain, profitless; V. i. 33.
Boots, avails, helps; I. ii. 20.
Bots on't, an execration; II. i. 122.
Brace, armour worn on the arm; II. i. 131.
Braid, reproach, upbraid (Malone, "*'braid*"); I. i. 93.
Breathing, exercise; II. iii. 101.
Buxom, lively, fresh; Prol. I. 23.

Can = gan (an old auxiliary form) = did; Prol. III. 36.
Cates, delicacies; II. iii. 29.
Censure, opinion; II. iv. 34.
Chance, chances it; IV. i. 23.
Character, handwriting; III. iv. 3.
Cheapen, bid for; IV. vi. 10.
Chequin, an Italian gold coin (Quarto 1, "*Checkins*"; Quartos 2, 3, "*Chickins*"; Quartos 4, 5, 6, Folio 3, "*Chickeens*"; Folio 4, "*Chickens*"); IV. ii. 28 (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a Venetian specimen of Shakespeare's era.

Chiding, noisy; III. i. 32.
City, inhabitants of the city, citizens; V. iii. 97.
Clear, virtuous; IV. vi. 113.
Clerks, scholars; Prol. V. 5.
Cockles, mussel-shells; IV. iv. 2.
Coigns, corners (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, "*Crignes*"); Prol. III. 17.
Commend, commendation; II. ii. 49.
Companion; "her mild c.," "the companion of her mildness" (Daniel conj. "*her wild c.*"; "*in her mild company*"); I. i. 18.
Conceit, ability to think; III. i. 16.
Conclusion, (?) problem; I. i. 56.
Conditions, disposition; III. i. 29.
Condolements, blunder for *doles*; II. i. 154.
Confound, waste, consume: V. ii. 14.
Consist, insist; I. iv. 83.
Conversation, conduct; Prol. II. 9.
Convince, overcome, defeat; I. ii. 123.

Copp'd, round-topped; I. i. 100.
Countervail, balance, equal; II. iii. 56.
Countless, infinite; I. i. 31.
Cunning, knowledge, skill; III. ii. 27.
Curious, elegant, nice; I. iv. 43.

Darks, darkens, obscures; Prol. IV. 35.
Date, appointed term of life; III. iv. 14.
Death-like, deadly; I. i. 29.
Deliver, tell, relate; V. iii. 63.
Deliver'd, told, related; V. i. 162.
Dern, secret, dreary; Prol. III. 15.
Desire (trisyllabic); I. i. 20.
Diana's temple; III. iv. 13. (This famous building is well represented in the large brass medallion of Antoninus Pius, here facsimiled.)

Distain, stain (Steevens conj.; Quartos and Folios 3, 4, "*disdaine*"); IV. iii. 31.
Distemperature, disorder; V. i. 27.
Dole, sorrow; Prol. III. 42.
Dooms, judgment; Prol. III. 32.
Doubt, suspect; I. ii. 86.
Doubting, fearing; I. iii. 22.
Dropping, dripping wet; IV. i. 63.
Dumbs, makes dumb; Prol. V. 5.

Eaning time, time of delivery; III. iv. 6.
Earnest, money given beforehand; IV. i. 49.
Eche, eke out (Quartos, Folio 3, "*each*"); Prol. III. 13.
Eftsoons, soon, by and by; V. i. 256.
Ember-eves, evenings preceding the ember-days, days of fasting at four seasons of the year; Prol. I. 6.
Entertain, entertainment; I. i. 119.
Entrance (trisyllabic); II. iii. 64.
Erst, erewhile, formerly; I. i. 49.
Escapen, escape; Prol. II. 36.
Exposition, expounding, interpretation; I. i. 112.
Extremity, the extremity of suffering; V. i. 140.
Eyne, eyes; Prol. III. 5.

Fact, deed, (?) crime (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, "*face*"; Mason conj. "*feat*"); IV. iii. 12.
Fault, misfortune; IV. ii. 75.
Favour, face, appearance; IV. i. 25; V. iii. 13.

Fere, companion, spouse (Quartos, "*Peere*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Peer*"); Prol. I. 21.
Fits, befits; I. i. 157.
Flap-jacks, pancakes; II. i. 87.
Flaw, stormy wind; III. i. 39.
For, fit for; I. i. 7.
——, for fear of; I. i. 40.
——, in place of, instead of; III. i. 62.
——, because; II. iii. 13; V. i. 158; V. iii. 48.
Forbear, bear with; II. iv. 46.
'Fore, before (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, "*from*"); Prol. III. 6.
For that, because; II. i. 81.
Frame, go, resort; Prol. I. 32.
——, shape, mould; II. v. 81.
Furtherance, help; II. i. 158.

Gat, begat; II. ii. 6.
'Gins, begins; III. ii. 95.
Give him glad, make him glad; Prol. II. 38.
Give's, give us; II. iv. 32.
Glad, gladden; I. iv. 28.
Glose, make empty words, use deceit; I. i. 110.
Gone through, bid high; IV. ii. 47.
Graff, graft; V. i. 60.
Greets, gratifies; IV. iii. 38.
Griefs, grievances; II. iv. 23.
Grieve, grieve us; II. iv. 19.
Gripe at, grasp at, catch at; I. i. 49.

Haling, dragging (Malone, "*with hauling of the*"); IV. i. 55.
Happily, haply, perhaps; I. iv. 92.
Hatched, closed with a half door; IV. ii. 35.
Having, possession; II. i. 143.
Heap, mass, body (Jackson conj. "*head*"; Collier [ed. 2], "*head*"; Bailey conj. "*shape*"); I. i. 33.
Hie thee, hasten; III. i. 69.
Hies, hastens; Prol. V. 20.
Hight, is called; Prol. IV. 18.
Holy-ales, rural festivals on saints' days; (?) church-ales, or wakes (Steevens' emendation; Quartos and Folios, "*holy-dayes*"); Prol. I. 6. (The annexed cut is a unique representation of one of these ancient popular festivals.)

From a XIVth century sculpture over the porch of Chalk Church, near Gravesend.

Honour, honourable office; II. ii. 14.

Husbandry, economy of time; (?) attention to business; III. ii. 20.

In, even in; I. iv. 102.
Inflict, afflict; V. i. 61.
In hac spe vivo, in this hope I live; II. ii. 44. (This device is supposed by Douce to be altered from the one here copied from Paradin.)

Inkle, a kind of tape; here probably some kind of embroidery silk; Prol. V. 8.
Intend, bend, direct; I. ii. 116.
Intends, intentions; V. i. 259.
I-wis, truly, certainly; Prol. II. 2.

Jetted, stalked, strutted; I. iv. 26.
Joy, rejoice; II. i. 163.
Just, joust, tilt; II. i. 113.

Killen, kill; Prol. II. 20.

Late, lately; IV. iv. 15.
Level, aim; II. iii. 114.
Level at, aim at; I. i. 165.
Lien, lain; III. ii. 85.
Light, alighted, fallen; IV. ii. 73.
Like, equal, the same; I. i. 108; IV. v. 1.
——, just as; II. iv. 36.
——, likely; III. i. 17; IV. i. 80.
Longs, belongs to (Singer, "*longs*"; Quartos, "*long's*"; Folios 3, 4, "*long's*"); Prol. II. 40.
Looks, faces, countenances (alluding to the heads of suitors which were set up at the gate to terrify others who might come); Prol. I. 40.
Lop, cut off; I. ii. 90.
Loud music, made by clashing of armour; II. iii. 97.
Lown, base fellow; IV. vi. 19.
Lux tua vita mihi, thy light is life to me; II. ii. 21.

Malkin, slattern (Quarto 3, "*Mowkin*"; the rest, "*Mawkin*"; the old pronunciation); IV. iii. 34.
Manage, training; usually used of a horse; IV. vi. 69.
Mask'd, concealing as with a mask its cruel nature (Dyce conj. "*vast*"; S. Walker conj. "*moist*"; Kinnear conj. "*mighty*"; Elze conj. "*calmest*"); III. iii. 36.

Me pompæ provexit apex, "the desire of renown drew me to this enterprise" (Wilkins' Novel); II. ii. 30. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From "The Heroicall Devises of M. Claudius Paradin," 1591.

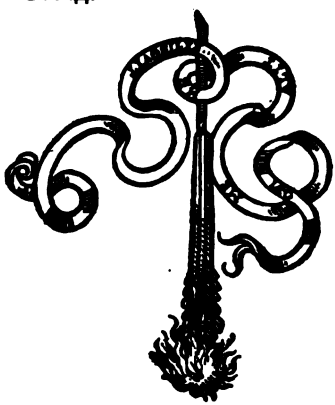
Mis-dread, fear of evil; I. ii. 12.
Moons, months; Prol. III. 31.
Mortal, fatal; III. ii. 110.
Mortally, in the manner of mortals; V. i. 105.
Motion, a working pulse (Pericles' exclamation after he has felt Marina's pulse); Steevens, "*no motion?*" *i.e.* "Are you not a puppet?" V. i. 156.
Must, must come to (Wray conj. "*must be*"); I. i. 44.

Ne, nor; Prol. II. 36.
Needle (pronounced *neeld*); Prol. IV. 23.
Neglection, neglect; III. iii. 20.
Nicely scrupulously; IV. i. 6.
Nill, will not; Prol. III. 55.
Not, not only; III. ii. 46.
Nousle, nurse; I. iv. 42.

Of, (?) on (Folios, "*on*"); Prol. V. 22.
Old, of old, long ago; Prol. I. i.
On, of; II. i. 7; II. i. 36; III. iii. 20.
Open, disclose, reveal; I. ii. 87; IV. iii. 23.
Opinion, public opinion; II. ii. 56.
Oppress, suppress; Prol. III. 29.
Orbs, spheres; I. ii. 122.
Ostent, ostentation, display (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, "*stint*"); I. ii. 25.
Owe, own; V. i. 118.

Parted, departed from; V. iii. 38.
Partakes, communicates; I. i. 152.
Passion, grief; IV. iv. 24.
Perch, measure, mile (according to some = "resting-place"); Prol. III. 15.
Perishen, perish; Prol. II. 35.
Piece, masterpiece; IV. vi. 118.
Pilch = leathern coat (used as a proper name); II. i. 12.
Piu por dulzura que por fuerza, more by gentleness than by force (the Italian "*piu*" is used instead of the Spanish "*mas*"); II. ii. 27.
Plain, make plain; Prol. III. 14.
Porpus, porpoise (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, "*Porpas*"); II. i. 26.

Portly, imposing; I. iv. 61.
Pregnant, prompt, ready; Prol. IV. 44.



From Daniel's *Translation of Paulus Jovius,* 1585.

Present, "his p.," that which he presents; II. ii. 42.
——, instant, immediate; Prol. IV. 38; V. i. 193.
Presently, immediately; III. i. 82.
Prest, prompt, ready; Prol. IV. 45.
Principals, corner-posts; III. ii. 16.
Proportion, portion, fortune; IV. ii. 28.
Prorogue, draw out, linger out; V. i. 26.
Purchase, gain, profit (Steevens conj., adopted by Malone, "*purpose*"); Prol. I. 9.

Quaintly, skilfully; Prol. III. 13.
Quick, invigorating; IV. i. 28.
Quirks, caprices; IV. vi. 8.
Quit, requite; III. i. 35.
Quod me alit, me extinguit, that which gives me life, gives me death; II. ii. 33. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Rapture, violent effort (Quartos, Folios 3, 4, "*rupture*"); II. i. 159.
Records, sings; Prol. IV. 27.
Reft, bereft; II. iii. 84.
Repeated, mentioned, told; I. i. 96.
Resist me, are distasteful to me; II. iii. 29.
Resolve, solve; I. i. 71.
——, satisfy; II. v. 68.
——, tell inform; V. i. 1; V. iii. 61.
Resolved, satisfied, convinced; II. iv. 31.
Return them, announce to them; II. ii. 4.
Ruff; IV. ii. 111. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a Spanish portrait of the date 1503.

'Say'd assayed, those who have assayed; I. i. 59, 60.
Semblance (trisyllabic); I. iv. 71.
Shall's, shall we; IV. v. 7.
Shine, brightness; I. ii. 124.
Shipman, seaman; I. iii. 24.
Shores, sewers; IV. vi. 186.
Sic spectanda fides, thus faith is to be tested; II. ii. 38. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From "The Heroicall Devises of M. Claudius Paradin . . . ," 1591.

Sleided, raw, untwisted (Quartos, Folio 3, "*sleded*"; Folio 4, "*sledded*"); Prol. IV. 21.
Smooth, flatter; I. ii. 78.
So, well and good; IV. ii. 46.
Sometime, once; II. i. 141.
Sometimes, formerly, sometime; I. i. 34.
Somewhat, something; II. i. 126.
Speeding, succeeding; II. iii. 116.
Speken, speak; Prol. II. 12.
Standing-bowl, a bowl resting on a foot; II. iii. 65.
Stay, await; II. ii. 3.
Stead, aid, help; Prol. III. 21; Prol. IV. 41.
Still, continually, always; Prol. I. 36.
Straight, immediately; III. i. 54.
Strain, race; IV. iii. 24.
Suddenly, quickly; III. i. 70.
——, at once, immediately; IV. i. 96.

Take, betake; III. iv. 10.
Tellus, the earth; IV. i. 14.
That, if; Prol. I. 13.
——, so that; Prol. V. 7.
Thetis, the sea goddess; IV. iv. 39.
Thorough, through; IV. iii. 35.
Thoughten, thinking; IV. vi. 115.
Throng'd up, pressed, numbed; II. i. 77.
Throng'd, pressed, crushed; I. i. 101.
Thwarting, crossing; IV. iv. 10.
Tire, furniture, bed-furniture (?) = comfortably and richly furnished bed; III. ii. 22.
To, compared to; II. iii. 36.
To-bless, bless (*to,* used intensively); IV. vi. 23.
Tourney, hold a tournament; II. i. 114.
Triumph, tournament; II. ii. 1.

Unscissar'd, uncut, untouched by the scissors; III. iii. 29.
Unto, according to, in comparison to; II. i. 161.

Vail, lower; II. iii. 42.
——, do homage; Prol. IV. 29.
Vails, perquisites received by servants; II. i. 155.
Vegetives, vegetables, plants; III. ii. 36.
Viol, vial, phial (Quartos 4, 5, 6; Folios 3, 4, "*viall*"); III. ii. 90.
Visor, mask; IV. iv. 44.

Wages, equals, weighs; IV. ii. 32.
Wanion; "with a w." = "with a curse on you," "with a vengeance" (probably ultimately derived from the phrase "*in the waniand,*" *i.e.* "in the waning moon," *i.e.* at an unlucky time, hence = with ill-luck); II. i. 17.
Weed, garment, robe; IV. i. 14.
Well-a-day, grief, woe; IV. iv. 49.
Well-a-near, alas! well-a-day; Prol. III. 51.
Well, said, well done; III. ii. 87.
Where, whereas; I. i. 127; II. iii. 43.
Whereas, where; I. iv. 70.
Whipstock, the handle of a whip; II. ii. 51.
Who, he who; I. i. 94.
Wight, man; Prol. I. 39.
Wit, know; IV. iv. 31.
With, by; I. i. 4; II. i. 68, 69.
Word, motto; II. ii. 21.
Would; "I w.," I wish; III. i. 42.
Writ, holy writ, gospel (Quartos 2, 3, "*write*"; Steevens conj. "*wit*"; Nicholson conj. "*Writ*"); Prol. II. 12.

Younger, past, ago; I. iv. 39.
Y-slaked, sunk to repose; Prol. III. 1.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 24. '*boundless*'; Rowe's emendation of Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*bondlesse.*'

I. i. 29. '*death-like dragons here affright*'; Daniel conj. '*death, like dragons, here affrights*'; S. Walker conj. '*affront*'; Hudson conj. '*affronts.*'

I. i. 55-57. The arrangement of the text, confused in Quartos and Folios, was first made by Malone.

I. i. 59, 60. '*Of all 'say'd yet*'; Mason conj. '*In all, save that*'; Mitford conj. '*O false! and yet.*'

I. i. 113. '*cancel of*'; Malone's emendation; Folios 3, 4, '*cancel off*'; Quartos 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, '*counsell of*'; Quarto 5, '*counsel of.*'

I. i. 128. '*untimely*'; Wilkins, in the Novel, writes '*uncomely,*' which may, perhaps, give the correct reading of the line.

I. i. 135. '*blush,*' *i.e.* '*who blush*'; the omission of the pronoun, personal or relative, is characteristic of the non-Shakespearian portions of the play.

I. ii. 1. '*change of thoughts,*' *i.e.* perturbation of thought; Steevens conj. '*charge of thoughts?*'; Mason conj. '*change of thoughts?*'; Singer (ed. 2), '*charge our thoughts?*'; Staunton conj. '*change our thoughts?*'; Bailey conj. '*child of thought*'; Daniel conj. '*cast of thought.*'

I. ii. 3. '*Be my so used a guest as*'; Dyce's emendation; Quarto 1, '*By me so vsde a guest, as*'; Malone (1780), '*By me's so us'd a guest, as*'; Jackson conj. '*Be by me so us'd a guest?*'.

I. ii. 8. '*arm*'; so Folio 4; Dyce reads '*aim.*'

I. ii. 30. '*Who am*'; Farmer conj.; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*Who once*'; Malone (1780), '*Who owe*'; (1790), '*Who wants.*'

I. ii. 41. '*blast*'; Mason conj. Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*spark*'; Malone (1790), '*breath*'; Steevens conj. '*wind.*'

I. ii. 55. '*plants*'; so Quarto 1; Malone's emendation of Quartos and Folios, '*planets.*'

I. ii. 86. '*doubt it*'; Steevens conj.; Quartos 1, 2, 3, '*doo't*'; Quartos 4, 5, 6, and Folios, '*thinke.*'

I. ii. 93. *'spares'*; so Quarto 1; Quartos 2-6, and Folios 3, 4, *'feares'* and *'fears.'*

I. ii. 95. *'reprovest'*; Malone, *'reprov'st*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'reprow'dst'*; Quartos 4, 5, 6, *'reprovedst'*; Folios 3, 4, *'reproved'st.'*

I. iii. 4-7. *Cp.* "I will therefore commend the poet Philipides, who, being demanded by King Lisimachus what favour he might do unto him, for that he loved him, made him answer to the king, that your Majesty would never impart unto me any of your secrets."—Barnabie Riche's *Soldier's Wish to Britain's Welfare.*

I. iii. 27-28. *'but since he's gone, the king's seas must please'*; Mason conj. *'But since.he is gone, the king, seas must please'*; Percy conj. *'But since he's gone, the king it sure must please'*; Collier (ed. 2), *'But since he is gone the king's ease must please'*; Perring conj. *'But since he's gone, the king this news must please'*; Dyce conj. *'But since he's gone the king's ears it must please.'*

I. iv. 8. *'mischief's eyes'*; Steevens, *'mistful eyes'*; Anon. conj. (1814), *'mischief-sise'*; Singer (ed. 2), *'mistie eyes'*; S. Walker conj. *'misery's eyes'*; Kinnear conj. *'weakness' eyes'*; Mr. T. Tyler's suggestion, *'not seen with mischief's eyes,' i.e.* 'not seen with the eyes of despair,' seems to be the most ingenious correction of the line, if any change is necessary.

I. iv. 13-14. *'Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep Our woes'*; Hudson reads, *'Our tongues do sound our sorrows and deep woes.'*

——; *'sorrows do'*; Cartwright conj. *'sobbings do'*; Bailey conj. *'bosoms too'*; Anon. conj. *'sorrowing bosoms do.'*

I. iv. 15. *'tongues'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'toungs'*; Steevens conj. *'lungs.'*

I. iv. 39. *'yet two summers younger'*; Mason conj.; Quarto 1, *'yet two sauers younger'*; Folios 3, 4, *'yet to savers younger.'*

I. iv. 69. *'of unhappy me'*; Malone (1780), *'of unhappy men'*; Steevens conj. *'of unhappy we'*; Jackson conj. *'O unhappy me.'*

I. iv. 74. *'him's' i.e. 'him who is'*; Malone's reading; Quarto 1, *'himnes'*; Quartos 2, 3, Folio 3, *'hymnes'*; Quartos 4, 5, *'hymmes'*; Quarto 6, *'hywmes'*; Folio 4, *'hymns'*; Steevens conj. *'him who is.'*

Prol. II. 19. *'for though'*; Steevens, *'forth'*; Singer (ed. 2), *'for thy'*; Nicholson conj. *'for-though'*; Kinnear conj. *'for through.'*

Prol. II. 22. *'Sends word'*; Steevens conj.; Quartos 1-5 read *'Sau'd one'*; Quarto 6, Folios 3, 4, *'Sav'd one.'*

II. i. 52. *'finny'*; Steevens conj. (from Wilkins' novel); Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'fenny.'*

II. i. 58. *'search'*; Steevens conj. *'scratch it'*; Singer (ed. 2), *'scratch't'*; Staunton, *'scratch'*; Anon. conj. *'steal it'*; Hudson, *'steal't.'*

II. i. 60. *'May see the sea hath cast upon your coast'*; so Quartos; Folios 3, 4, *'Y' may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast'*; Malone (1780), *'You may see the sea hath cast me on your coast'*; Steevens, adopted by Malone (1790), *'Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—.'*

II. ii. 14. *'entertain'*; Steevens conj. *'explain'*; Anon. conj. *'entreat'*; Anon. conj. *'emblazon'*; Schmidt conj. *'interpret.'*

II. iii. 19. *'Marshal'*; Malone's emendation; Quartos, Folio 3, *'Martiall'*; Folio 4, *'Martial.'*

II. iii. 29. *'resist'*; Collier conj. *'distaste.'*

——; *'he not'*; so Quartos 2-6, Folios 3, 4; Malone, *'she not'*; Malone conj. *'he now'*; Steevens conj. *'be not'*; Mason conj. *'she but'*; Dyce conj. *'he but.'*

II. iii. 50. *'stored'*; Steevens conj.; Quartos 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, *'stur'd'*; Folios 3, 4, *'stirr'd'*; Mason conj. *'stow'd.'*

II. iii. 63. *'kill'd are wonder'd at'*; Daniel, *'still ne'er wondered at'*; Anon. conj. *'kill'd are scorned at'*; Kinnear, *'little are wonder'd at.'*

II. iv. 41. *'For honour's cause'*; Dyce's reading; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'Try honours cause'*; Steevens conj. *'Try honour's course'*; Jackson conj. *'Cry, honour's cause!'*; Anon. conj. *'By honour's cause.'*

Prol. III. 35. *'Y-ravished'*; Steevens conj.; Quarto 1, *'Iranyshed'*; Quarto 2, *'Irany shed'*; the rest, *'Irony shed.'*

III. i. 7-8. *'Thou stormest venomously; Wilt'*; Dyce's reading; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'then storme venomously, Wilt'*; Malone, *'Thou storm, venomously, Wilt'*; Steevens, *'Thou, storm, thou! venomously Wilt'*; Collier, *'Thou storm, venomously Wilt.'*

III. i. 14. *'travails'*; Folio 3, *'travels'*; Dyce, *'travail.'*

III. i. 26. *'Use honour with you'*; Steevens reads, *'Vie honour with yourselves'*; Mason conj. *'Vie honour with you.'*

III. i. 63. *'aye-remaining lamps'*; Malone's conj.; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'ayre remayning lampes'*; Quartos 4, 5, 6, *'ayre remaining lampes'*; Folio 3, *'ayre remaining lamps'*; Folio 4, *'air remaining lamps'*; Jackson conj. *'area-manesing,'* etc.

III. ii. 17. '*all-to topple*'; Singer (ed. 2), '*al-to topple*'; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*all to topple*'; Dyce, '*all to-topple.*'

III. ii. 22. '*Rich tire*'; Steevens conj. '*Such towers*'; Quartos 1, 2, 3, '*Rich tire*'; the rest, '*Rich attire*'; Jackson conj. '*Rich Tyre*'; Collier (ed. 2), '*Rich 'tire.*'

III. ii. 41. '*treasure*'; Steevens' emendation for '*pleasures*' and '*pleasure*' of Quartos, Folios 3, 4.

III. ii. 42. '*to please the fool and death.*' *Cp.* the accompanying initial from Stowe's Survey of London (1618.) Steevens explained the words as an allusion to an old print exhibiting *Death* in the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and the *Fool* standing behind, and grinning at the process.

III. ii. 48. '*time shall never . . .*' so Quartos 1, 2, 3; Quartos 4, 5, 6, Folios 3, 4, '*neuer shall decay*'; Malone, '*time shall never—*'; Dyce, '*time shall never raze*'; Staunton, '*time shall ne'er decay*'; Anon. conj. '*time shall never end.*'

III. iii. 7. '*wanderingly*'; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*wondringly*'; Schmidt conj. '*woundingly.*'

III. iii. 29. '*Unscissar'd shall this hair*'; Steevens' emendation; Quartos 1-4, '*vnsisterd . . . heyre*'; Quarto 5, '*unsisterd shall his heyres*'; Quarto 6, '*unsisterd . . . heire*'; Folios 3, 4, '*unsister'd . . . heir.*'

III. iii. 30. '*show ill*'; Quartos and Folios read '*show will*'; the correction was made independently by Malone and Dyce; this and the previous emendations are confirmed by the corresponding passage in the Novel.

Prol. IV. 17. '*marriage rite*'; Collier's reading; Percy conj. '*marriage rites*'; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*marriage sight*'; Steevens conj., adopted by Malone, '*marriage fight*'; Steevens conj. '*marriage night.*'

Prol. IV. 26. '*night-bird*'; Malone's emendation of Quartos, Folios 3, 4, '*night bed.*'

IV. i. 5. '*inflaming love i' thy bosom*'; Knight's emendation of Quarto 1, '*in flaming, thy loue bosome,*' etc.

IV. i. 11. *'only mistress' death'*; Malone (1790), *'old mistress' death'*; Percy conj. *'old nurse's death,'* etc., etc.

IV. i. 64. *'stem to stern'*; Malone's emendation; Quartos, *'sterne to sterne'*; Folios 3, 4, *'stern to stern.'*

IV. i. 97. *'the great pirate Valdes'*; "perhaps there is here a scornful allusion to Don Pedro de Valdes, a Spanish admiral taken by Drake in 1588" (Malone).

IV. iii. 17. *'pious'*; Mason conj., and Wilkins' novel, adopted by Collier; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'impious'*; the rest omit the word.

IV. iii. 47-48. *'dost, with thine angel's face, Seize'*; Malone conj. *'dost wear thine angel's face; Seize'*; Steevens, *'doth wear an angel's face, Seize'*; Hudson (1881), *'doth use an angel's face, Then seize.'*

IV. iii. 48. *'talons'*; Rowe's emendation of Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'talents.'*

IV. iv. 13-16. The arrangement of the lines is according to Hudson's edition (1881).

IV. iv. 18. *'his pilot thought'*; Steevens conj. *'his pilot wrought'*; Mason conj. *'this pilot-thought'*; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'this Pilat thought'*; the rest, *'this Pilate thought.'*

IV. iv. 48. *'scene must play'*; Malone's emendation (1790); Quartos, Folios 3, 4 read *'Steare must play'*; Steevens conj., adopted by Malone (1780), *'tears must play'*; Malone conj. *'stage must play'*; Steevens, *'scenes display.'*

V. i. 47. *'deafen'd'*; Malone's emendation; Quarto 1, *'defend'*; the rest, *'defended.'*

V. i. 72. *'prosperous and artificial feat'*; *i.e.* *'gracefully and skilfully performed'*; Mason conj. *'prosperous artifice and fate'*; Steevens, *'prosperous-artificial feat.'*

——; *'feat'*; Percy conj., adopted by Steevens; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'fate.'*

V. i. 209-210. The passage is so corrupt that the Cambridge editors found themselves obliged to leave it as it stands in the Quartos and Folios.

V. i. 235. *'nips'*; Collier conj. *'raps.'*

V. i. 247. *'life'*; Charlemont conj., adopted by Malone; Quartos, Folios 3, 4, *'like.'*

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

"Gower," says Lloyd, "was a contemporary of Chaucer, and in one respect at least fully worthy to be so. His strong point is his versification; in the composition we are concerned with at least, we find none of Chaucer's sympathy with external nature, none of his sense of the humorous, and little of his diversified natural passion; the proper poetic vein of Gower, it must be said, is dry, and in default of this it is not much to say for his reputation as a poet, that he could adhere to and pursue a story with more conscientiousness than Chaucer in his idle moments compelled himself to; and he has the merit, not slight in itself, though one capable of large enhancement by addition of gifts that Gower had not, of a correct ear and happy power in guiding with tightened rein the paces that may be even stately, but that may so easily degenerate into the shambling of the rhymed verse of eight syllables. Hence came the inspiration of the spirited numbers in which the lines run that are assigned to Gower as chorus, and this circumstance alone gives importance to *Pericles* in the history of English literature, for it is impossible to read them without perceiving that from this intermediate basin Milton drew the sweet waters of Gower's early English rhythm, as those of Chaucer from *Midsummer-Night's Dream*; that hence it was he caught some of those tones that complete the perfection of what I must call unaffectedly his most perfect poems—poems that are as entirely satisfactory as the art of Shakespeare and the Greeks, however subordinate in scope, the Allegro and Penseroso."

40. Referring to the heads of the unsuccessful suitors set up over the palace gate, which is supposed to be in the sight of the audience. So in Gower's poem:—

"And in this wise his lawe taxeth,
That what man that his daughter axeth,
But if he couthe his question
Assoile upon suggestion
Of certein thinges that befelle,
The which he wold unto him telle
He shuld in certein lese his hede.
And thus there were many dede
Her hedes stonding on the gate
Till ate laste, long and late,
For lack of answere in this wise,
The remenaunt, that weren wise,
Escheweden to make assaie."

Scene I.

1. It does not appear that the father of Pericles is living. By *prince*, therefore, throughout this play, we are to understand prince *regnant*. In the *Gesta Romanorum* Apollonius is *king* of Tyre; in Twine's translation he is repeatedly called *prince of Tyrus*, as he is in Gower.

8, 9. The words *whose* and *her* refer to the daughter of Antiochus. *Lucina* was the goddess who presided over childbirth; therefore *till Lucina reign'd* means till the time of birth.

9-11. *Nature this dowry gave . . . perfections*:—The dowry given was, *that* the senate-house of planets *should* sit, etc. Compare Milton, *Paradise Lost*, viii. 511:—

"All heaven,
And happy constellations, on that hour
Shed their selectest influence."

13, 14. *Graces her subjects*, etc.:—"The Graces are her subjects, and her thoughts the sovereign of every virtue *that* gives renown to men."

18. By *her mild companion* is meant "the companion of her mildness." Hudson (Harvard ed.), adopting the conjecture of Daniel, reads "in her mild company."

27. *Hesperides* is here put for the garden in which the golden apples were kept. So also in *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. 340: "Climbing trees in the *Hesperides*."

43, 44. *to prepare*, etc.:—That is, "to prepare this body for that state to which I must *come*."

62, 63. *Nor ask advice*, etc.:—So in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "*Asking advice of no other thought but faithfulnesse and courage*, he presently lighted from his own horse."

72. *Sharp physic is the last*:—That is, the intimation in the last line of the riddle, that his life depends on resolving it.

79, 80. He is no *perfect* or *honest* man, that, knowing, etc.

87. *touch not*:—This is a stroke of nature. The incestuous king cannot bear to see a rival touch the hand of the woman he loves.

96-100. *For vice repeated . . . hurt them*:—"The man who knows the ill practices of princes is unwise if he reveals what he knows; for the publisher of vicious actions resembles the wind, which, while it passes along, blows dust into men's eyes. When the blast is over, the eyes that have been affected by the dust, though sore, see clear enough to stop for the future the air that would annoy them."

101. *Copp'd hills* are hills rising in a conical form, something of the shape of a sugar-loaf. Thus in Horman's *Vulgaria*, 1519: "Sometime men wear *copped* caps like a sugar loaf." So Baret: "To make *copped*, or sharpe at top; cacumino."

102. *poor worm*:—The mole is so called in the way of commiseration. In *The Tempest*, III. i. 31, Prospero, speaking to Miranda, says, "*Poor worm*, thou art infected!" The mole remains secure till it has thrown up those hillocks which betray his course to the mole-catcher.

134-136. *for wisdom sees*, etc.:—The expression here is elliptical: "For wisdom sees *that* those men *who* do not blush to commit actions blacker than the night will not shun any course to keep them from being known."

Scene II.

1. *change of thoughts*:—Mason interprets this as meaning "that change in the disposition of his mind—that unusual propensity to melancholy and cares, which he afterwards describes, and which made his body pine and his soul to languish." Malone's reading, *charge*, has been followed by Dyce, Knight, and Hudson (Harvard ed.), the last-named remarking that the word is here used for *burden* or *weight*.

44. *Signior Sooth*:—A near kinsman of this gentleman is mentioned in *The Winter's Tale*, I. ii. 196: "Sir Smile, his neighbour."

62. *let their ears hear their faults hid*:—Suffer their ears to hear their failings palliated.

74. *arms to princes*, etc.:—Such as bring additional strength to princes and joy to their subjects.

Scene III.

25. *life or death*:—Rolfe thinks the writer meant "that *life or death* was the question *each minute*." Hudson (Harvard ed.), following Daniel's conjecture, reads "life with death."

36. *desire it*:—Malone would have added "told." Walker conjectured "inquire it"; and Hudson (Harvard ed.) reads "inquire of it."

Scene IV.

Delius having asserted that in this Scene Cleon, in a senseless manner, tells his wife of things which she knows as well as he does himself, Ulrici remarks that "Cleon does not 'tell' her of the famine; he and Dionyza are merely talking about their sad position, about the terribly rapid change between overflowing abundance and abject poverty, and are grieving over the misery which has suddenly come upon them."

42. *nousle*:—This old word for *nurse* was much used by old writers. So Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, I. vi. 23:—

> "Whom, till to ryper years he gan aspyre,
> He *nousled* up in life and maners wilde."

93, 94. *Are like*, etc.:—That is, are like the Trojan horse, *which* was stuffed with bloody veins, *i.e.* living men. Some editions change *was stuff'd* into *war-stuff'd*, and *veins* into *views*.

ACT SECOND.

9-12. *The good*, etc.:—That is, the good prince (on whom I bestow my blessing) is still at Tarsus, where every man pays as much respect to all he can speak, as if it were holy writ.

13, 14. *And, to remember*, etc.:—This circumstance is found in the *Confessio Amantis*:—

"That thei *for ever in remembrance*
Made a figure in resemblance
Of hym, and in comonne place
Thei set it upp; so that his face
Miht every maner man byholde:
It was of latonn over gylte."

40. "Pardon old Gower from telling what ensues: it belongs to the text, not to his part as chorus."

Scene I.

25-27. *saw the porpus*, etc.:—Sailors have long held the notion that the playing of porpoises round a ship is a certain prognostic of a violent gale of wind.

35 *et seq.* Brandes observes that "the scene between the three fishermen, with which the second Act opens, owns some turns which speak of Shakespeare, especially where a fisherman says that the avaricious rich are the whales 'o' the land, who never leave gaping till they 've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all,' and another replies, 'But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.'"

64, 65. *In that vast tennis-court*, etc.:—So in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "In such a shadow mankind lives, that neither they know how to foresee, nor what to feare, and are, *like tenis bals, tossed by the racket of the higher powers*."

117, 118. *O, sir, things*, etc.:—"Things must be as they are appointed to be; and what a man is not sure to compass, he has yet a just right to attempt." The rest of the passage seems meaningless, and is probably mutilated.

122. *bots on 't*:—This comic execration was formerly used instead of one less decent. *Bots* is a disease in horses.

Scene II.

4. *Return them*:—That is, return them word that we are ready.

56, 57. *scan the outward habit*, etc.:—Scan the inward man by the outward habit. Such inversions are not uncommon in old writers.

Scene III.

29. *These cates resist me*:—"These delicacies go against my stomach."

63. *are wonder'd at*:—When kings, like insects, lie dead before us, our admiration is excited by contemplating how in both instances the powers of creating bustle were superior to those which either object should seem to have promised.

Scene IV.

7. *When he was seated in a chariot*:—"A grossly corrupted passage," says White, "though intelligible."

34. *the strongest in our censure*:—That is, according to Steevens, "the most probable in our opinion."

Scene V.

2 *et seq.* "The expedient here devised by Simonides for having the suitors 'well despatch'd' is indeed," says Clarke, "not very consonant with the dignity of truth; but it is quite characteristic of the waggish tendency to stratagem shown by the royal old gentleman, in proceeding to 'dissemble' his satisfaction at his daughter's choice, and to play off a pretended anger at the lovers' mutual affection, that he may keep them in a flutter of suspense until he choose to join their hands and bid them wed at once as the penalty of their transgression, in daring to fall in love without his leave. Steevens solemnly demurs to this conduct of Simonides; yet, though it may not be 'ingenuous,' it is perfectly in character—diplomatically as well as dramatically."

93. From this line Steevens omits *and*. At this place he has the following observations: "I cannot dismiss the foregoing Scene till I have expressed the most supreme contempt of it. Such another gross, nonsensical dialogue would be sought for in vain among the earliest and rudest efforts of the British theatre. It is impossible not to wish that the knights had horsewhipped Simonides, and that Pericles had kicked him off the stage."

ACT THIRD.

In the stage direction for the Dumb Show the lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter, that he is King of Tyre. By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, Pericles has also succeeded to the throne of

Antioch, in consequence of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him.

59, 60. It is clear from these lines that when the play was originally performed no attempt was made to exhibit either a sea or a ship.

Scene I.

"The diction throughout the present scene," in Clarke's opinion, "is veritably Shakespearian. It has that majesty of unrestrained force which distinguishes his finest descriptive passages, and that dignity of expression, combined with the most simple and natural pathos, which characterizes his passages of deepest passion. After the comparative stiffness traceable in the phraseology of the previous scenes, and after the cramped and antiquated chant-speeches of Gower, this opening of the third Act always comes upon us with the effect of a grand strain of music —the music of the great master himself—with its rightly touched discords and its nobly exalted soul-sufficing harmonies." And Hudson (Harvard ed.) exclaims: "After the dull and dreary scenes that precede, how refreshing it is at last to strike upon a vein of genuine Shakespeare!"

1. *this great vast*:—It should be remembered that Pericles is supposed to speak from the deck. Lychorida, on whom he calls, is supposed to be in the cabin beneath.

30 *et seq.* A part of this most Shakespearian passage is found in Wilkins's novel. The words in italics will show that one of the Poet's most characteristic expressions has been lost out of the text: "*Poor inch of nature!* quoth he, thou art as rudely welcome to the world, as ever princess' babe was; and hast as chiding a nativity, as fire, air, earth, and water can afford thee."

35. *Thy loss,* etc.:—That is, "thou hast already lost more, by the death of thy mother, than thy safe arrival at the port of life can requite, with all to boot that we can give thee." *Portage* is here used for *conveyance* into life.

75, 76. *Thither, gentle mariner,* etc.:—Change thy course, which is now *for Tyre,* and go to *Tarsus.*

Scene II.

9. *Give this to the 'pothecary,* etc.:—The recipe cannot be for the servant's master. It must be either for the servant himself, or for the poor men who here leave the stage.

67. *Apollo, perfect me,* etc.:—He asks that Apollo may make him able to read it.

105. *What world is this*:—This is from the *Confessio Amantis*:—

> "And first hir eyen up she caste,
> And when she more of strength caught,
> Her armes both forth she straughte;
> Held up hir honde and piteouslie
> She spake, and said, Where am I?
> Where is my lorde? Ah! What worlde is this?"

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

1 *et seq.* It has been remarked how this wicked foster-mother, hating Marina, corresponds to the wicked stepmother in *Cymbeline*, who hates Imogen.

4-6. *Let not conscience . . . too nicely*:—This passage, says White, is hopelessly corrupted.

17. *Shall, as a carpet, hang,* etc.:—That is, as drapery. Table-covers, and articles of like kind and use, were called carpets. Floors were covered with rushes.

52 *et seq. When I was born, the wind was north,* etc.:—"Most notable," observes Brandes, "is the preliminary sketch of the tempest which ushers in the play. Over and above the resemblance between the storm-scenes [in *Pericles* and *The Tempest*] we have Marina's description of the hurricane during which she was born (IV. i.), and Ariel's description of the shipwreck (*Tempest*, I. ii.)."

Scene II.

16. *Ay, to eleven,* etc.:—Brought them up to eleven years of age, and then brought them down again; that is, ruined them.

35. *keep our door hatched*:—This, says Hudson (Harvard ed.), "means *shut up shop*, or *give over our trade*."

114-116. *he will come in our shadow,* etc.:—The allusion is to the French coin *écus de soleil, crowns of the sun.* The meaning of the passage is merely this, that the French knight will seek the shade of their house to scatter his *money* there.

147, 148. *thunder . . . eels*:—Thunder was supposed to have the effect of rousing eels from the mud, and so rendering them more easy to take in stormy weather. Marston alludes to this in his *Satires*:—

> "They are nought but eeles, that never will appeare
> Till that tempestuous winds, or thunder, teare
> Their slimy beds."

153. *virgin knot*:—The words *virgin knot* allude to the zone or girdle worn by maidens in classical ages, and which was untied by the husband at the wedding. The language here so charmingly used by Marina has its parallel in that employed by Prospero, referring to Miranda, in *The Tempest* (IV. i.); and these are the only two instances in which the allusion occurs in Shakespeare.

Scene III.

11. *If thou hadst drunk to him*, etc.:—That is, if you had tasted the cup first and been poisoned in pledging him. There is an implied allusion to the office of taster at royal tables in old times.

49, 50. "You are so affectedly humane, that you would appeal to Heaven against the cruelty of winter in killing the flies."

Scene IV.

18. *think his pilot thought*:—Clarke and White read, after the early copies, *this* instead of *his*. Clarke explains the passage thus: "Let your imagination conceive this thought that I suggest to you; and which, like a pilot, shall conduct and accompany Pericles on his sea-voyage." Its meaning as here given, concisely stated by Malone, is this: "Suppose that your imagination is his pilot."

20. Who has left Tarsus before her father begins his search for her.

31. *wit*:—Thus in Gower:—

> "In which the lorde hath to him writte,
> That he would understande and *witte*."

39. The author, as Mason explains, "ascribed the swelling of the sea to the pride which Thetis felt at the birth of Marina in

her element; and supposes that the earth, being afraid to be overflowed, bestowed this birth-child of Thetis on the heavens; and that Thetis, in revenge, makes raging battery against the shores."

Scene V.

Brandes, differing from many leading commenators as to the authorship of these parts of the play, remarks that this and the ensuing brothel scenes "do not give an intellectual equivalent for all that has been dared in order to produce them, but they bear witness to the desire Shakespeare felt of painting youthful womanly purity shining whitely in a very snake-pit of vice, and the spirit in which it is accomplished is that of both Shakespeare and the Renaissance."

Scene VI.

21. This is Justice Shallow's mode of asking the price of a different kind of commodity: "*How* a score of ewes now?"

53. *I desire,* etc.:—Brandes says: "The calm dignity of Marina's innocence has none of that taint of the confessional which was plainly obnoxious to Shakespeare, and which neither the mediæval plays before him, nor Corneille and Calderon after, could escape. Corneille's Theodora is a saint by profession and a martyr from choice. She gives herself up to her enemies at the end of the play, because she has been assured by supernatural revelation that she will not again be imprisoned in the house from which she has just escaped. Shakespeare's Marina, the tenderly and carefully outlined sketch of the type which is presently wholly to possess his imagination, is purely human in her innate nobility of nature."

97-99. *If you were born,* etc.:—The novel of Wilkins gives the following as Marina's speech on this occasion; and it is in such a strain that we cannot but regret not to see more of it in the play: "If, as you say, my lord, you are the governor, let not your authority, which should teach you to rule others, be the means to make you misgovern yourself. If the eminence of your place came unto you by descent and the royalty of your blood, let not your life prove your birth bastard: if it were thrown upon you by opinion, make good that opinion which was the cause to make you great. What reason is there in your justice, who hath power over all, to undo any? If you take from me mine honour, you

are like him that makes a gap into forbidden ground, after whom many enter, and you are guilty of all their evils. My life is yet unspotted, my chastity unstain'd in thought: then, if your violence deface this building, the workmanship of Heaven, made up for good, and not to be the exercise of sin's intemperance, you do kill your own honour, abuse your own justice, and impoverish me."

100. Lysimachus must be supposed to say this sneeringly: "Proceed with your fine moral discourse."

149, 150. Steevens thinks that there may be some allusion here to a fact recorded by Dion Cassius, and by Pliny. A skilful workman, who had discovered the art of *making glass malleable*, carried a specimen of it to Tiberius, who asked him if he alone was in possession of the secret. He replied in the affirmative; on which the tyrant ordered his head to be struck off immediately, lest his invention should have proved injurious to the workers in gold, silver, and other metals. The same story, however, is told in the *Gesta Romanorum*.

158. *rosemary and bays*:—Anciently many dishes were served up with this garniture during the season of Christmas. The Bawd means to call her a piece of ostentatious virtue.

184, 185. *a baboon*, etc.:—That is, a baboon would think his name dishonoured by such a profession.

ACT FIFTH.

23, 24. *Where what is done*, etc.:—Where all that may be displayed in action shall be exhibited; and more should be shown, if our stage would permit.

Scene I.

80. Marina's song is thus given in the novel:—

"Amongst the harlots foule I walke;
Yet harlot none am I;
The Rose amongst the Thornes doth grow,
And is not hurt thereby,
The Thiefe that stole me sure I thinke,
Is slaine before this time.
A bawde me bought, yet am I not

Defilde by fleshly crime:
Nothing were pleasanter to me,
Then parents mine to know.
I am the issue of a King,
My blood from Kings dooth flow:
In time the heauens may mend my state,
And send a better day,
For sorrow addes unto our griefes,
But helps not any way:
Shew gladness in your countenance,
Cast up your cheerefull eies,
That God remaines that once of nought
Created Earth and Skies."

100, 101. This refers, apparently, to something not found in any printed copy of the play, perhaps to something lost from it. And afterwards, Pericles says to Marina, "Didst thou not say, *when I did push thee back . . .* thou camest from good descending?" Probably a good deal of the play as written never got into print: the broken and disordered state of the text shows that such is the case. In the *Confessio Amantis*, and in the *Painful Adventures*, the discovery of Marina is not made till Pericles has broken forth into violence against her person. Thus, in the former:—

"Bot as a madde man, atte laste
His hed wepyng awey he cast,
And half in wrath he bade here go:
Bot yit she wolde nouht do so;
And in the derke forth she goth
Til she hym towchith, and he wroth,
And after hire with his honde
He smote: and thus whan she hym fonde
Diseasyd, courtesly she seide,
Avoy, my lorde, I am a mayde;
And if ye wiste what I am,
And owte of what lynage I cam,
Ye wolde not be so salvage."

117, 118. *these endowments*, etc.:—The meaning is, these endowments, however valuable in themselves, are heightened by being in your possession: they acquire additional grace from their owner.

Scene III.

"At a somewhat earlier period," observes Brandes, "such a subject would have assumed, in England, the form of a *Morality*, an allegorical religious play, in which the steadfastness of the virtuous woman would have triumphed over *Vice*. At a somewhat later period, in France, it would have been a Christian drama, in which heathen wickedness and incredulity were put to confusion by the youthful believer. Shakespeare carries it back to the days of Diana; his virtue and vice are alike heathen, owning no connection with church or creed."

7. ***silver livery***:—That is, her white robes of innocence, as being yet under the protection of the goddess of chastity.

79. ***make a star of him***:—This notion is borrowed from the ancients, who believed that they conferred divine honours and immortality on men by placing them "among the stars."

Questions on Pericles.

1. What was the contemporary judgement of this play?
2. Regarding the validity of its authorship, what was the opinion of the editors of the first Folio?
3. What portions, according to the weight of critical opinion, are ascribed to Shakespeare? Who were, conjecturally, his associates?
4. To what play of Shakespeare's does it bear some structural resemblances?

ACT FIRST.

5. Who was the historical Gower, and why was he selected to bear the part of the chorus in this play?
6. What part of the plot is revealed by the prologue? How does the action knit itself with the prologue?
7. How does Pericles speak after the first view of Antiochus's daughter? Is there here contained the crux of the drama entailing the expiatory part which follows; if so, give it a brief statement.
8. What is the reflection of Pericles after solving the riddle?
9. How does Pericles characterize the acts of kings who are impelled by their vices?
10. What respite is allowed Pericles? What figure shows the relationship of murder and lust?
11. How does Antiochus try to destroy Pericles?
12. In the opening speech of Sc. ii. does Pericles show only apprehension of Antiochus's spite?
13. In the relationship that exists between Pericles and Helicanus how is shown the converse of the relations already exhibited between Antiochus and his subjects?
14. What course does Pericles take to escape Antiochus?
15. What does Thaliard say (Sc. iii.) of kings' secrets? What bearing on the plot has this Scene?
16. Who are introduced in Sc. iv.? What purpose is there in the detailed description of affairs in Tarsus?

ACT SECOND.

17. What parts of the story are supplied by Gower and the Dumb Show? Comment on the dramatic anomaly of this device.

18. Analyze the invocation of Pericles at the opening of Sc. i. and show wherein it is un-Shakespearian.

19. How does the conversation of the fishermen form a humorous counterpart to the theme of the plot? What insight into social custom in Elizabethan England does this Scene supply?

20. How is Pericles supplied with suitable apparel to appear before the court of Simonides?

21. How is the procession of knights arranged to form an effect of climax? How do the bystanders comment on the Sixth Knight?

22. What kinds of triumph does Pericles achieve in Sc. iii.? What is his reflection upon the scene before him? Does he in this reveal something of the process of expiation that the play is designed to show?

23. What is reported in Sc. iv. of Antiochus and his daughter? What is the state of affairs at Tyre during the absence of Pericles? What does this Scene show of his popularity?

24. By what device are the knights dismissed (Sc. v.) from the palace of Simonides in Pentapolis?

25. Did Shakespeare ever manage a wooing so bunglingly as that depicted in Sc. v., even considering the necessary compression of the episode to fit into the larger scheme of the drama? Is Simonides a real character?

ACT THIRD.

26. Indicate the design in employing an archaic form of certain words in the speech of Gower.

27. Compare the invocation of Pericles in Sc. i. with that at the opening of Act. I. Sc. i.

28. What superstition of the sailors provides for one of the principal episodes of the plot? Mention other plays in which Shakespeare has thus brought together the unrelated human elements of the plot.

29. Compare this storm-scene with that presented in *The Tempest*. Was this a "study" for the latter?